

LIFE



MARY FREEMAN
SWIMMING CHAMPION

20 CENTS

JULY 23, 1951

CIRCULATION OVER

5,200,000

Copyrighted material

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

25% to 50% more food space

General Electric Refrigerators give you much more storage space than most old-style refrigerators now in use...yet they occupy no larger floor area!



It's true! There's room for *all* these foods in the large freezer compartment mounted across the top of the cabinet. In it you can store 49 pounds of frozen foods. There are four new, Redi-Cube ice trays that supply 8 pounds of ice.



The refrigerator section holds all these assorted foods. Furthermore, you can store everything in its proper place. There's an attractive meat tray big enough to hold week-end roasts, a full-width top shelf for tall bottles, and a utility basket for small items.

General Electric Refrigerators

Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.



Model LF-10. Most G-E Refrigerators are available with either right- or left-hinged doors.

Be sure the refrigerator you invest in today has *everything* you want.

Remember SPACE. The G-E Refrigerator gives you 25% to 50% more food space than most old-style refrigerators now in use.

Remember CONVENIENCES. The G-E Refrigerator gives you many features you won't find in other refrigerators.

Remember DEPENDABILITY. More than 2,700,000 G-E Refrigerators with sealed systems are still in service after 10 years. Many as long as 15 and 20 years!

See your G-E dealer *today*! You'll find him listed in your classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



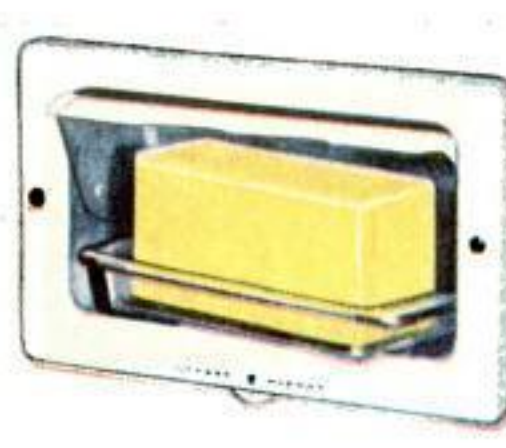
NEW! REDI-CUBE ICE TRAYS!

Pick out cubes singly, and return the rest—*still undisturbed in the dividers*—to the refrigerator.



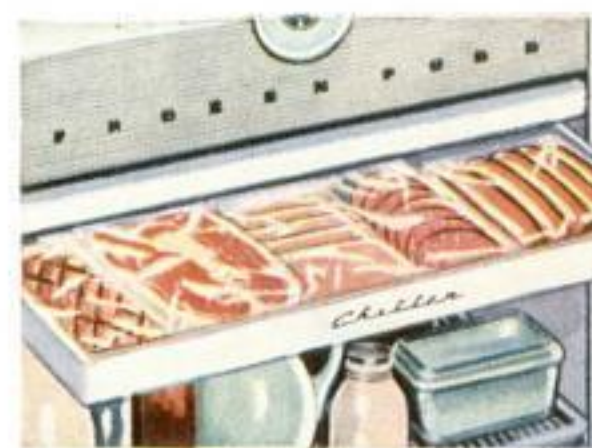
NEW! VEGETABLE ROLLA-DRAWERS!

New Rolla-Drawers, on rubber wheels, roll in and out *quietly*! Moist cold keeps food fresh.



SPECIAL BUTTER CONDITIONER!

No more hard butter! Special conditioner keeps a pound of butter at best *spreading* temperature!



NEW! QUICK CHILLER TRAY!

Extra storage space for variety meats, steaks, chops; wonderful for quick-chilling.



Remember this wonderful record of dependability when you go to buy a refrigerator!

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

If you knew all this about B.F. Goodrich Tubeless Tires

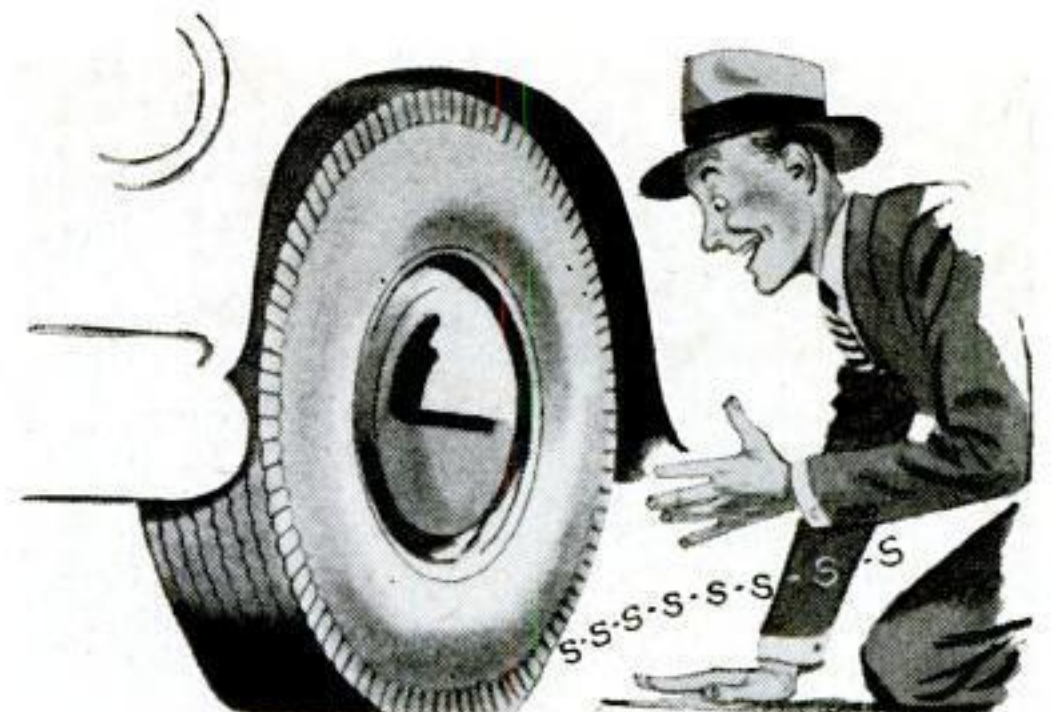
...would you want to ride on any other kind?



1. Tested and proved by AAA! Tests by Contest Board of American Automobile Association prove BFG Tubeless Tire protects against blowouts, seals punctures. It's proved in use by thousands of motorists.



2. No inner tube! No tube to go flat! No tube to blow out! The B. F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire holds air with a built-in lining of special rubber. Rim-seal ridges in the tire bead form an airtight seal at the rim.



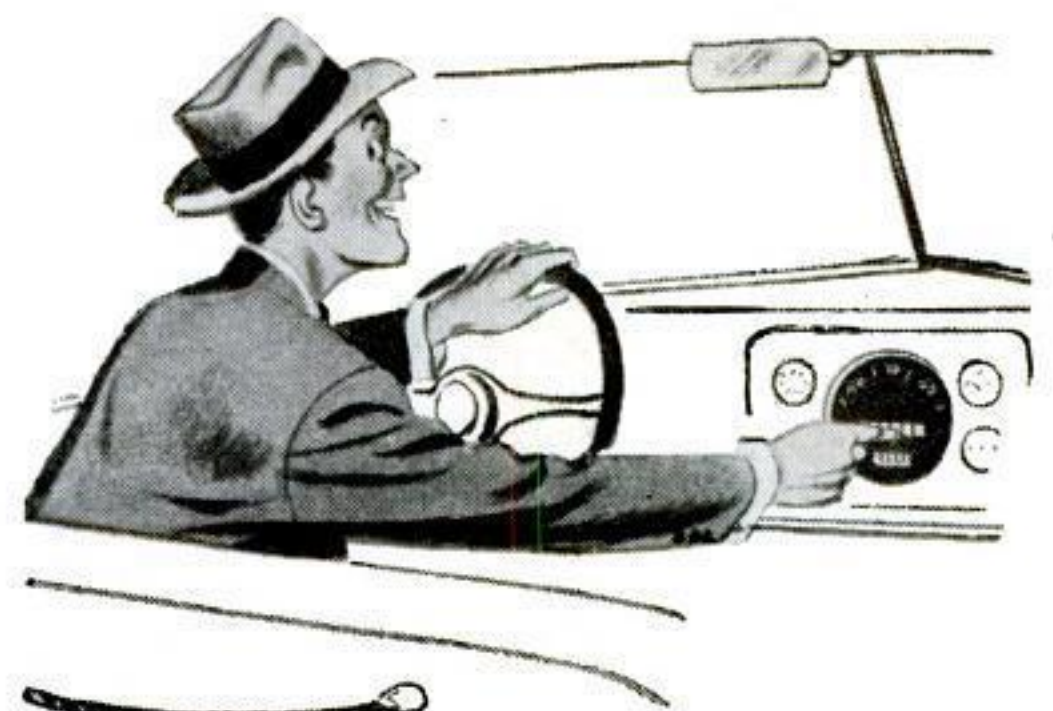
3. Protects against blowouts! In case of injury that ordinarily would cause a blowout, there's no sudden loss of air to make you lose control of your car. All you get is a slow leak.



4. Seals punctures! You can drive this tire over 3-inch spikes and it does not go flat. Gummy material under tread plugs holes, prevents air loss.



5. More riding comfort! User after user reports the same thing: riding comfort is noticeably improved. And it not only rides softer, it steers easier, too!



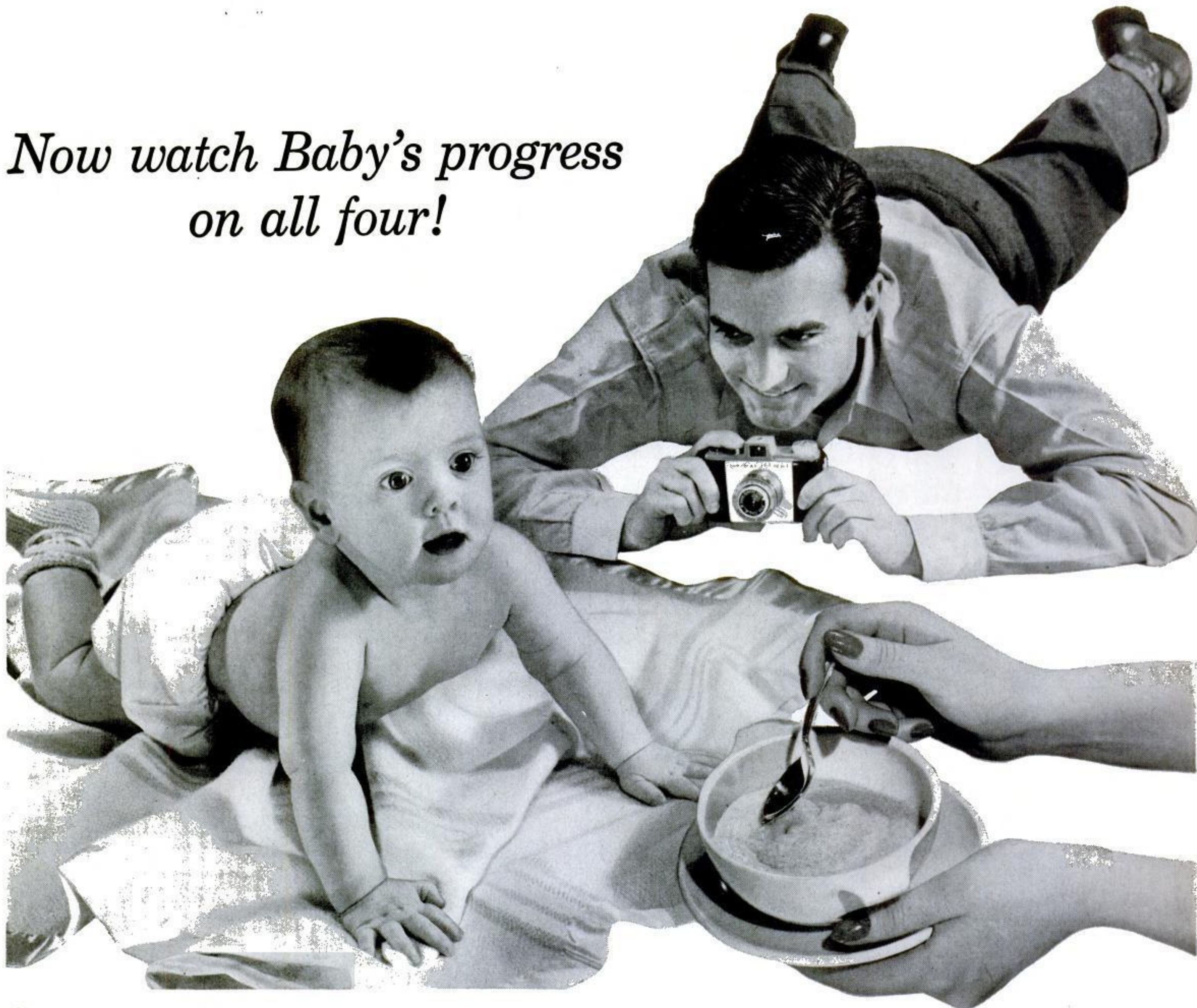
6. Longer mileage! With the famous B. F. Goodrich "rhythmic-flexing cord" body and wider, flatter tread you get thousands of extra miles.

**FIT YOUR PRESENT RIMS!
COST LESS THAN REGULAR TIRE
WITH SAFETY TUBE!**

The B. F. Goodrich Tubeless Tire does what *no* tire-and-safety-tube combination can do—it protects you against both punctures and blowouts! Yet it costs less. Fits standard rims. Can be repaired and recapped like regular tires. Convenient terms. See your BFG retailer today! The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.



*Now watch Baby's progress
on all four!*



CATCH that picture of health, Dad!

There's a healthier, happier baby, nourished like so many millions of babies on Pablum®, the original precooked vitamin and mineral enriched baby cereal.

Watch Baby "go to it," Mother—for tasty helpings of the cereal he's eaten so eagerly, thrived on so heartily all these months.

Now your baby is even luckier! He'll enjoy new flavor variety with *four* Pablum cereals—the original Pablum, now called PABLUM MIXED CEREAL; PABLUM OATMEAL (formerly known as Pabena®); and new PABLUM BARLEY CEREAL and PABLUM RICE CEREAL.

They're all equally good for Baby—all based

on the original Pablum formula. But now a new manufacturing process makes them tastier and better than ever. And this new goodness is



safeguarded by the new Pablum packages with the exclusive "Handy-Pour" spout. Open with a flick of the finger; then just "pour it out through the spout." Flick the spout closed again, and baby's cereal is safely protected against dust and moisture.

Remember—Pablum is the *world's first* precooked vitamin and mineral enriched cereal, and doctors have prescribed it for almost twenty years.

A WORD OF COUNSEL

Take your baby *regularly* to the doctor. Let him add his knowledge and skill to your own loving care.

MEAD JOHNSON & CO.
EVANSVILLE 21, IND., U. S. A.



Mixed Cereal • Oatmeal • Barley Cereal • Rice Cereal

For the most precious person in your life



It's **2** Cars in One - For Family Work and Family Fun



We doubled our money's worth—got a smart custom sedan—plus a hard-working station wagon—both in our Rambler All-Purpose Sedan—at America's lowest price for a car of its kind.



Turnabout! Drop the tail-gate and our Rambler's a heavy-duty handyman ready to carry all our family's needs. Its 6½-foot platform also sleeps Dad and Junior on their camping trips.



It's the sweetest-riding car we ever owned—scoots over rutted roads with never a jar. And with that new way of welding body and frame that Nash uses—Airflyte Construction—it's *rattle-proof*.



Powerhouse on wheels! It just romps away from other cars on hills—holds the curves as firmly as a locomotive! And what a dream to drive in traffic—it's easiest to handle—quickest of all to park.



Look at our swank! Our new Rambler is every inch "custom." Even foam-sponge seats covered with needle-point upholstery! And all the custom equipment didn't cost a penny extra!



Everyone raves about our Rambler—it's the "most-admired" car in town. Now all our neighbors are Rambler fans. We never imagined any automobile could be so doubly-practical.



Up to 30 miles to the gallon on regular gasoline at average highway speed! That's the kind of mileage the Rambler gives. And Airflyte Construction gives lasting freedom from body-bolt squeaks, rattles.



Yes! It's lowest-priced of any custom station wagon of its type, with nearly \$300 worth of accessories, like Weather Eye, radio, directional signals, electric clock—included at no extra cost.

Color photography by Hartwell



Nash sets new record. All Nash cars are famous for economy. Now the Nash Rambler Convertible Sedan with overdrive has smashed all records for gasoline mileage in the 1951 Mobilgas Economy Run—with 31.05 miles to the gallon! Drive a 1951 Nash Airflyte—the distinguished Ambassador, the popular Statesman or the Rambler. See all the extra benefits you get—in safety, performance and comfort—from Airflyte Construction. Sixteen new models priced for everyone!

TUNE IN! ABC-TV NETWORK! "The Paul Whiteman TV Teen Club," presented by your Nash Dealer.

THE AMBASSADOR • THE STATESMAN • THE RAMBLER

Nash Airflyte

Nash Motors, Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit 32, Michigan.

♪ Before You Decide, Take an Airflyte Ride in the World's Most Modern Car ♪

PLAY TOGETHER... BE GAY TOGETHER!

"fresh up" with Seven-Up!

BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

When the sun's high and you're dry—"fresh up" with 7-Up! What a perfect thirst chaser it is, with or without a cooling ice cream "float"!* But, more than that, you'll see how 7-Up fits right in with your family fun—how it adds its own lively sparkle and cheer to whatever your family is doing together.

And, because 7-Up is so pure... so good... so wholesome... even your youngest children can enjoy it often. That's why crystal-clear 7-Up is the *all-family* drink. Try chilled 7-Up today! You can get it wherever you see those bright 7-Up signs.

**Put a big scoop of ice cream in a tall glass and add 7-Up—tilting the glass and pouring gently down the side.*



Copyright 1951 by The Seven-Up Company



You like it... it likes you!

KEEP A CASE AT HOME for your family and guests



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MODERN BATTLEFIELDS

Sirs:

"20th Century Battlefields" (LIFE, July 2) expresses just what we Americans should be thankful for this Independence Day.

NAYDA RAPP

Moorhead, Minn.

Sirs:

The remains of the Remagen Bridge were engraved on one side of the Army of Occupation Medal (below), thereby preserving the bridgehead for all time.

ALAN J. LEVITT

New York, N.Y.



REMGAN BRIDGE PRESERVED

Sirs:

You credit the 4th, 9th and 28th Divisions with clearing Hürtgen Forest but you left out the 1st Infantry Division.

EARL H. SNYPER

Ridgecrest, N.C.

Sirs:

You failed to mention that the 8th Infantry Division played a major role in the Hürtgen Forest. . . .

W. G. WEAVER

Major General, U.S.A., Ret'd

San Antonio, Texas

● While other divisions participated in the Battle of Hürtgen Forest, for reasons of space LIFE could mention only those which endured the heaviest fighting, suffered the most casualties.—ED.

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THE CAPITOL

Sirs:

Your statement that "the collapse of various arches [in the Senate chamber] was a matter of serious concern to everyone but Architect Benjamin Latrobe" is certainly incorrect ("The Capitol," LIFE, July 2). The letters of my great-great-grandfather, B. H. Latrobe, to the President and others connected with the construction prove that it was a matter of constant concern to him that poor and even rotten materials were being used. This was due to a lack of funds provided by Congress and was not the fault of the architect.

ELLEN LATROBE

Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

You say each state may have one statue in Statuary Hall. I believe each state is allowed two, as for years I have been pointing out the two statues from my home state of Wisconsin—Robert M. La Follette and Père Marquette.

LYDIA L. NEINAS

Washington, D.C.

● Because of structural conditions each state is limited to one favorite son in Statuary Hall. La Follette stayed in Statuary Hall, Marquette was moved to the House Connection.—ED.

Sirs:

Millions have viewed the bust of Lincoln in the Capitol with great reverence but few notice it is missing a left ear



(above). Fortunately Arnold Newman took his shot from the right side.

JOHN A. COFFEY

Easton, Pa.

● Sculptor Borglum's head of Lincoln was deliberately left unfinished, since it was designed to be seen from the right side as LIFE originally showed it.—ED.

Sirs:

In the full-page color picture of the House, whose is the statue with its back to the camera?

WALTER WILLIAMS

Shreveport, La.

● Maryland Continental Congress member Charles Carroll.—ED.

HAPPY PRISONER

Sirs:

Your Picture of the Week (LIFE, July 2) shows the bonehead of the week. Tell your New York cops the next time a child gets stuck in an iron fence that it is not necessary to saw it down—just turn him sideways and pull his body through.

E. E. EVERETT

Duncan, Okla.

WE VIEW WITH ALARM

Sirs:

Congratulations on your editorial ("We View with Alarm," LIFE, July 2). Americans' lack of confidence in their national government can be more dangerous than Stalin's armies.

SALLY FAY

Woodside, Calif.

Sirs:

You say, "Never before have the people held their national government in lower esteem." Lower than when New England debated secession to keep out of "Mr. Madison's war?" Lower than when the South seceded from the Union? Or lower than in the "muckraking" period when the Senate was called the millionaires' club?

PRESTON SLOSSAN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

FOOD FOR ACES

Sirs:

John Dille in "The Jets' First Ace" (LIFE, June 4) refers to the "bad food" eaten by Captain James Jabara in Korea. Major Murphy's 4th Food Service Squadron, where Captain Jabara ate, is the pride of Suwon Air Base. The delicacies from its field ovens have raised military mess to an all-time high. Your writer has piqued the vanity of several dozen cooks and bakers and shocked those of us who glut ourselves on fresh fruits and vegetables from Japan, pies and cakes such as mother made only on her more inspired days, fresh meat three or four times weekly and canned rations made savory by the treatment of the capable chefs in Murphy's menage. Either Captain Jabara's taste buds were coated by jet exhaust, or he lived too long on chocolate bars and failed to dine at Murphy's Cosy Quonset, where gourmets of all nations gather.

THE OFFICERS AND AIRMEN

4th Fighter-Interceptor Wing
San Francisco, Calif.



PIQUED AIRMEN

DRINKS ON MONTY

Sirs:

In "Drinks on Monty" (LIFE, July 2) you showed a monocled British officer enjoying a joke. The unidentified officer is one of Britain's greatest soldiers, Lieut. Colonel Bernard Fergusson, who served with Wavell in the desert and later joined up with General Orde Wingate in Abyssinia and Burma. Fergusson achieved one of the most remarkable records in British military history: he marched a brigade group 700 miles through Burmese jungles, supplied only from the air by the RAF. One of the major "drops" made by the pilots was a supply of monocles without which Fergusson would not move a single step.

HARRY ZINDER

New York, N.Y.

NAVEL HATCHERIES

Sirs:

"Gerd's Navel Hatchery" (LIFE, July 2) reminds me of Maupassant's classic

"Toine," which tells of another bedridden man who used his vast corpulence to hatch out whole broods of chicks.

HOLDEN B. BICKFORD

Northfield, Vt.

THE PROUD PAGEANT

Sirs:

I enclose a postcard (below) which I think tops any you printed in "The Proud Pageant" (LIFE, July 2).

FRED K. JACKSON

Malaga, N.J.



FLOWER SHOW

Sirs:

A new low in reporting marks "LIFE Goes to a Flower Show" (LIFE, June 25). The published report was pointless and witless. If it pretended to emulate the gentle satire of Helen Hokinson, certainly the opposite was achieved.

MARGARET P. FOLGER

ADELAIDE B. WILSON

Co-Chairmen, Flower Show Committee
South Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

You present a flower show as a lot of silly women being silly about a lot of silly flowers. Last year all veterans' hospitals in the state received Christmas trees, costing \$1,000, raised by just such a flower show as you have lampooned.

MRS. JOHN P. ROCHE

Caldwell, N.J.

● With the best intentions LIFE photographed the story as it saw it, is sorry to have offended members of the New Jersey Garden Club.—ED.

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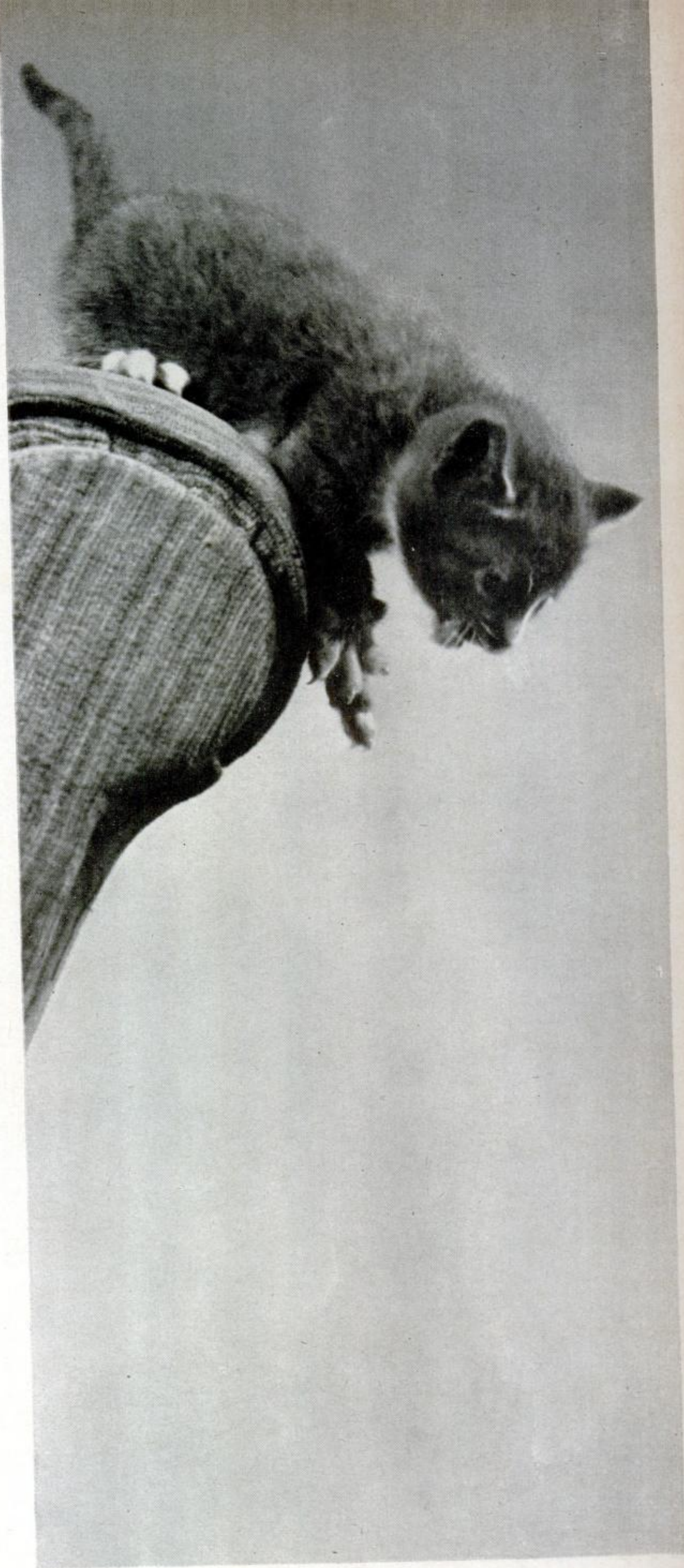
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This One



A7SN-H5E-UWN7



SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . A curious kitten scales some uncharted heights and has to take a perilous leap



One summer morning, to test its still wobbly legs and newly-opened eyes, the gray-white kitten shown on these pages set out to walk across a living-room floor. After skidding on a bare spot and stumbling on a rug, it ran smack into a hard object which loomed like Everest toward the ceiling.

The kitten put out a paw and felt the rocker of a chair. It put out another and found the chair's tight upholstery formed a perfect pincushion for its new claws. By the time it had tried all four feet in this pleasant material it was in the seat, but a face-wall of upholstery still towered above

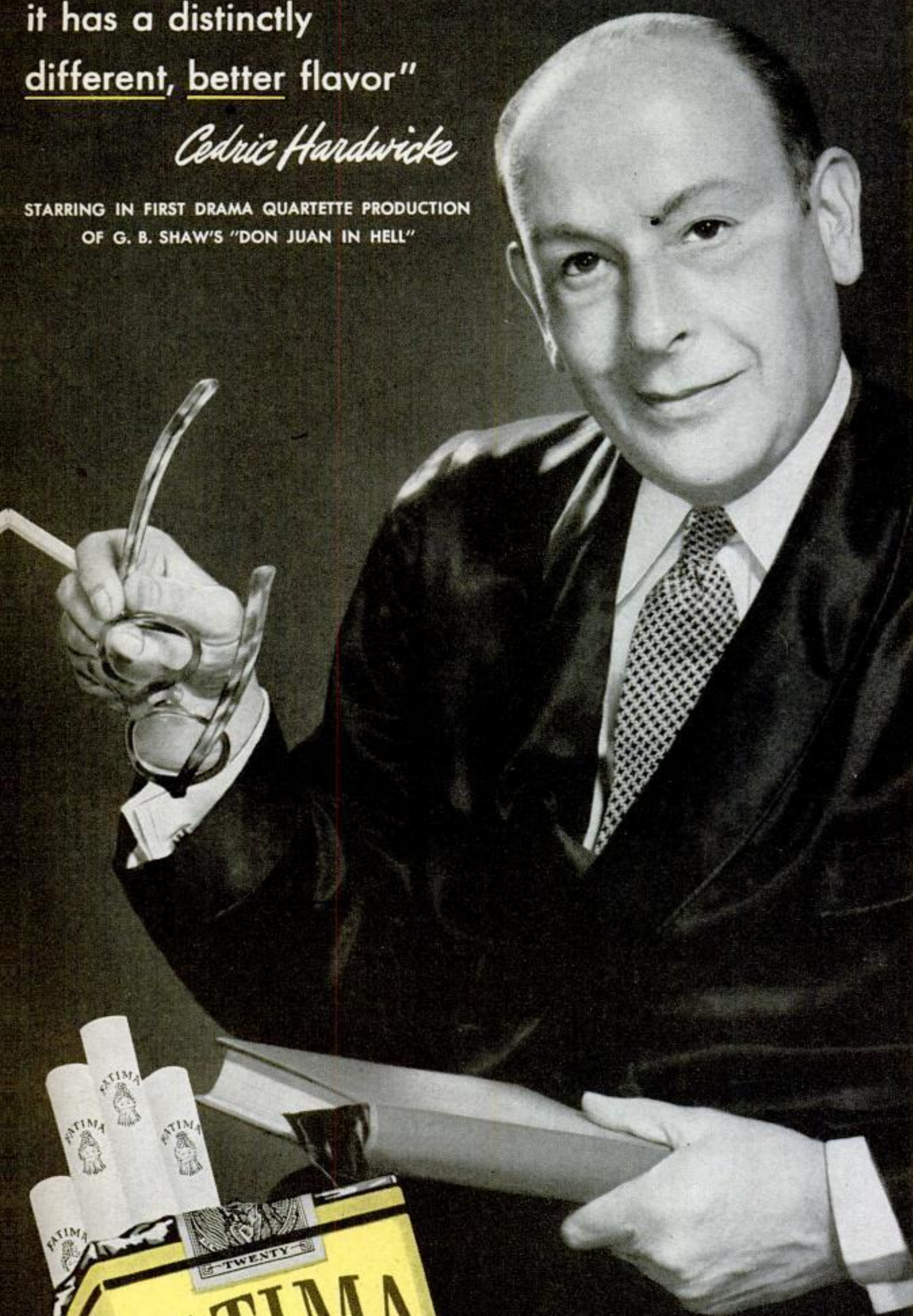
it. Mewing a little, stopping twice for breath, the kitten climbed to the top. Then the chair rocked. With a precipice behind it and a yawning abyss ahead the kitten chose the bold way out. Taking one of its lives in its paws, it leaped into space to make the landing shown on the following page.

In **FATIMA** *the Difference* **is QUALITY**

"I find **FATIMA** a very
pleasing cigarette —
it has a distinctly
different, better flavor"

Cedric Hardwicke

STARRING IN FIRST DRAMA QUARTETTE PRODUCTION
OF G. B. SHAW'S "DON JUAN IN HELL"

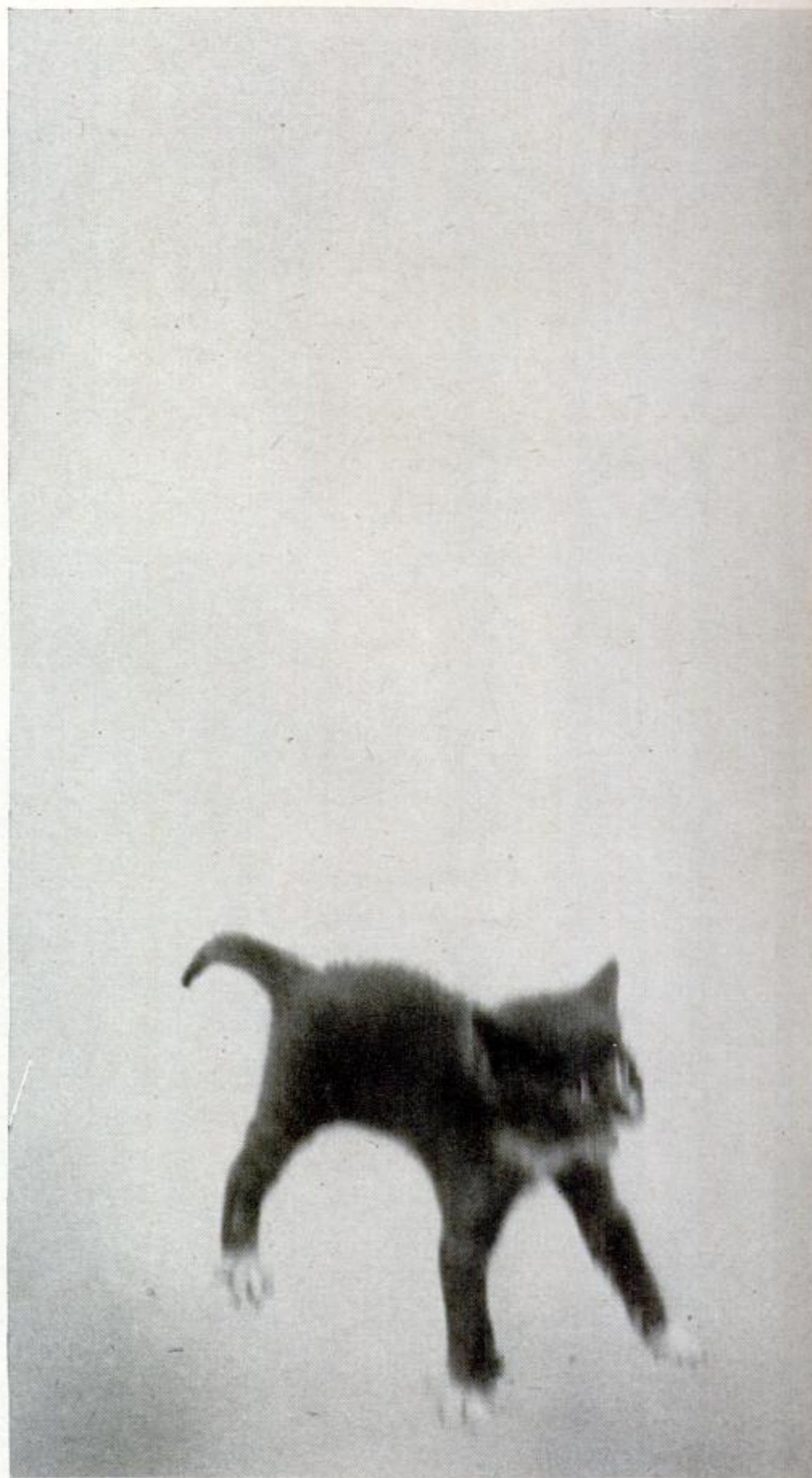


FATIMA —
Best of All Long
Cigarettes

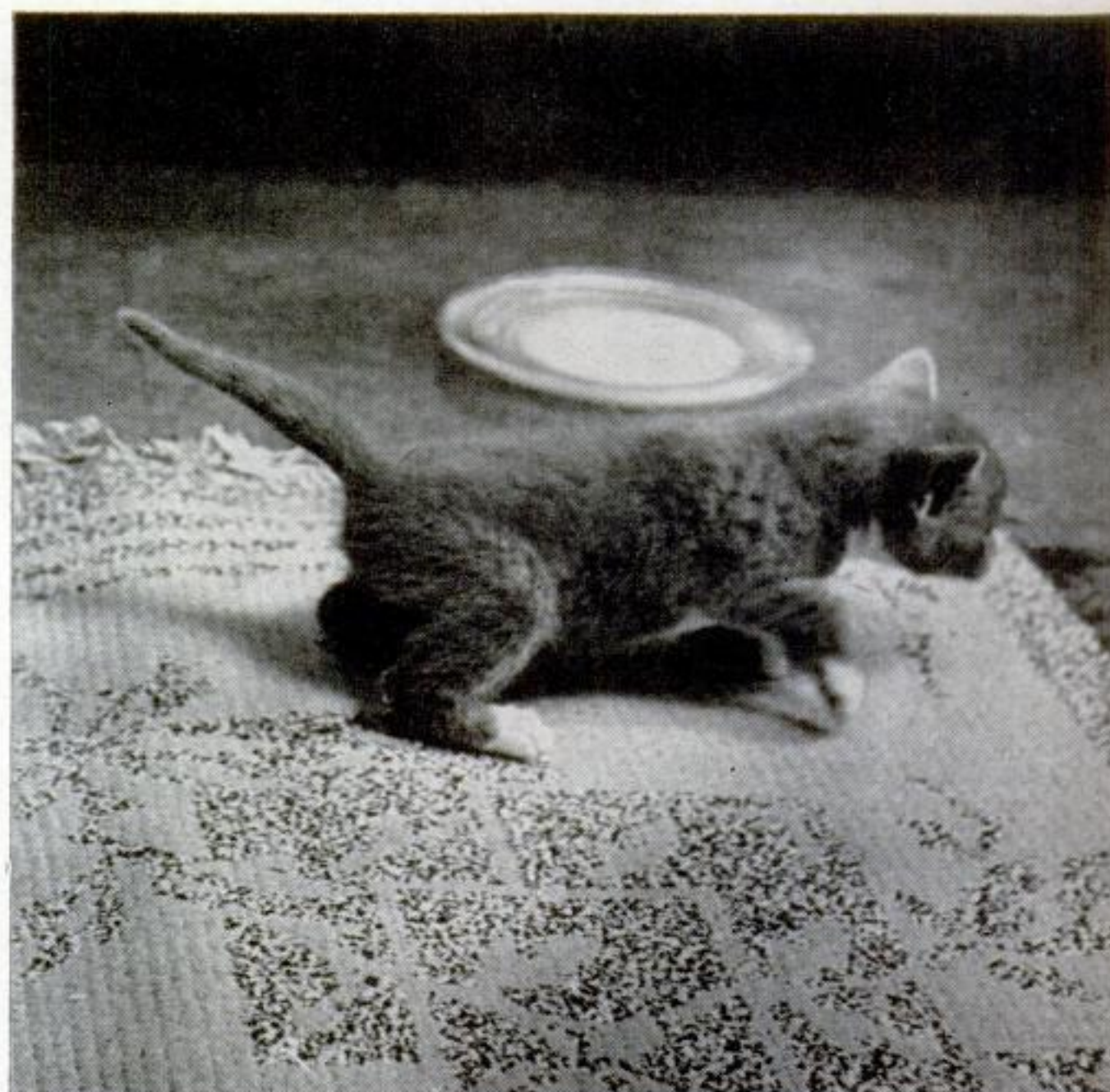
EXTRA MILD

Copyright 1951, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

CURIOUS KITTEN CONTINUED

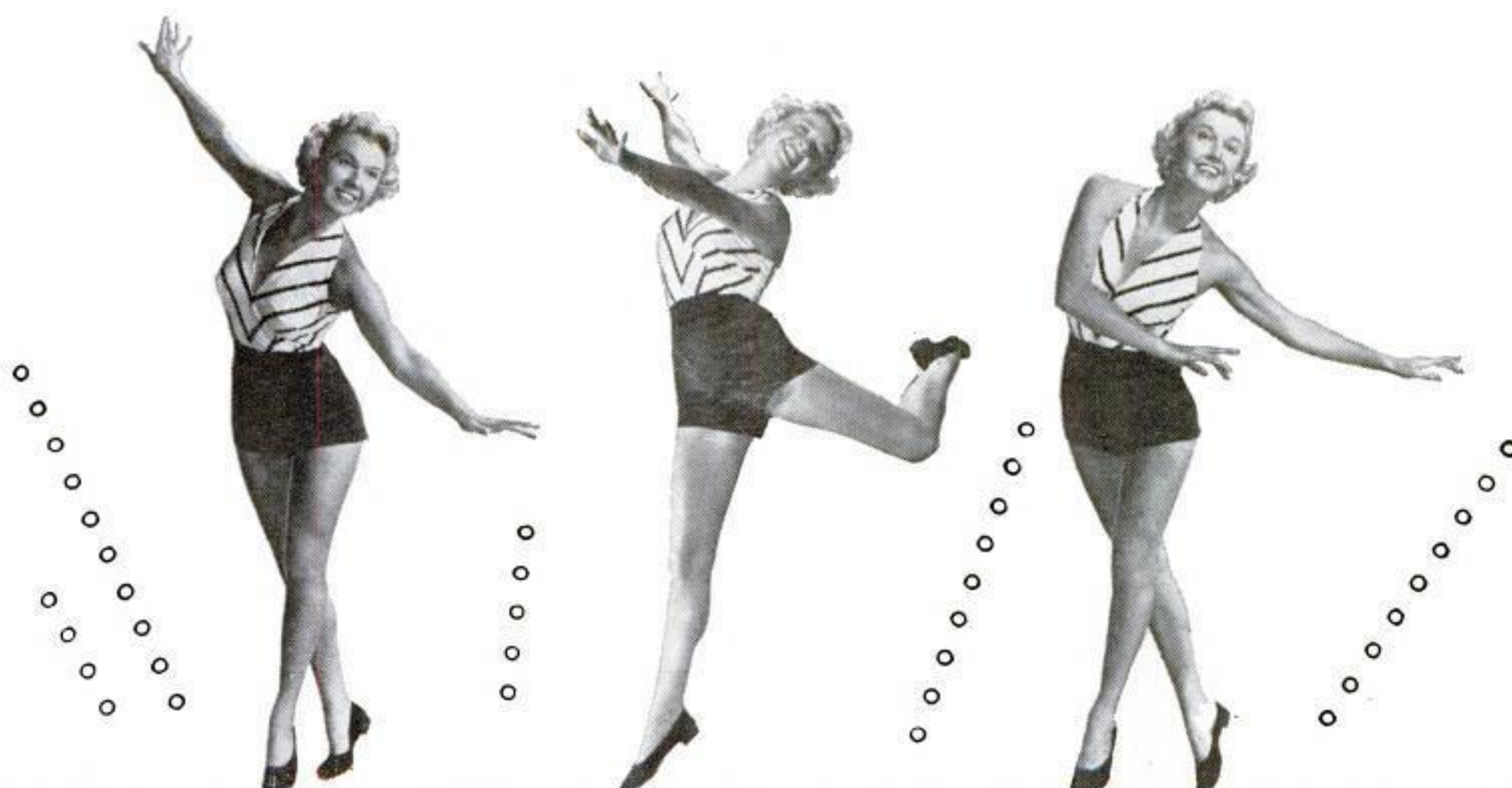


COMING IN FOR A LANDING, the falling kitten waves its tail a little, raises its head and aims its four feet at the floor in the accepted feline manner.



BACK TO ITS CORNER, kitten taxis unsteadily past milk dish, unaware that a camera has recorded its rocking-chair adventure and unexpected flight.

RC
makes
you feel
like...



NEW!

says **DORIS DAY**, co-starring in **"ON MOONLIGHT BAY"**
A Warner Bros. Production—Color by Technicolor



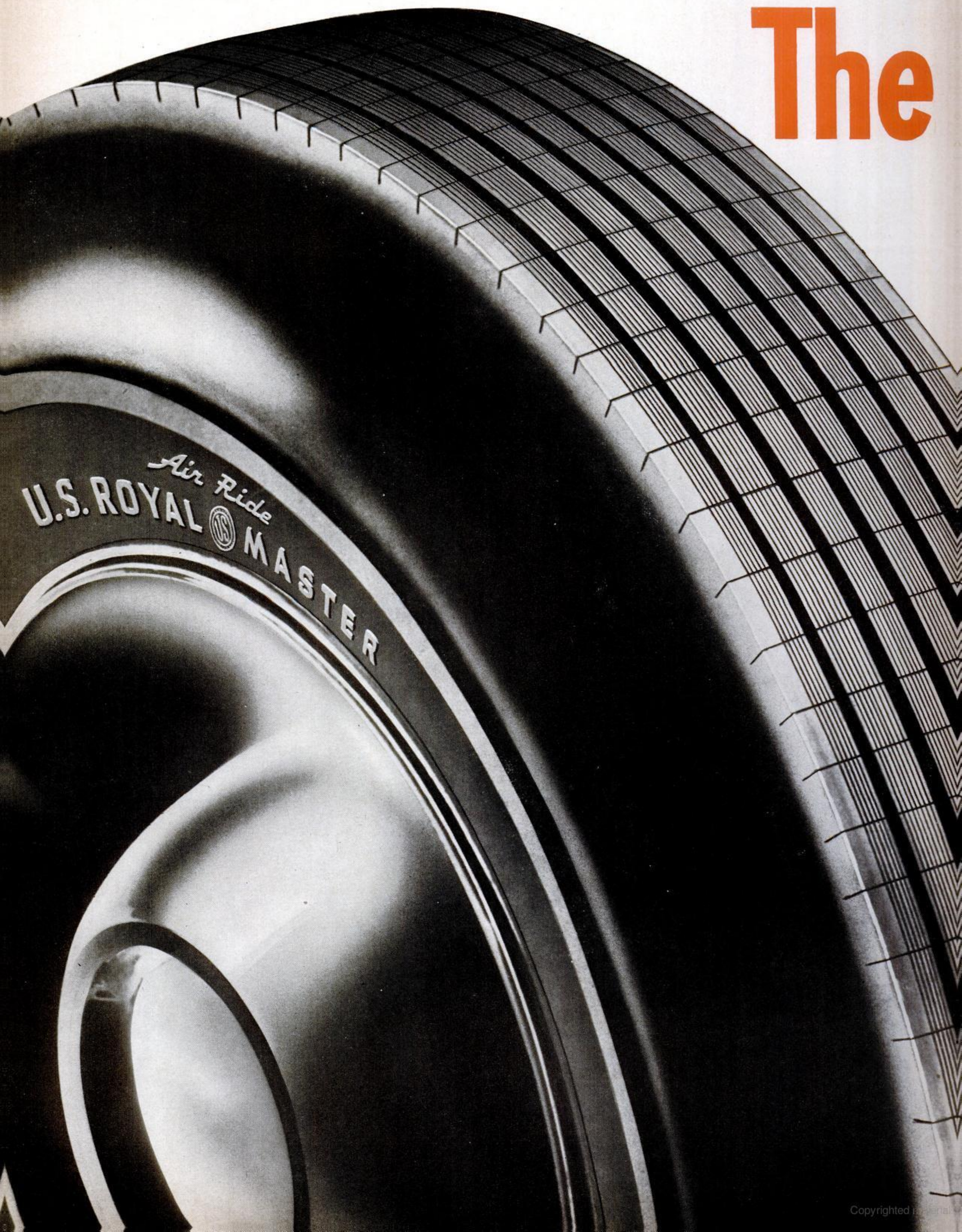
"I always pick RC when I want a refreshing pick-up... a frosty RC sure makes me feel like new! And I know RC tastes best, too, for I took the famous taste-test and RC won my vote."

Yes, Doris—no other cola gives you such refreshment, such good taste. **TWO FULL GLASSES** in each big bottle—everywhere! Enjoy a frosty RC today and feel like **NEW!**



Be thrifty...buy the carton!

The

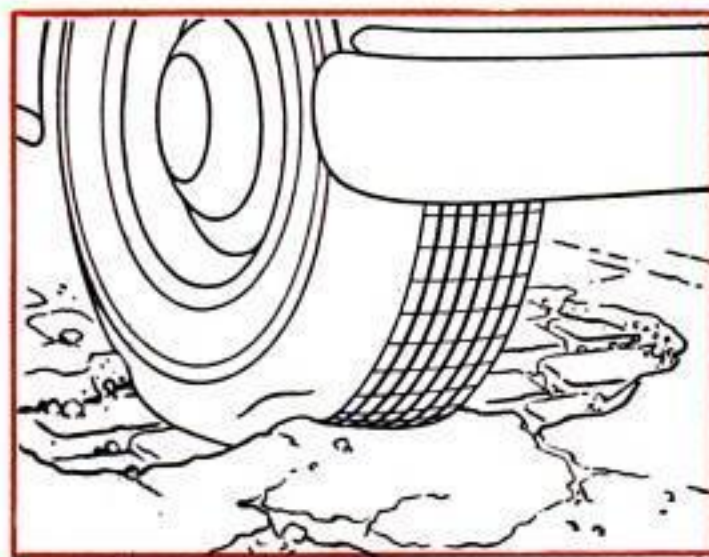


Tire News is Good!

The tire news is very good. In spite of pressing demands on the rubber industry, tires being made today give the American motorist the full benefit of all the important advancements of recent years that have contributed to greater tire life, safety and comfort.

An outstanding example of these advancements in tire design and performance is the new U. S. Royal Master.

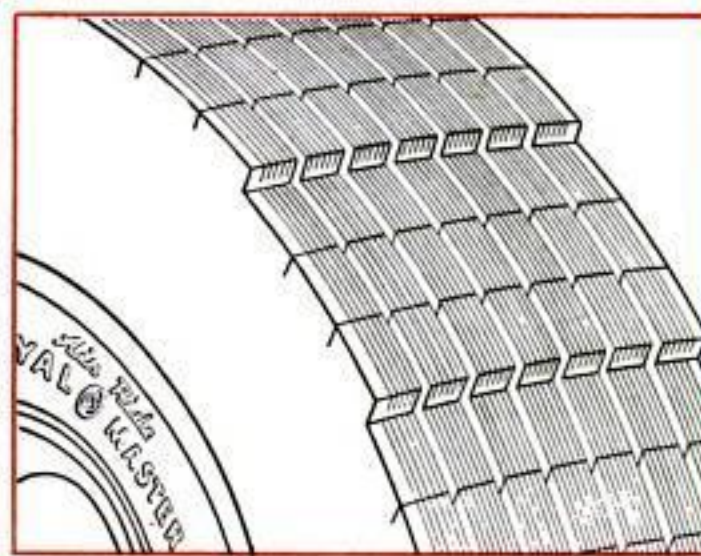
You, and your family, will benefit in countless ways as you experience



1. The Only Air Ride Principle —
With better steering—silently absorbs all road shock!

this new AIR RIDE comfort, this new and almost unbelievable safety.

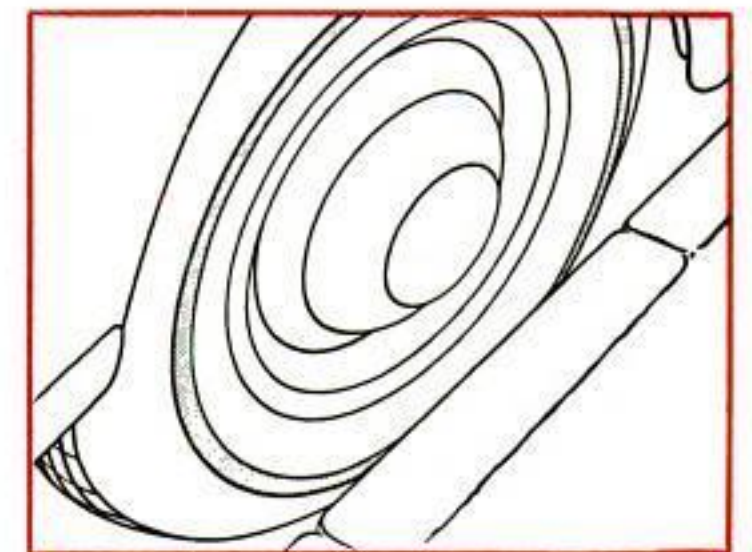
The dramatic success of the new U. S. Royal Master is another victory for the men and women of U. S. Rubber who designed and built it. It came out of the experience of years, and from the many Royal tire events that preceded it.



2. The Only Total Tread-Depth Safety — With the only texturized tread renewable at each level of wear

The new tread depth and tread treatment; the new steering surface; the new protected sidewalls; the "total tread-depth safety" (renewable at each level of wear); these are *radical* accomplishments; their benefits are intensely personal to you, to everyone.

This is the way U. S. Royal Tire research has again fulfilled itself in its continuous study and effort toward greater personal comfort and safety in automobile riding and driving—with much greater ultimate economy.



3. The Only Sidewall (Curbguard) Protection — Against all grinding curb scuff and defacement

Perhaps you remember — the Royal Air Ride tire was such an event a short while ago; the more recent U. S. Royal Life-tube with its Nylon blowout protection is yet another.

You can put your faith in such products. You can invest in them with confidence.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

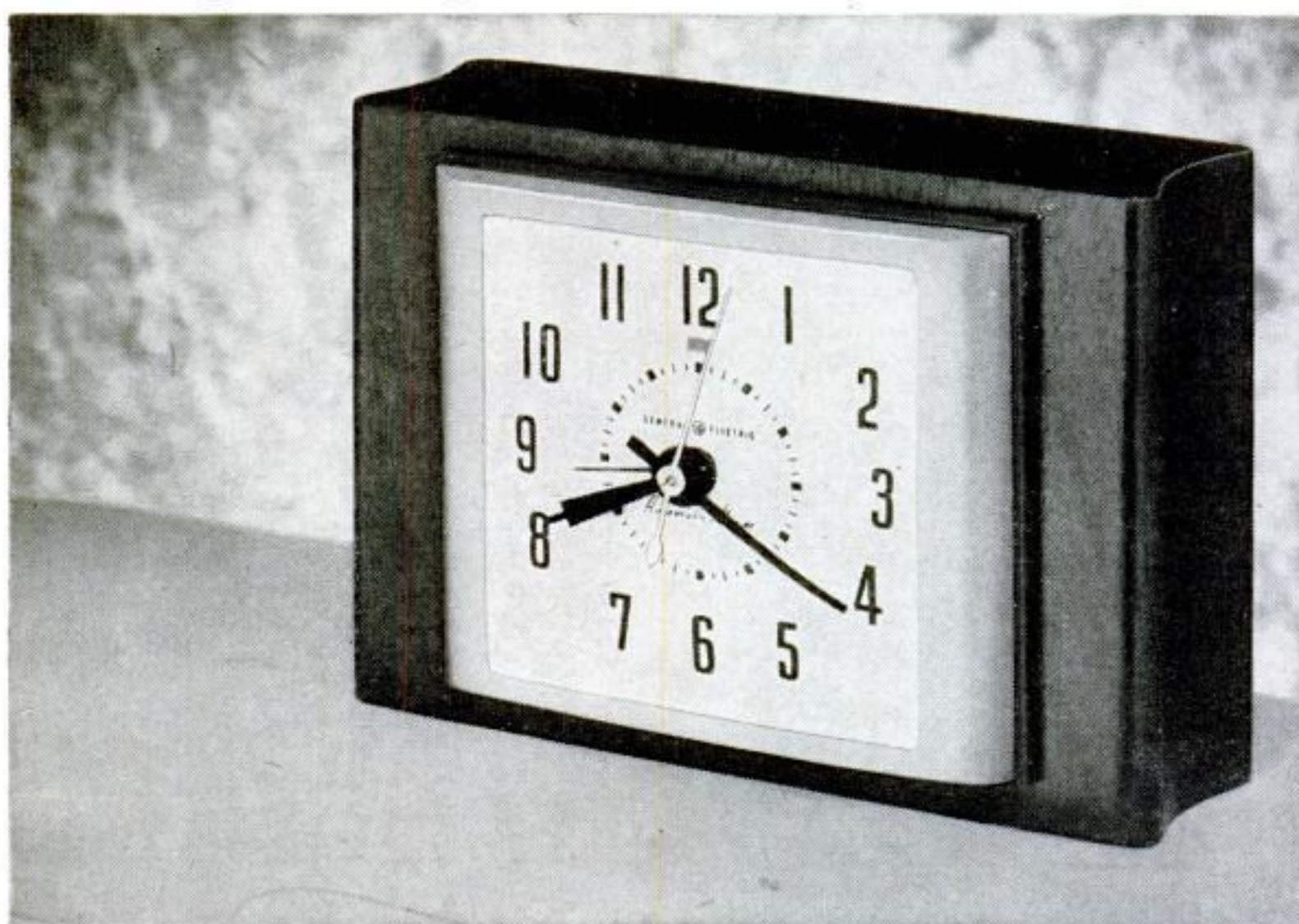
The Great New
U.S. ROYALS

Skid Protection-Blowout Protection-Life Protection

Silent night every night

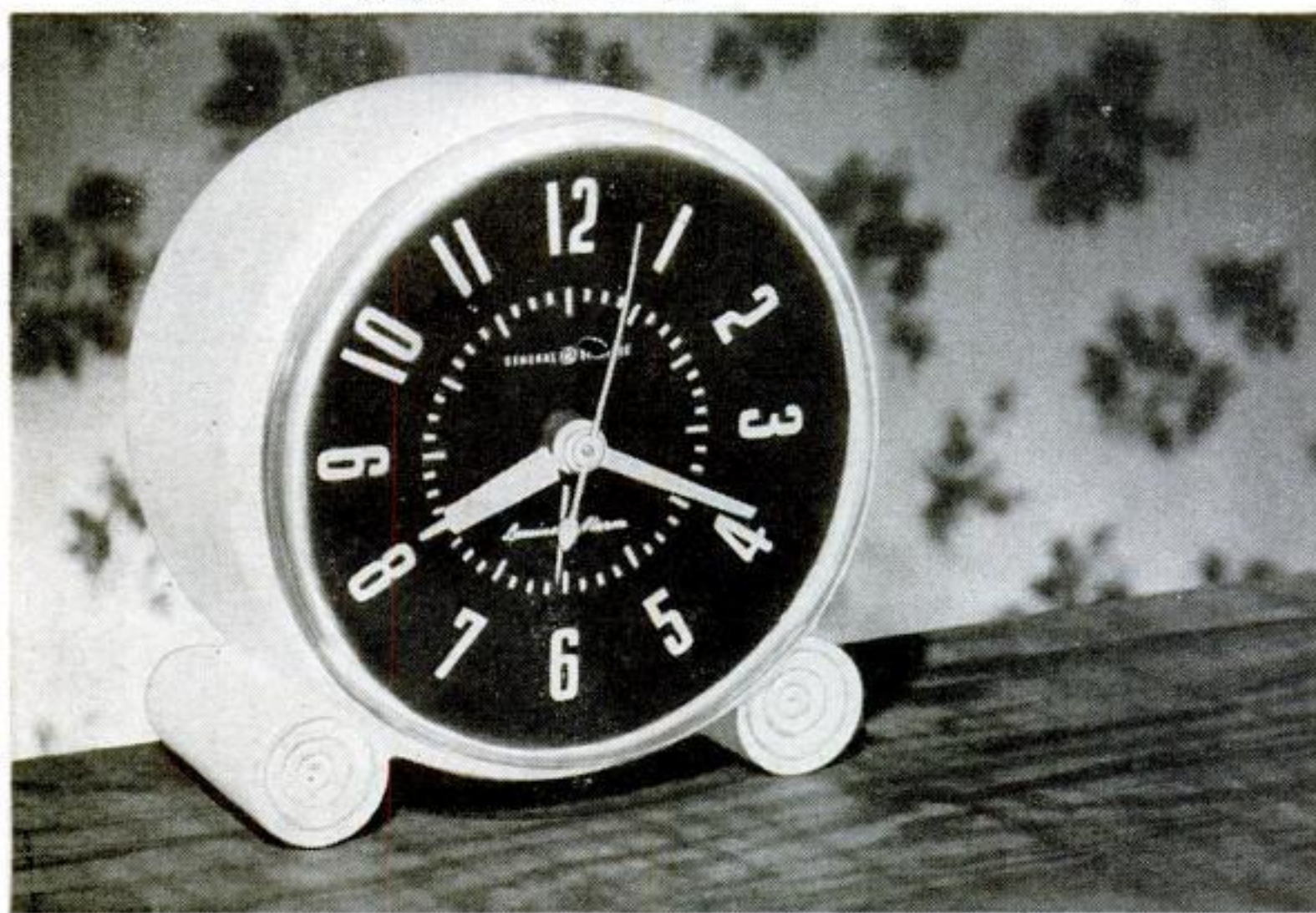


No ticktock to disturb your sleep.
Enchanting G-E Clocks are accurate and
dependable, and never need winding!



Handsome automatic alarm resets itself

NEW! The Repeater . . . the automatic alarm that puts a stop to absent-mindedness. It will wake you on time every morning! Never has to be reset! Convenient shut-off lever for week-end late sleepers. The beautiful polished hardwood case is highlighted by gleaming metal. A handsome clock for any room.



Shatterproof Crystal—Luminous Dial—New, Brilliant Design!

New, exquisite Herald! America's most popular alarm clock. Hands and numerals are luminous for jiffy time-telling in the darkest room. Large shatterproof crystal. Sparkling case of molded ivory-plastic. Sweep-second hand is polished brass. Red alarm-set hand.

Think how wonderful it will be to have one of these attractive G-E Alarm Clocks in your bedroom. General Electric Clocks are so low-priced you can have one in every room. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut. Specifications subject to change without notice.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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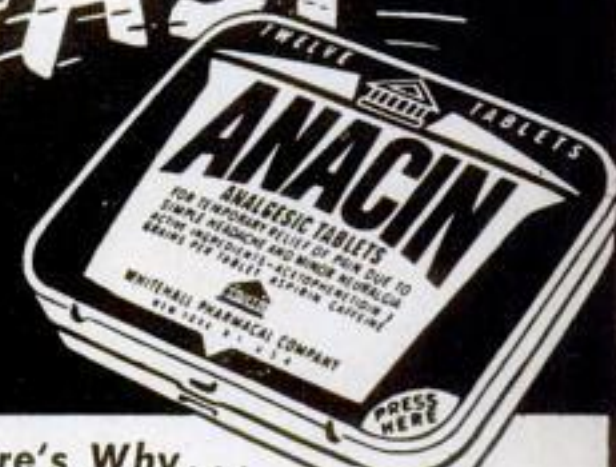
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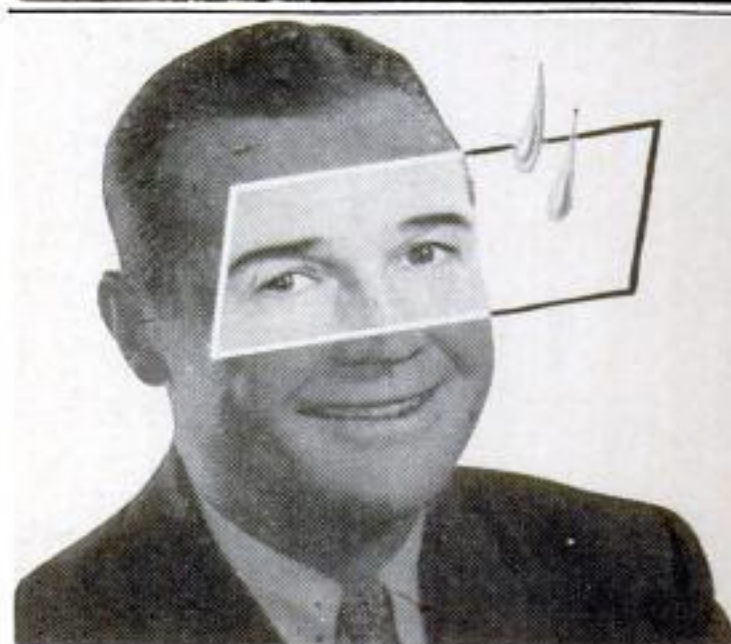
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Just press down on Airfoam. Feel how it molds itself to your hand, responds with a buoyant "uplift." Millions of tiny air cells cradle you, allow the mattress to breathe.



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an **Airfoam** Mattress
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LIFE'S COVER

Three years ago the girl on LIFE's cover, a gangly, skinny 14-year-old, moved to Washington, D.C. where, quite by accident, she was "discovered" as a swimmer. Since then Mary Freeman's prowess in the pool has developed spectacularly. Now 17 and a sophomore at George Washington University, she holds two national senior swimming titles and is working hard for more (pp. 67-73). Late this month she will meet her archrival, Hawaii's Evelyn Kawamoto, who beat her in the medley last year. A victory will make Mary the most versatile—as well as prettiest—U.S. prospect for the 1952 Olympics.

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an anti-perspirant

gentle as a face cream

new AQUAMARINE LOTION DEODORANT



made with precious
skin-soothing Lanolite*

Longest Protection, Ever!

Stops odor immediately,
completely... checks
perspiration more
effectively... thanks to
exclusive Echo Action*...
without the harshness,
irritation you've had to put
up with in ordinary deodorants

Most Luxurious Deodorant,

Ever! Rich, fragrant liquid-
cream blended with Lanolite
...scented with famous
Aquamarine fragrance.

Easiest To Use, Ever!

Gently press the new "plastic-
squeeze" bottle... out flows
just enough creamy fluid for
one application.

Lotion it on...

it vanishes
instantly. You'll
never go back
to old-fashioned
deodorants!



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Which girl has the natural curl... and which girl has the Toni?



Eloise Sahlen and Susie Parker. The girl with the Toni says: "Toni is so wonderfully gentle it's given me the most natural-looking wave I've ever had. And my wave takes no more care than naturally curly hair!" Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? See answer below.

Gentle Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you
can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the deep, soft, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni from naturally curly hair. And the reasons are simple. Toni has a gentler waving lotion than any other permanent. Plus Permafix—a more thorough neutralizer that conditions your wave to silky softness and makes it last much longer.

*More women use Toni
than all other home permanents combined*

Discover why millions of women prefer gentle Toni to any other permanent. Have a Toni with Permafix today, and *tonight* have a wave so naturally lovely, people *ask* you if you have naturally curly hair! And month after month your Toni will take no more care than naturally curly hair.

Remember Toni alone, of all home permanents, guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair—or your money back. Eloise Sahlen, the girl on the left, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Ann Shumaker's Toni (on the right) with her sister Roxie's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

TONI REFILL ONLY *1

You can't tell a **Toni**
from naturally curly hair!





ENEMIES MEET for first time at conference conducted by junior officers to work out arrangements for full-scale cease-fire negotiations. Facing Red delegates

across table are, left to right, Air Force Colonel Andrew J. Kinney, Marine Colonel James C. Murray and Lieut. Colonel Lee Soo Yong of South Korean army.

RIDGWAY GETS TOUGH, REDS TAKE IT

For the sake of peace General Matthew Ridgway's United Nations command had been willing to give the Communist invaders of South Korea a chance to save face. At a cost of some 13,000 American dead alone, the U.N. troops, in 55 long, bloody weeks, had hurled back the North Koreans and Chinese Reds. But in three days of face to face negotiations with the enemy—which Reds themselves had sought through Russia's Yakov Malik—the Allies were well along toward losing their victory. They had compromised on a date for cease-fire talks. They had agreed to meet the enemy at Kaesong, three miles south of the 38th Parallel—and Kaesong turned out to be not a no man's land but a Red-held strongpoint. And worst of all, when U.N. peace talkers arrived at Kaesong, unarmed and under white flags, they were greeted by Reds equipped with both guns and camera, who, like conquerors, escorted the Allies to the peace table (above). In South Korea, Allied newsmen angrily protested that the U.N. had handed the Communists the richest propaganda prize of the war. On July 12, with Ridgway's permission, 20 correspondents joined the peace delegation, but at a checkpoint outside Kaesong (p. 20) the convoy was halted by Red soldiers. This was too much. Ridgway promptly ordered peace talks suspended. Twice the Reds asked for a resumption. Ridgway was adamant: not only would the newsmen go along, but further, Kaesong itself must be cleared of all armed Reds or another neutral site picked. The Chinese press screamed "blackmail," but at week's end Communist commanders agreed to Ridgway's terms. It appeared that the Reds—or their masters in Moscow—urgently wanted negotiations to continue.



FINAL INSTRUCTIONS are given Vice Admiral C. Turner Joy, chief United Nations truce negotiator, by General Ridgway before take-off of the truce team.



3RD BATTALION, 27TH INFANTRY, GUARDING HILLS

SIGNAL TRUCKS

POWER UNITS

MOTOR POOL

SERVICE TENTS

MESS TABLES

U.N. CAMP, SET UP FOR PEACE PARTY NEAR MUNSAN, INCLUDES AIRSTRIIP FROM WHICH COPTERS ARE SHOWN TAKING OFF FOR TALKS AT KAESONG. ON GOOD



WHITE MARKER in form of huge letter "W" identifies landing strip prepared by Reds to receive U.N. helicopters.



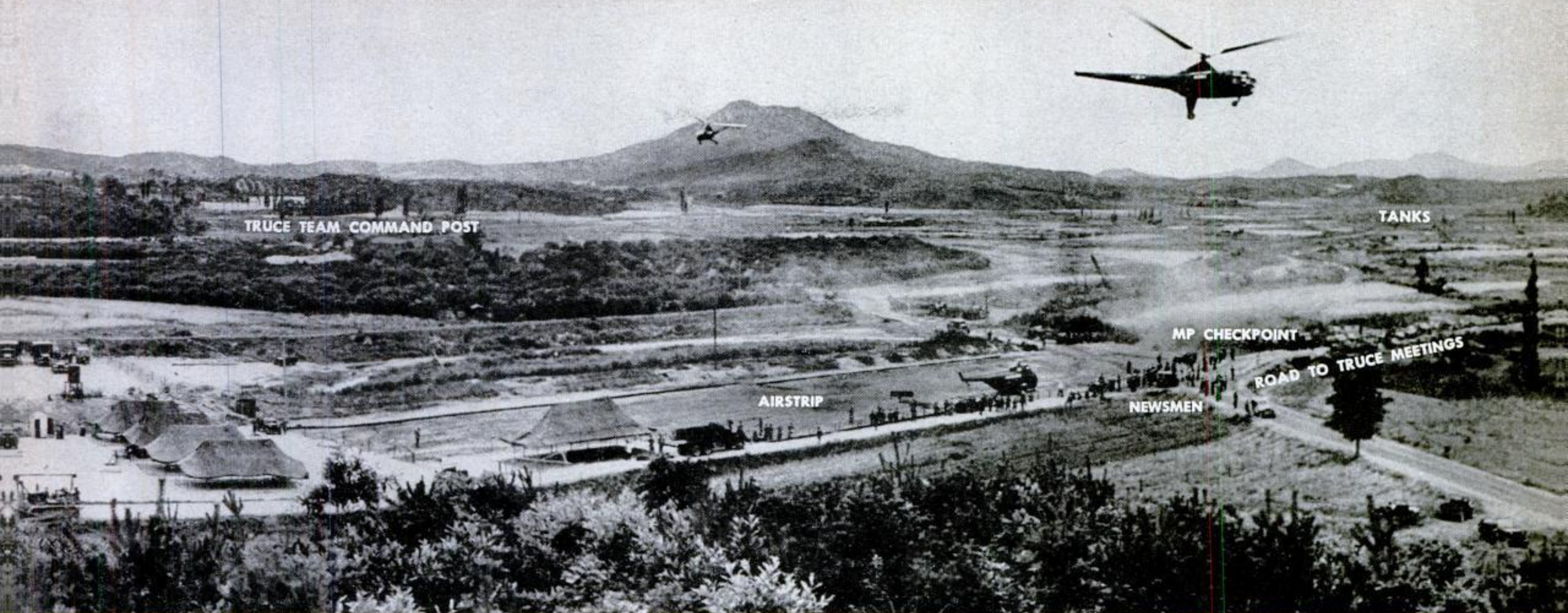
COOL GREETING is exchanged by the Allies (right) and the Reds whose party included unidentified woman soldier.



RECESS REPORT on talks is radioed to base by Colonel Kinney (center).



AT FULL-DRESS TRUCE TALKS NORTH KOREANS WITH SHOULDER BOARDS AND BOOTS PRECEDE PLAINLY GARBED CHINESE (LEFT) OUT OF CONFERENCE ROOM



FRIDAY THIS AREA WAS FILLED WITH TANKS ("LIFE", APRIL 9) AS 187TH AIRBORNE INFANTRY JOINED SIXTH ARMORED BATTALION IN U.N. NORTHERN DRIVE



FROM U.N. TRUCK, an armed North Korean guard is seen with his back turned as the convoy passes on dirt road.



AS "GUESTS" of Reds, Allied delegates climb to their quarters on hill.



INDIAN WRESTLING, Korea-style, provides touch of fraternization between American and North Korea GIs.



UNITED NATIONS NEGOTIATORS LEAVE CONFERENCE BUILDING, LED BY ADMIRAL JOY, ADMIRAL ARLEIGH BURKE, MAJOR GENERAL LAURENCE CRAIGIE



FURTIVE PHOTOGRAPHER beats about bush to sneak pictures of Capt. George Campbell, U.S.N.



AT CHECKPOINT, WHERE REDS STOPPED ALLIED NEWS CONVOY, U.N. AND COMMUNIST OFFICERS CONFER

PRESS ISSUE PROVED USEFUL TO RIDGWAY

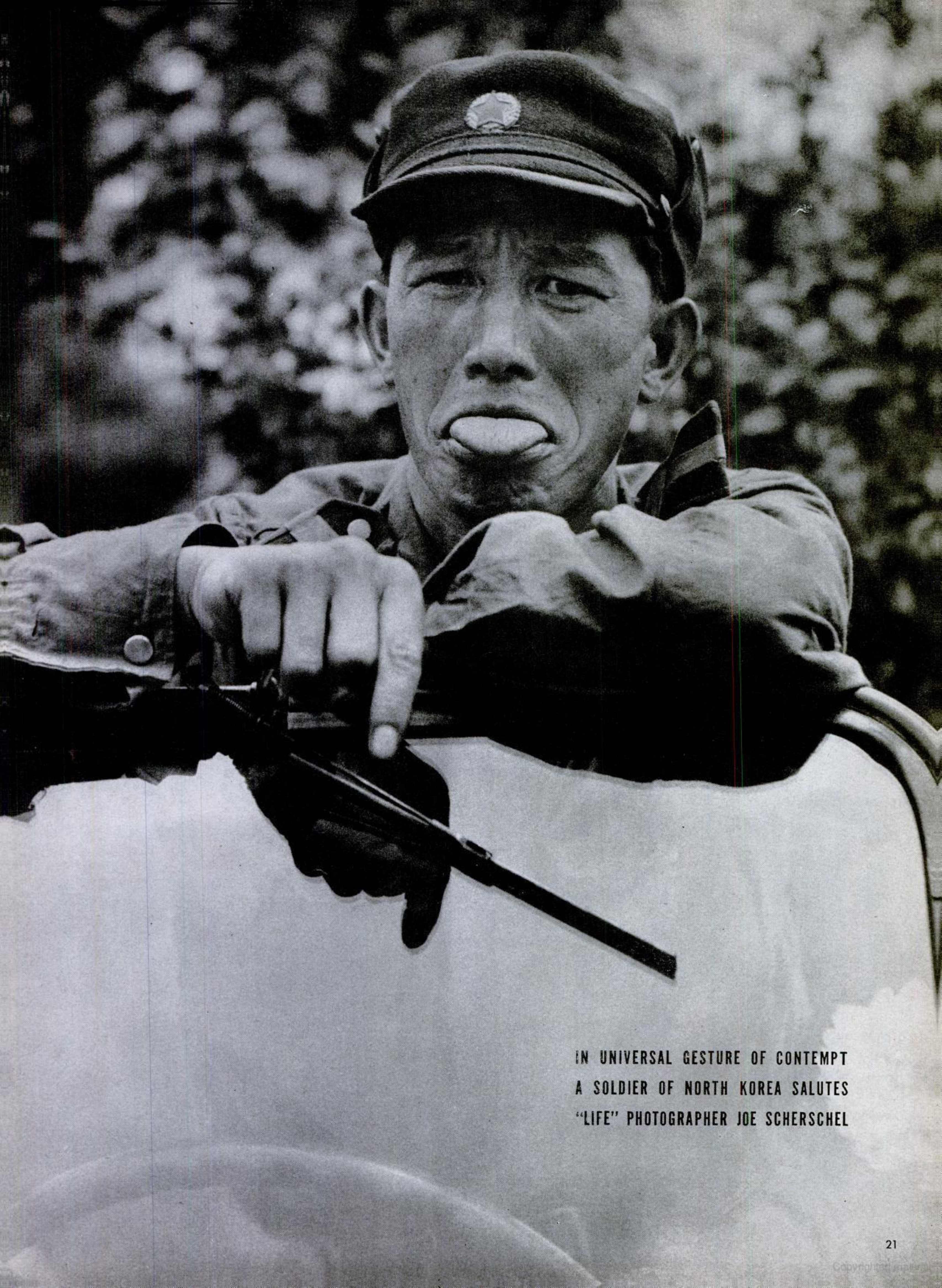
On the second day of the full-scale cease-fire talks, five photographers, including LIFE's Joe Scherschel, were permitted to accompany the Allied truce team to Kaesong and photograph the delegates and the antics of their subordinates outside the conference room. Things went so well that a Supreme Headquarters spokesman announced to the world, "We are nearer to an armistice than we were 24 hours ago." The next morning, at a Red checkpoint south of

Kaesong, the U.N. peace convoy, which now carried a score of correspondents, clattered to a halt (above). The Communists barred the way. For a nervous hour, while the Red troops kept their "guests" at bay, the entire negotiations tottered. Then the convoy retired, providing General Ridgway with an opportunity he may have been looking for. He seized on the freedom of the press issue to force the Reds to neutralize the peace-talk area. It was risky, but it paid off.



"PEACE HOUSE" GUARDS, consisting of heavily armed North Koreans who surrounded meeting

place in supposedly neutralized Kaesong, briskly change guard as unarmed U.N. aides (right) look on.



IN UNIVERSAL GESTURE OF CONTEMPT
A SOLDIER OF NORTH KOREA SALUTES
"LIFE" PHOTOGRAPHER JOE SCHERSHEL

NEW DISGRACE FOR CICERO

In Capone's old town a mob pillages a Negro's home

The 67,000 citizens of Cicero, Ill. have put up with a lot: their city was once a center for narcotics and prostitution, a haven for gangsters and headquarters for Capone's mob. Last week their city's shabby reputation again suffered a setback. A mob of 4,000, mainly teen-agers, went on a wild rampage because a Negro had come to town. He was Harvey Clark, bus driver, college graduate, former Air Force sergeant. He had come to Cicero once before, in June, and had left to file a \$200,000 lawsuit claiming that Cicero's police had



AT START OF RIOT members of mob wave excitedly at *Sun-Times* photographer on Wednesday afternoon before they rushed Harvey Clark's apartment,

uprooted trees outside its windows and wrecked the inside. Although most damage was done by teen-age hoodlums, they were egged on by cheers of their elders.



CLARK'S APARTMENT, Thursday morning, was a shambles. Clothes, kitchen equipment (above) and even a piano were ruined.



OUT TO WATCH THE FUN on Thursday afternoon, people of Cicero line up behind police and a row of police cars on the lawns. Later they pushed police aside and broke through lines.



CALLING FOR HELP, a guardsman in a jeep radios message to commanding officer while another (center) wrestles to keep a rioter from getting away with his rifle. No shots were fired.



RIOT CASUALTY was this guardsman, struck in eye with brick. Six guardsmen, four policemen, nine civilians were wounded in fight.

manhandled him when he tried to enter his apartment. He was back with a court injunction ordering them to protect him. Last Wednesday a yelling mob marched on his empty apartment, brushed aside the ineffectual police, threw Clark's furniture out the windows and burned it. Next night they were back. Shouting and laughing, throwing bricks, flares and firecrackers, they attacked the empty building until they were driven off by bayonets of the Illinois National Guard, called not by Cicero but by the sheriff of Cook County.



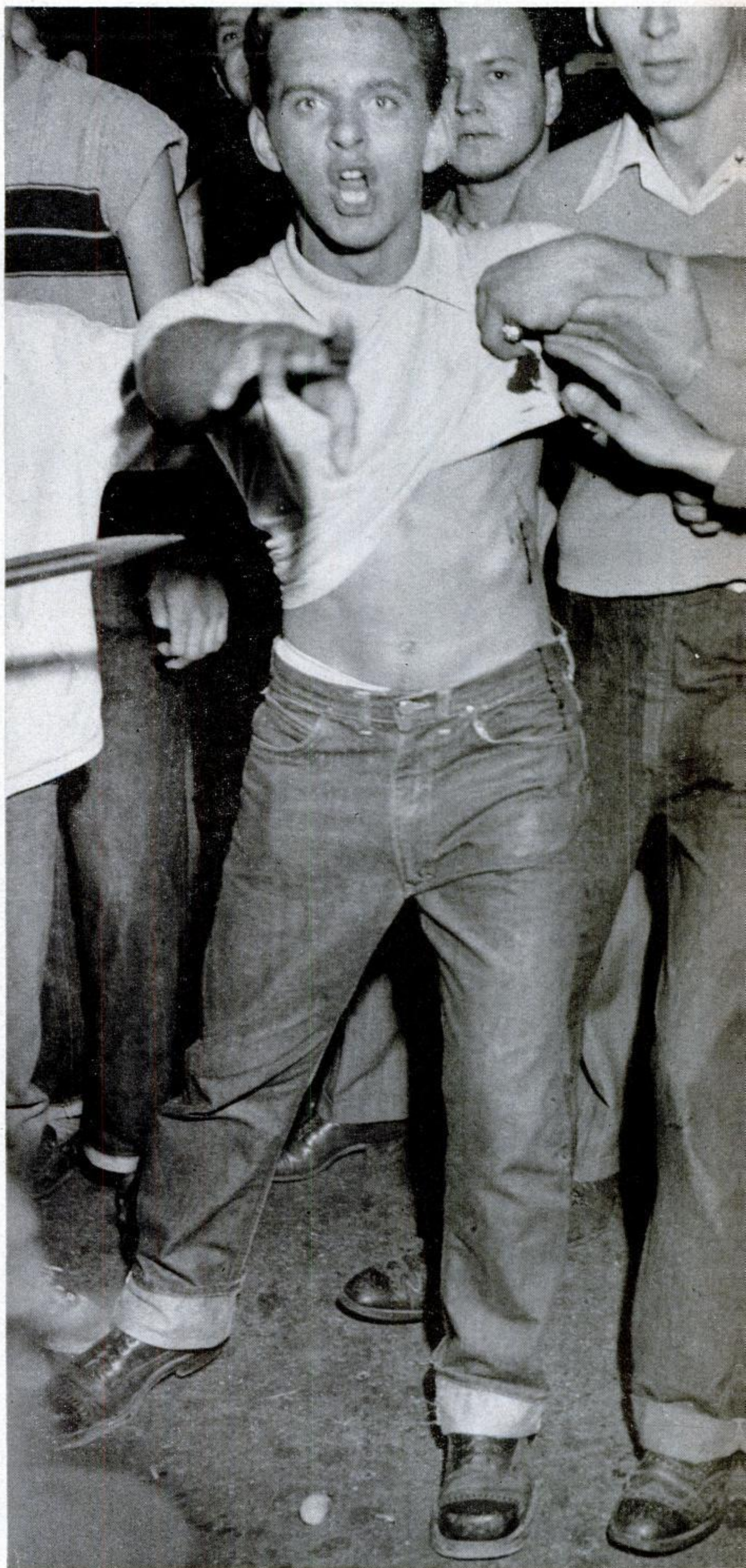
BURNING FURNITURE, crowd gathers under Clark's broken third-floor window. Clark and his family had left Cicero before the riots began.



THE TROOPS ARRIVE after Thursday night crowd had shoved police aside. Five companies came to push rioters back with bayonets and tear gas.



HIDING OUT in a friend's house in Indiana, Clark and his family wait for the riot to blow over. He says that they will still try to live in Cicero.

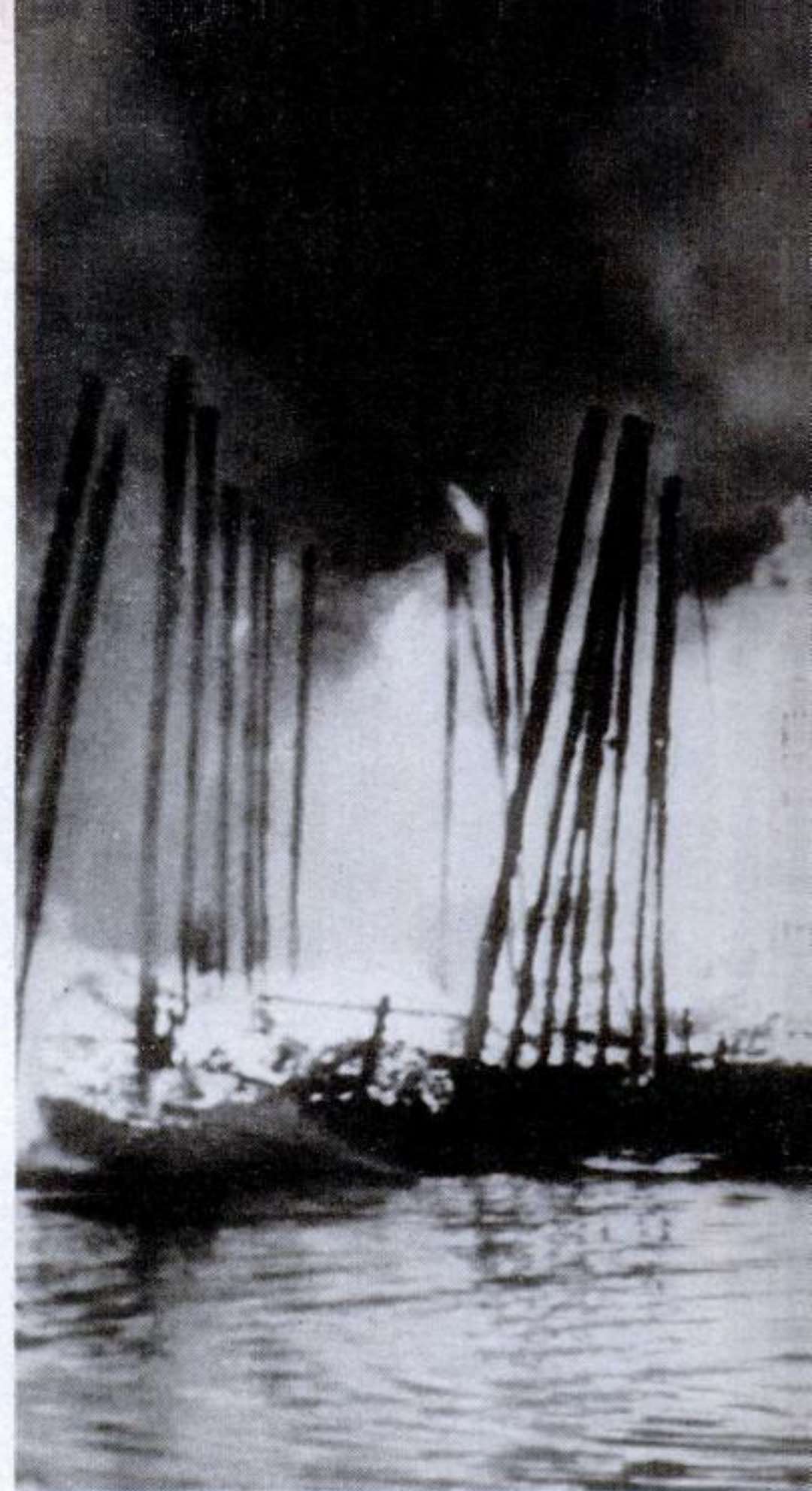


STABBED BY A BAYONET, a young hoodlum curses a guardsman as he lifts shirt to show wound. By Friday, 118 rioters, mostly young men like him, had been arrested.



INDUSTRIAL AREA of Kansas City, Kan. is beset by fire and flood as flames from oil storage tank

blaze sweep out of control. When pressure in water mains failed, firemen pumped from the flood itself.



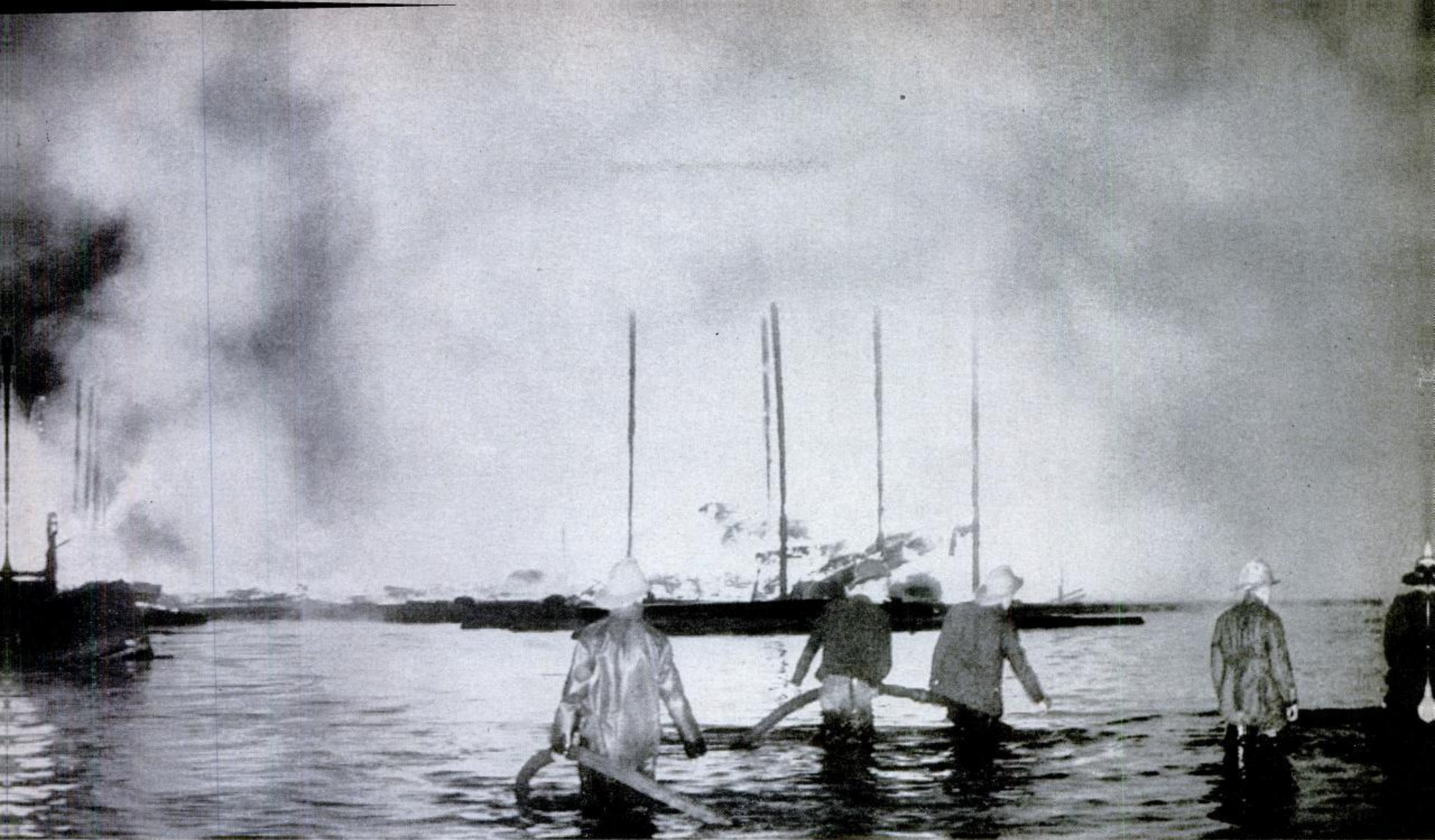
APPARATUS STALLED BY THE RAMPAGING RIVER,

A DRY STATE HAS A RECORD FLOOD

Thirty days of rain bring death
and \$1 billion damage to Kansas

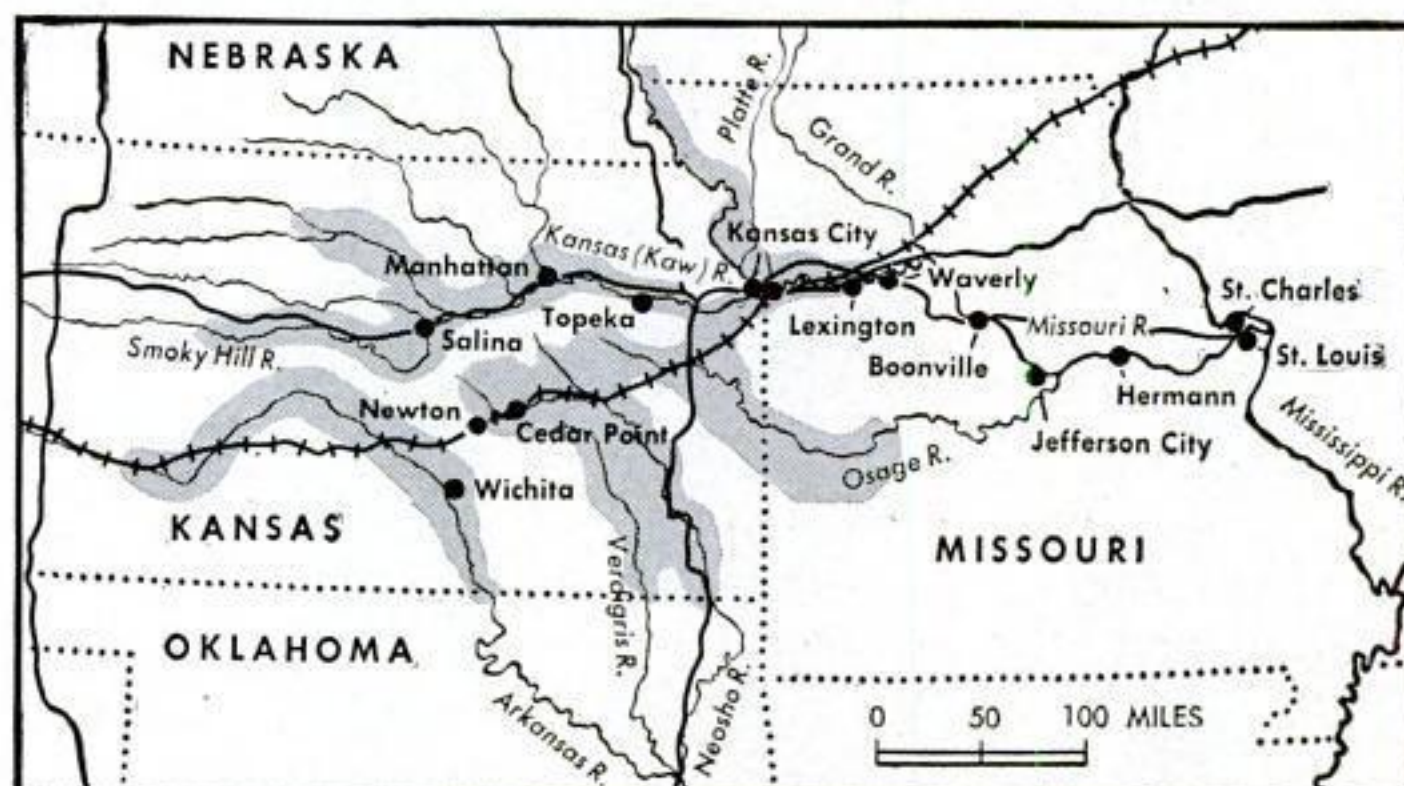


ROOFTOP RESCUE is effected as Topeka woman is lowered by neighbors into outboard rescue boat.



KANSAS CITY FIREMEN WADE KNEE-DEEP TO POUR MORE WATER ON A \$2 MILLION BLAZE IN A LUMBERYARD ALREADY THREATENED BY THE FLOOD WATERS

Ordinarily in July the sun fries the Kansas prairies and farmers can count on a hot dry harvest under a cloudless sky. But this year nature reversed itself, and by last week Kansas was soaked and overflowing with the worst flood in its history. As every major river in the state surged over its banks, flood crests burst levees and inundated hundreds of lowland cities and towns and thousands of acres of rich farmlands. Half a million persons were made homeless. At least 14 were known dead. Damage was estimated at \$1 billion. Hardest hit were the two Kansas Citys where the Kaw River spilled over 35½-foot dikes and engulfed industrial plants, stockyards and homes. Inoculations for typhoid were ordered as the Red Cross, the Coast Guard and the Army rushed in to help. Fire broke out in a gasoline storage area and firemen were almost helpless when high water stalled their apparatus. Over the weekend, as Congress prepared a \$15 million relief fund, the Kaw's crest hit the muddy Missouri (see map) and the cities downstream to St. Louis and beyond looked to their levees—and high ground.



CREST OF FLOOD, racing down the Missouri, may reach Hermann, Mo. this week and St. Charles July 24. Shaded areas show extent of high water on July 14.



BOILING PAST BARRACKS, Kaw River's overflow isolates a part of Fort Riley. Despite clear skies, engineers said waters might not recede for two weeks.



LIFEBOAT TRAFFIC is heavy as flood victims are ferried to safety in Topeka by volunteer boatmen. Both Kansas and Missouri declared a state of emergency.



ROBINSON AND RETINUE are photographed in Britain. From left are "Killer" Johnson, a friend, Barber Roger Simon, Trainer "Honey" Brewer, Secretary June Clark, Mrs. Robinson, Trainer "Pee-wee"

Beale, Sugar Ray, Boxer Don Ellis, Evelyn Robinson, Ray's sister, Manager Gainford, Boxer "Bang-Bang" Womber, chauffeur's wife and chauffeur, Golf pal Joe Roach. In center is midget, Jimmy Karoubi.

RAY ROBINSON

Above all Sugar Ray Robinson was human. As middleweight boxing king and "greatest fighter on earth" he could expect the adulation of the crowds when he began his second grand tour of Europe. It worked on his ego, giving him the full, satisfying feeling of a monarch who travels the countryside on a flatcar, reposing on a pile of \$10,000 bills and attended by lackeys ready to gratify his slightest wish. Now and then he would step down to dance, acknowledge the cheers of the crowd, and fight (to help replenish his pile of \$10,000 bills).

When Sugar Ray landed at Le Havre on May 2, wobbling from a rough Atlantic crossing, the first to greet him was 4-foot, 4-inch Jimmy Karoubi, a midget who served as translator and mascot on his last swing through Europe. The midget took a running jump into Robinson's arms. "*Le Sucre Merveilleux*" was back. Jimmy immediately became part of Robinson's road company, which already included two trainers, two personal secretaries, a personal barber,



BEGINNING TOUR Robinson, met by mascot, waves to cheering French fans at Le Havre.



ADMIRING CLUSTER of French starlets watch Sugar Ray dance at charity ball. He also liked to play the drums with band.



FRANCE'S FIRST LADY, Madame Auriol, thanks Ray for donation to cancer fund.



FRENCH FILM STAR Martine Carol has a dance with Ray at swank Paris nightclub.



PERSONAL PHYSICIAN, Dr. Vincent Nardiello (second from left) plays hearts with gang. A friend, he paid his own expenses.



GOLFING AT DACHET Sugar Ray usually attracted a gallery. He shoots in upper 70s.

WAS RIDING FOR A FALL, AND IN LONDON . . .

a golfing companion, a ring stablemate and a friend who owned a nightclub in Chicago. When he had hired a French chauffeur, who once drove for Circusman John Ringling, the show was ready to put on the road.

On the Champs Elysées in Paris all it took for movie queues to break rank was for Sugar Ray's fuchsia Cadillac to appear. Parisian bicyclists immediately humped into high gear to follow, like gulls after a yacht. Wherever important people gathered, Robinson was sure to be there. The big, expensive Lido nightclub opened a new show and next day newspapers gave a big play to Sugar Ray dancing with blond Movie Actress Martine Carol. When photographers had asked him if he would dance with her, he had looked up from his Coca-Cola and said, "Sure, if she wants to. You go ask her."

Hundreds of invitations poured in and he accepted those that came under the "worthy cases" heading. He showed up in white tie and tails to help raise three million francs for retired

comedians at the Palais de Chaillot and stole the show with a high-flying buck-and-wing. In the prize ring Sugar Ray got money and conflicting reactions from the crowds for knocking around local heroes in France, Italy, Belgium and Germany.

When Robinson went to England, last stop on his grand tour, there were no worries on his horizon—not even the defense of his treasured middleweight title. He and his troupe settled down practically next door to Windsor Castle in a 15th Century hostelry known as the Star and Garter. It was described as a quiet place in the country, but after a few days there Sugar Ray's French chauffeur snorted, "It's quiet like the Musée Grévin (Paris' madhouse wax museum). Everytime you open a door a thousand people run through. I feel like I should do a dance or even play a trumpet out my bedroom window."

Aside from the crowds outside and the crowds downstairs in the pub on the ground floor, there

was the commotion stirred up by Robinson's troupe itself. Card games went on until midnight and phonographs blared out blues and boogie-woogie. Sugar Ray began to get edgy; his shadow boxing was off and his golf game was suffering too. It was like living inside a goldfish bowl. Sugar Ray wasn't getting his sleep. He and his manager, George Gainford, began butting heads more violently than usual over fight strategy. When his sister, accompanied by Mrs. Sugar Ray, arrived from the U.S. she told Robinson about a dream she had of his being carried helpless from the ring. As the day approached when Robinson, an overwhelming 3-1 favorite, would defend his title against Britain's Randy Turpin, there were fewer wisecracks over card games. The phonograph blared as loud as ever but nobody around camp seemed to be in tune with it. After two months of riding high Robinson and his merry men were beginning to come down to earth. When they hit, the crash made boxing's biggest news in 25 years (*turn page*).



HOOFING EXHIBITION by Ray, a natural-born dancer, makes a great hit with crowd at Paris show.



PRIVATE BARBER smooths out Robinson's hair. He is also Sugar Ray's partner in song-and-dance act.



CHEERING CROWDS paid tribute to Sugar Ray wherever he went. Here bobbies clear path through

the mob as Robinson's Cadillac creeps along Windmill Street for weighing-in before fight with Turpin.



RAY, IN HOOD, IS READIED FOR WALK TO RING

Riding for a Fall CONTINUED

... SUGAR GETS IT

A hungry fighter, as every old boxer knows, is the best fighter. Sugar Ray Robinson was not a hungry fighter as he climbed into the ring at Earl's Court in London. At 29 he was only afraid of losing the egg in his beer or the pearl in his oyster. By contrast, Randy Turpin, 23, who shuffled into the other corner wearing the shabbiest of robes, was starved. He was an ex-cook in the Royal Navy, the son of a white mother and a Negro soldier from British Guiana, and had earned little money or prestige in winning 43 of his 46 fights. This was his big chance and he lit into Sugar Ray as if he had never heard of the latter's fearsome reputation.

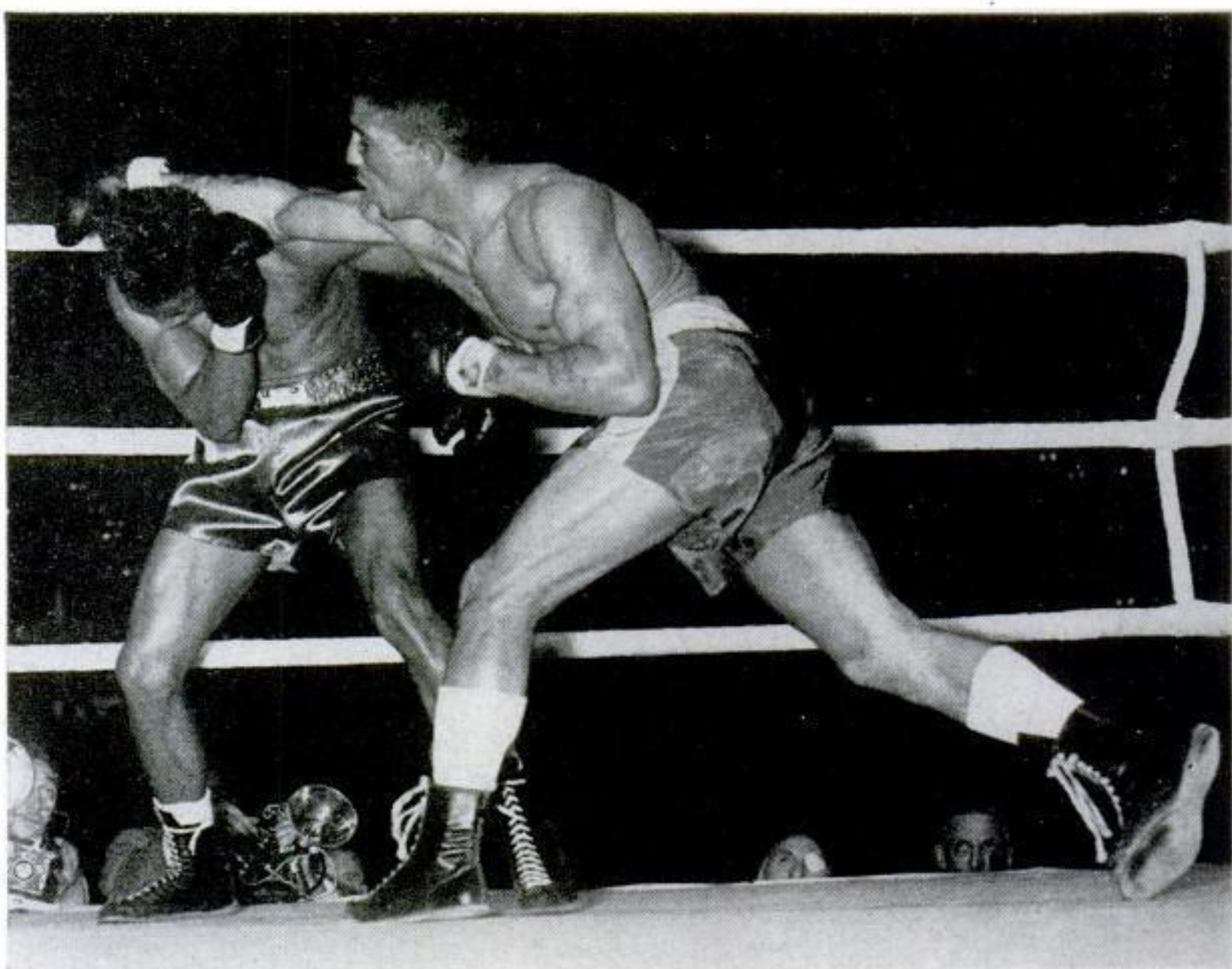
Two rounds went by before Robinson landed a solid blow. Not until the sixth did Sugar Ray win a round. Ringside experts could hardly believe what they saw: the world's cleverest fighter was being suckered by an adversary who came in too low and much too open. But Robinson's footwork was leaden, his timing frightful. In the seventh a troublesome cut appeared over Sugar Ray's left eye. It was Turpin's head, butting him in a clinch, that did the damage. From then until the end of the fight Turpin kept peppering the bad eye (*opposite page*) and had Robinson on the verge of a knockout in the 14th. When it was over nobody waited for the referee to raise Turpin's hand. It was obvious that Britain had a new world champion and the crowd went wild. Confused and crestfallen, Sugar offered no alibi. He would get his chance to make amends in a return bout in New York in September. "I don't think I even want to see that fight," said Sugar Ray's sister Evelyn. "Ray will murder him."



TROUBLE FOR RAY registers on faces of his sister (*left*) and wife (*center*). Their cries changed from "Get him," to "Hold on, Sugar."



ADAM'S APPLE PUNCH by Turpin causes Robinson to gag momentarily. Before the fight Turpin had calmly predicted that "Somebody has to take the big boy. It might as well be me."



AN AGGRESSIVE RIGHT by Turpin misses but, in ducking, Sugar Ray covers up frantically. Said a Sugar man of Turpin, "That boy punch hard, but he's what I call a dumb fighter."



NEW CHAMP COMES HOME and is greeted at Leamington Town Hall by city clerk (in wig) and Earl of Warwick (*right*). At left is Turpin's mother, who was confused by all the fuss.



EVIDENCE OF BEATING taken by Robinson is blood streaming from gash over left eye in 14th round as Turpin moves in close to pound his kidneys. Even

though Turpin's surprise victory set the stage for big return match in September, nobody suspected Sugar Ray of doing anything but his level best to win in London.

INFLATION IS THE DEVIL

HOW FAR TO ZEM ZEM, NOBLE?

The Nobles of the Shrine in their red fezzes have been in Manhattan the past week, having a good time at their annual convention.

Thousands upon thousands of Shriners cavorting in one place are always a sight. This year, we think, there was something extra in the spectacle. The something extra had to do with the words lettered on the Shriners' fezzes—the names of their local temples, or chapters, derived from places, mountains, rivers and the like in the area from Morocco to Iran, which the Shriners broadly construe as the Arab world. That world must have seemed afar off in the early 1870s when a few New York Masons of high degree and lightsome habit founded the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine ("not 'the Playground of Masonry' but rather the playground *for* Masons," says an official account). They thought nothing of it, these American males at play, appropriating such names as Mecca, Sinai, El Hasa, Luxor, Karnak, Zem Zem, Tigris and Ararat for their fun. We dare say most of the Shriners in New York last week thought nothing of it, either. And yet—who in 1951 could note the names on the fezzes without a tremor of special awareness?

Take Ararat, for instance. Ararat is the name of the Shriners' temple in Kansas City, Mo. (where the floods came last week) and of a mountain on the border of ancient Persia (where the floods came long ago). It is remindful of Noah and his Ark—and also of a sick old man in today's Teheran, the premier of Iran, fumbling with a vast supply of oil and perhaps with the peace of the world. Very few would know without looking it up that Zem Zem (Erie, Pa.) is a well in the Mohammedans' holy city of Mecca (New York). But in the minds of all Americans there is the knowledge that their young men could be fighting tomorrow for Zem Zem, wherever and whatever it may be, and that their dollars could be helping real people in Mecca today.

This editorial is as good an example as any of what we are trying to say. In this year of Allah a man can't look at a Shriner having his fun in a fez without getting struck with significance. Sorry, folks, but there it is.

WHEN MR. WILSON SAYS IT'S NEAR, WE MUST ASSUME HE'S RIGHT

Charlie Wilson took to radio and TV the other night to tell Americans that the country is about to go to hell in an overpriced basket. With great sincerity he argued that the U.S. is sure to suffer "the disaster of runaway inflation" unless Congress preserves and extends the Administration controls program exactly as the Administration has set it up. Toward the end of his speech Mr. Wilson came out with his strongest argument—the crusher, you might say—in these words:

"When I took on the job as director of defense mobilization last December, the President and Congress gave me the tools to work with. I needed every one of them and I still do. But I cannot work effectively with the handcuffs the pressure groups are forging for me now."

Now who can argue with that? Anyone can argue in principle about the amount of control the U.S. economy really needs and the best way of accomplishing the control. But very little room is left for intelligent argument when Charlie Wilson, Eric Johnston and Mike DiSalle, not to mention Harry Truman, fall back on the proposition that if they are to do the job they must be allowed to do it their way. Here is the most valid ground—indeed, the only wholly valid ground—for giving them the kind of wage and price controls they want. If the debate now raging in Congress and the country at large could be reduced to this limited but honorable basis, Charlie Wilson and the public he is trying to serve would be better off.

There is another case for strong controls, but it is not a case for the kind of direct controls which the Truman Administration demands and largely relies on. The alternative case is for maximum reliance on the control of the supply of money and credit available in a time of material shortages. All the machinery for such a defense against inflation exists today in laws already on the books; and in such agencies as the Federal Reserve Board. Forcefully applied, and coupled with a carefully drawn tax law to hold down or reduce the total amount of money floating around, such a program could make a lot more sense than the combination of inadequate monetary controls and extreme direct controls proposed by the Administration. Republican Representative Jesse P. Wolcott of Michigan, a sound conservative if there ever was one, broached this idea in the House last week. Unfortunately he offered it as an awkward and inconclusive amendment to the Administration's control bill. Even so, it got 149 votes. But it was soon lost in the shuffle, and Congress was left with nothing to discuss except the Truman-Wilson program.

The truth is that the case for direct controls to be applied now is not good enough to stand on its immediate merits. In order to make it at all Administration spokesmen must play on fears which may or may not turn out to be justified. Charlie Wilson is doing his duty as he sees it when he tells American housewives that if Congress fails to vote the full array of controls demanded

by the Administration, prices will be disastrously higher a year from now than they are today. But neither he nor anyone else can really be sure of this. It will be so, and "the disaster of runaway inflation" will be a fact if, and only if, three conditions prevail simultaneously. There must be a sharp drop in the amount of ordinary goods on sale. There must be a large excess of ready money in hand for purchase of the fewer goods. And there must be a strong desire on the part of the people who have the money to buy more goods than the market offers. Given these three factors, and no effective system of control, the country will indeed be set for a runaway inflation.

Mr. Wilson figures that as defense production increases in the coming months it is bound to suck up more and more of the materials which go into civilian goods, and that a serious shortage of these goods is certain. He also figures that as defense deliveries increase the billions of government dollars paid out for them are bound to jack up the total of ready money in circulation. He therefore assumes that all three inflationary factors are going to be very much in evidence and that the country will feel their full effect sometime between this fall and next spring. And then, he says, look out!

Is he right or is he wrong? He could be wrong. His new production administrator, Manly Fleischmann, said last week that the production of civilian goods should stay about where it is now for the rest of the year. The news is of more materials than expected, not less, in hand or in sight for ordinary production. Generally speaking, the big problem of retailers is not to get goods but to sell them. The desire of people to spend their money for goods is not nearly so strong as it was a short while ago, and it may get weaker instead of stronger. For the moment at any rate the significant (though not universal) trend of prices is down, not up, and a growing body of opinion holds that the peak of inflation may have passed.

Despite these and many similar signs, there can be no sure answer to the question of whether Charlie Wilson is right. The real question in debate is whether the country can afford to take a chance on his being wrong. It is a mighty big chance to take, involving as it does not only the personal welfare of every American but the security of the U.S. and the whole free world. For many reasons, ranging all the way from partisan prejudice to honest conviction to the outrageous pressures of lobby bullyboys, a lot of congressmen are inclined to take the chance that he is wrong. Outside of Congress most authorities on the subject are dead against taking the chance. Some of them recognize the signs that the chance may be less frightening than they had thought. But they are generally in the position of the fellow who figures that there just might be a hell, so he might as well join the church to be on the safe side. What with one thing and another, we'll go to church with Charlie Wilson.

FOR YOUR ONE HOT DISH WITH COOL SUMMER MEALS...

Have

SOUP FOR LUNCH

Every noon, year in year out,
27 million people enjoy soup!

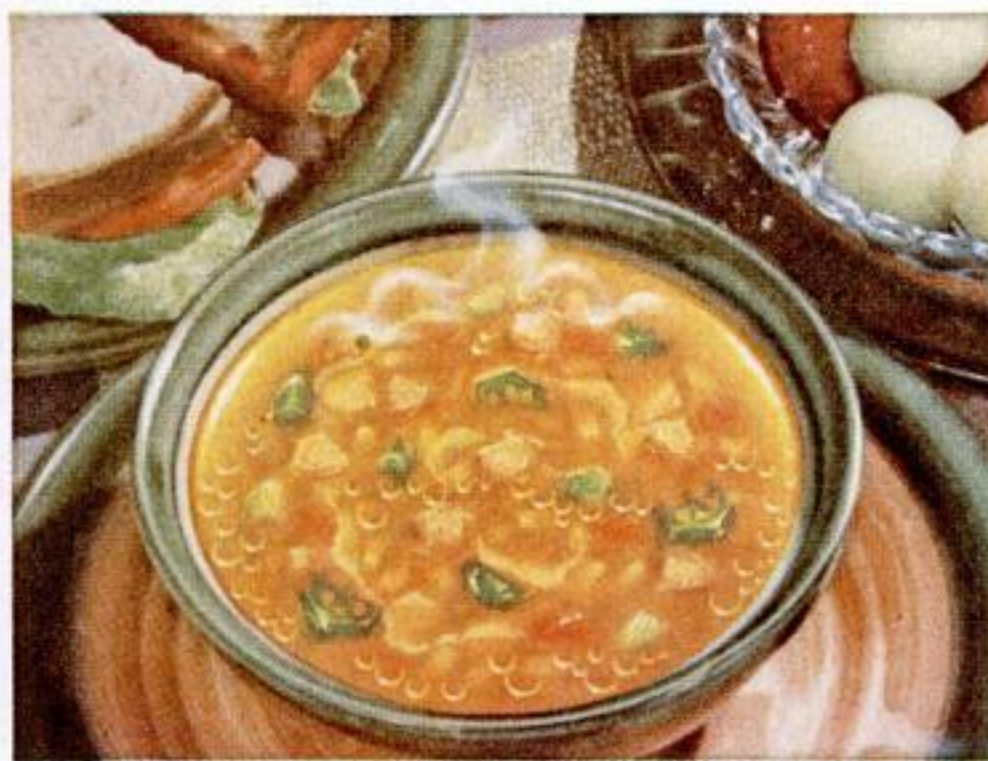
Yes, soup is one of America's top-favorite noon dishes . . . not only in spring, fall and winter, but in summer, too! For folks everywhere have found there's nothing like a bowl of delicious soup as the one hot dish urged by nutrition experts. . . . And that's understandable . . . because soup not only tastes good with a cool summer meal, but *is* good. It's nourishing . . . easy to digest . . . easy to serve —you and your kitchen stay cool! By contrast it makes cold foods taste even better. It's thrifty —an outstanding food value. And plenty of variety —21 Campbell's kinds to choose from! . . . So today . . . and every day . . . have soup for lunch!



SOUP AND SALAD

Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup
Generous pieces of tender lean beef mingled with golden egg noodles in rich beef stock! Hearty . . . and so delicious!

Peaches Stuffed with Cottage Cheese Crackers Iced Tea



SOUP, SANDWICH AND DESSERT

Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup
The chicken and vegetable soup of old New Orleans. Okra, tomatoes, rice, pieces of chicken! Excitingly different!

Tomato and Lettuce Sandwich Melon Balls and Plums Milk



SOUP AND DESSERT

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
Fresh cultivated mushrooms blended with extra-heavy whipping cream! That's why this is one of America's favorite soups!

Crackers Strawberry Sundae Coffee



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MARCHING PAST BROADWAY'S BRIGHT LIGHTS, SHRINERS CHEERFULLY IGNORE RAIN IN 5-HOUR PARADE

THE SHRINERS HIT THE BIG TOWN

Last week, for a few days at least, Manhattan looked and felt like a showman's vision of the streets of Cairo. On its heat-baked pavements was heard the strange tootling of oriental music and its avenues bobbed with well-fed men who wore round red fezzes on their heads and sometimes pseudo-Arabian red jackets and yellow sashes to boot. For the first time in 65 years the Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, was holding its convention in the city

and some 70,000 of its members were in town. They stopped traffic, held two big parades, one reviewed by Shriner Douglas MacArthur (*top right*), and voted a greatly increased contribution to the Shrine's 17 children's hospitals. In spite of the heat the Shriners obviously enjoyed New York. New Yorkers—advised that each Shriner would spend at least \$150—took a pragmatic view: a man with that much money in his pocket could wear what he liked on his head.



TOPPED WITH FEZ, Gen. MacArthur reviews parade. He joined Seattle's Nile Temple 13 years ago.



DRAPED IN BUNTING below reviewing stand, MacArthur's detective bodyguard stays dry in rain.



DECADE OF POTENTATES is shown in this picture. Officials of the Shrine move up in rank every year. For 1951-52 they are (*left to right*) Dr. Hubert Poteat, Wake Forest, N.C., Past Imperial Potentate; Judge Robert Wilson Jr., of Boston, new Imperial Potentate; Harvey Beffa, St. Louis, Deputy Imperial Potentate; Rennie Arnold, Petersburg, Va., Imperial Chief Rabban; Frank

Land, Kansas City, Mo., Imperial Assistant Rabban; Walter Guy, Little Rock, Ark., Imperial High Priest and Prophet; Thomas Melham, Milwaukee, Imperial First Ceremonial Master; George Stringfellow, West Orange, N.J., Imperial Second Ceremonial Master; Clayton Andrews, Lincoln, Neb., Imperial Marshal; George Mattison Jr., of Birmingham, Ala., who is Imperial Captain of the Guard.



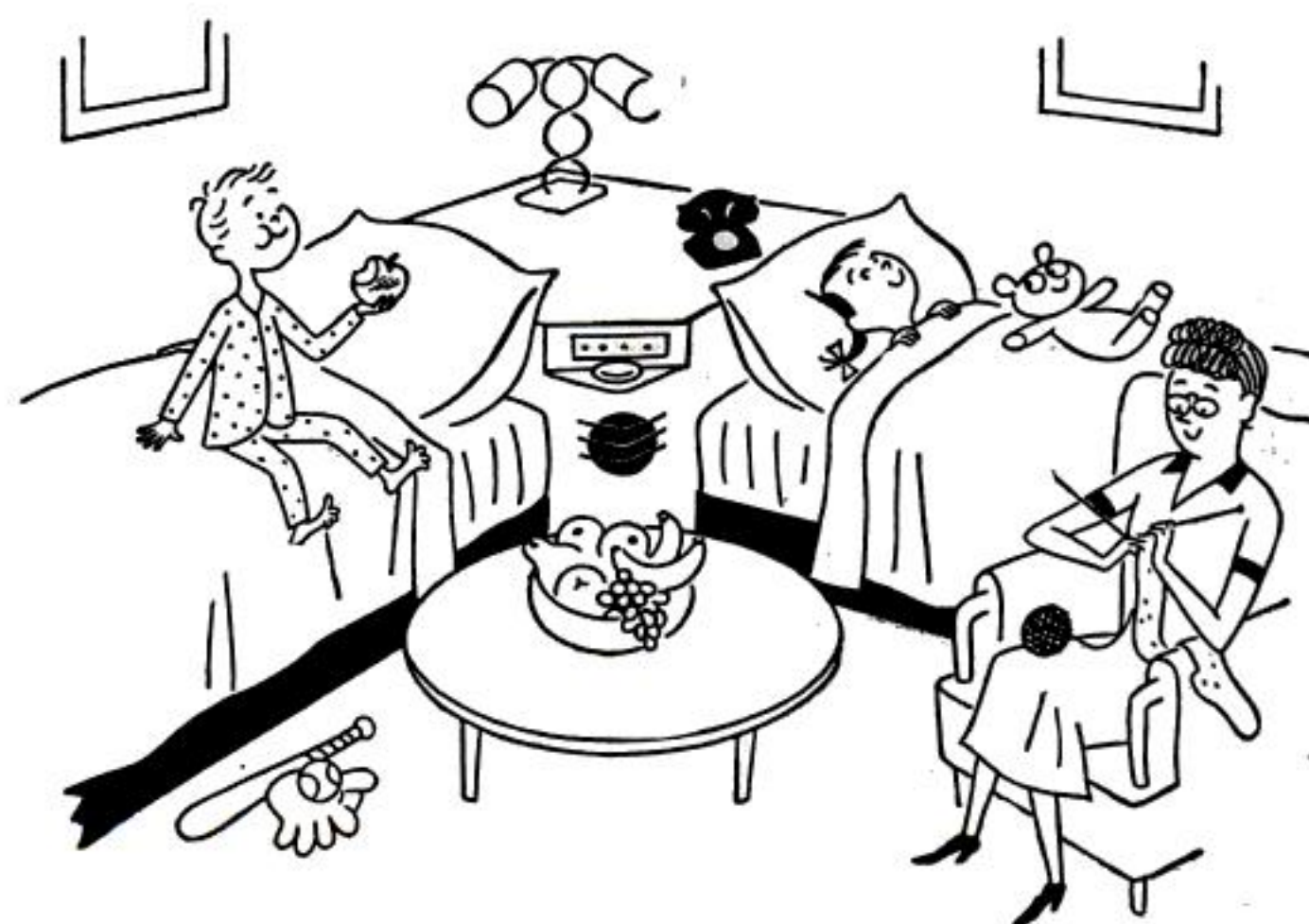
1. "We're Will and Winnie, touring kids, and here's our Mom and Pop. We had to bring them both along—but *we* pick where to stop. We like the Statler services for tourists much the best. Besides, they make each traveler feel he really *is* a guest."



2. "Our parents think the Statler's friendly *Service-Aide* is grand. In planning trips about the town, she lends a helping hand. She knows what kind of fun we like, and what we want to see. I think she's pretty swell," said Will. Said Winnie: "I agree!"



3. "Hooray," cries Will, "this menu has the things *we* like to eat. And special plates and silver, too. Say, Kids, the Statler's neat! They even give us big balloons. Think Pop would like one, maybe? And Mom says they fix formulas . . . but we don't have a baby."



4. "We like the Statler's gift of fruit. It's special—just for us! And wait till *you* try Statler beds—they're super-marvelous! What's more, we let our parents leave to have some fun at night. The baby sitter Statler gets will watch while we sleep tight."



5. Now Will and Winnie shout: "Good-by! We had a lovely stay!" The box lunch mother ordered fixed, is safely packed away. The *Service-Aide* helps Pop with maps. The kids let out a cheer . . . "When traveling with *your* parents—always bring your parents *here*!"



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ANOTHER GREAT NEW STATLER • LOS ANGELES
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IN HIS NEW YORK OFFICE FREDERICK VANDERBILT FIELD SITS BEFORE PORTRAITS OF 19-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER LILA AND CHINESE COMMUNIST LEADERS

The Reds' Pet Blueblood

FREDDY FIELD, A MAVERICK VANDERBILT WHO HIT THE COMMUNIST TRAIL, FOLLOWS IT TO JAIL

by RICHARD L. WILLIAMS

ONE morning last week, in the federal detention house in New York, a lean, aristocratic-looking prisoner in blue dungarees and expensive shoes scrubbed toilets and slogged a wet mop around a cell-block floor. He did it awkwardly, as if he had never handled a mop in his life, which indeed he had not until the day before. He had committed no crime of violence, but had gone behind the bars—also for the first time in his life—for contempt of court. He was Frederick Vanderbilt Field, Hotchkiss '23, Harvard '27, the richest career man in American Communism, and he had refused to tell a judge who it was that put up bond for four top-echelon Reds who had jumped their bail. The reason he was asked was that Frederick Field was secretary of the bail fund of the Communists' Civil Rights Congress, from which the fugitives' bail had been drawn.

His sentence was 90 days, but he had appealed and after three days was out on bond himself. When he came out Field felt neither degraded nor defiant, but was full of a fine sense of exaltation, "Why," he marveled, "I wasn't in there three hours before the boys began coming around to help me. I'd gone in without a razor or toothbrush, and the jail commissary was closed. Before long I had the razor, the brush,

soap, blades and even three oranges. They treated me fine." Telling it, he was deeply moved, and behind his horn rims his eyes glistened. It was plain to him that by their little gestures the inmates had accepted him for himself alone, and perhaps even respected him for not ratting, as some would put it, on his vanished friends. In a way millionaire Field, a lonely man, could reason that in going to jail he had achieved a small success.

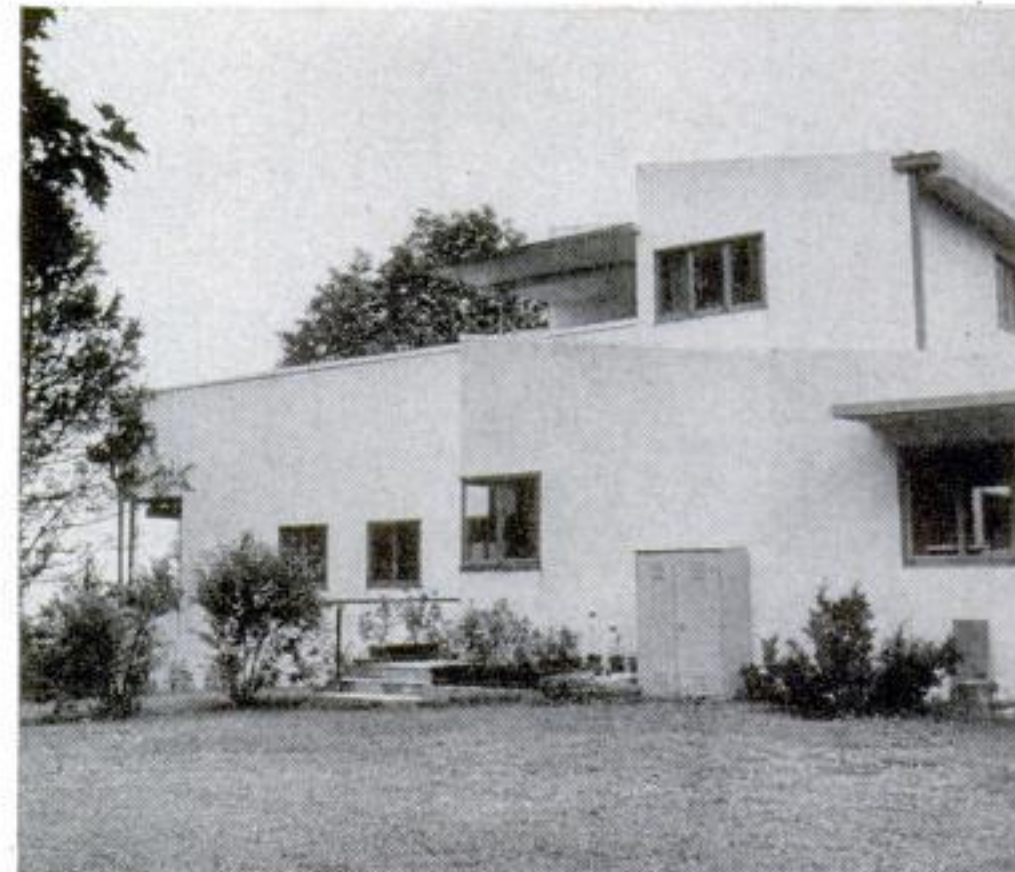
Sizing him up, his fellow prisoners had seen a spare, friendly, pipe-sucking man with a lofty brow, reflective eyes and a diffident voice with only the trace of a Harvard accent. They could not help being struck by his quality of engaging boyishness, partly because it appeared peculiar and immature in one of 46. They must have noted, too, a quality of hard, resentful bitterness just under the surface. Field does not trouble to hide it; it is the bitterness of a person who thinks his punishment (which in Field's case has been a form of ostracism by his own kind) does not fit his crime. "You can get stinking drunk at the Stork Club every night and still be held in the highest esteem," he has been heard to complain, "but if you write or even believe anything different then you're a traitor to your class."



FAMILY HOME is "Highlawn," with 991 acres and 53 buildings. Freddy's sister Marjorie runs it as a farm now.



FATHER, William B. Osgood Field, was dashing lieutenant in World War I.



HIS PRESENT HOME is modern blue concrete house in rural New Hartford, Conn., complete with swimming pool.

REDS' BLUEBLOOD CONTINUED

Field's own traitorous conduct, as it happens, goes a long way beyond writing or believing things that are "different." For years he has been in active collaboration, right up to the ears, with the Communists who have been convicted of plotting the violent overthrow of the U.S. government. As much as they have allowed him to, he has shared their secrets and joined in their plans. He has organized or helped finance a whole covey of their fronts, or subsidiaries, including their Civil Rights Congress bail fund, their American Peace Mobilization, their American Committee for Yugoslav Relief and their Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. He shelters half a dozen such outfits in his own office building, bought for the purpose, and their rent is cheap. He has picketed for the party, entertained for it, proselyted for it and put his name, his heart and much of his fortune at its disposal.

In return for all this the party has not been ungrateful to Field, who is the only Vanderbilt it has. Unable to reward him with an ambassadorship, as it could if it were in power, it has given him titles—in fronts, not in the party itself—and much flattering recognition in its press. It has given him a sense of participation, and thereby of importance, in some of its councils. But from public evidence it is extremely doubtful that the party has ever admitted him to the innermost of these, because the Communists need Field for his money and the prestige of his name, not for talent or strategy.

Just what made him turn traitor to his class is something that would puzzle the men he met in jail last week as it has puzzled many people, including some of his associates in Communism, for a long time. At times he is not too sure himself. "Understanding your own motives," he says, "is one of the most obscure pursuits in the world. I'm not terribly interested in introspection. But I do have deep convictions, and I've been able to follow them. Quite possibly I would have done things differently if I'd had a job to lose. I've really had nothing to lose, or been in jeopardy, until recently."

If Frederick Vanderbilt Field ever gets the time, as he may if his present jeopardy leads to a period of enforced leisure, he may write a book that has been on his mind for years. He already has the title: *My Life From Right to Left*. Where it would end he does not know, but the beginning might go something like this:

He was born into the best of all possible worlds, the ebullient, expanding, peaceful and apparently solid world of the early 1900s. It was a world his ancestors had helped to shape, from Samuel Osgood, the country's first postmaster general, to the legendary Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, to Cyrus Field, the man who laid the first transatlantic cable, and to Railroader William H. Vanderbilt, the man who said "The public be damned!" Frederick's own father, easygoing William Bradhurst Osgood Field, was born to wealth and married more of it. Billy Field was the spoiled rich boy in his class at Stevens Institute, and by 1902, when he married the refined and lovely Lila Vanderbilt Sloane, who had a sizable fortune of her own, he had a fully developed taste for indulgent living. He decreed that his ushers, most of them struggling young classmates, should wear calf-length gray frock coats instead of cutaways, and he could not understand why they were shocked at having to lay out \$150 apiece for them. Special trains from New York took 1,000 Vanderbilts and friends to the ceremony at Lenox, Mass., and four detectives guarded the private car that brought the million-dollar array of wedding presents back to New York to adorn the Vanderbilt mansion at 645 Fifth Avenue.

Billy Field was a civil engineer, but he saw no reason to kill himself at it. Very early he put \$43,000 into the engineering firm of a school chum and let the investment ride, to an eventual worth of \$1,200,000, while he traveled and amassed fine collections of armor and crucifixes, manuscripts and sporting prints. His good wife devoted herself to good works and Episcopalianism, reared four children and ran the town house and the family showplace, Highlawn, in the Berkshires at Lenox. She ran them capably, more in the tradition of British elegance than in the ostentatious fashion of Newport. The children, William Osgood, Frederick Vanderbilt, Marjorie and Mary, grew up being acutely aware that they were not like other youngsters. They were surrounded by servants, and were expected to conform to a pattern of life that was as rigid as it was rich. When the boys wanted to play baseball a chauffeur and footman were dispatched to round up playmates in Lenox and bring them to Highlawn. "We were underprivileged," Field's brother says wryly. "Even then we knew that way of living was going out, and that some day we'd have to change our lives and revolt against the tradition." In one way or another they all did break with the tradition. William chose the life of an explorer and producer of travel films. Mary married a teacher and lives at Milton, Mass., and Marjorie married an Army officer and turned Highlawn into a producing farm.

In his old age their father was to stage his own kind of revolt, with disastrous effect on the Field family's reputation for placidity and propriety. In 1936, some 15 months after his wife's death, William Field, 66, married one Erika Segnitz, 32, a singer he had met in Germany as an American officer sometime after World War I, and had visited regularly ever since. The Field and Vanderbilt families were mortified, and Field was dropped from the Social Register. Three years later his divorce erupted all over the tabloids. The second Mrs. Field charged that the famous old collector had "perhaps the largest collection of nude pictures in America," and that he left them around the house where the servants would find them, just to embarrass her. In turn, he charged that she had tried to brain him with a poker in the presence of one of his friends. They squabbled in the courts for years, until son Frederick stepped in to quiet things by settling \$200 a month on his stepmother for life.

From Hotchkiss to Harvard

AN old family friend rather grouchy dates Frederick's own revolt from the time "he fell into the hands of leftist instructors at Hotchkiss." Field does not remember it that way. "I was a little shrimp at school, a canary soloist in the glee club, tennis captain, and a C student without much interest in scholarship," he says. Most Hotchkiss boys go on to Yale; he was the only member of his class to go to Harvard, and he chose deliberately if not entirely reasonably: "I wanted to shake off my prep school, where I didn't amount to much."

Both Freddy Field and his allowance from home amounted to quite a lot at Cambridge. He arrived there in 1923. It was a confused, excited era that was terribly demanding of well-off Harvard undergraduates, who felt compelled to live up to the F. Scott Fitzgerald prose portraits of gilded youth while keeping a full head of steam over such issues as the Sacco and Vanzetti case. Thin and attractive, Field ricocheted between such extremes, between bootleg gin and R. H. Tawney's *The Acquisitive Society*, and in the interest of being a "whole man" plunged into activities as well. Lucius Beebe, whose memory of the period is embellished by now, remembers that Field always had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

**A time-out with a cooling drink,
A shady place to rest,
At times like these a smoke goes good -
And Luckies taste the best!**
(Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!)

Be Happy - Go Lucky!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE !

Fine tobacco—and only fine tobacco—can give you a better-tasting cigarette. And L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. That's why you'll find that Luckies taste better than any other cigarette. So, Be Happy—Go Lucky! Get a carton today.

**Now here's a tip from me to you,
It's one you ought to try -
Support our boys, buy U.S. Bonds;
Like Luckies, they're a buy!**
(Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!)

**A LUCKY STRIKE
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tormenting as the one you see here. And what a grateful eye your family will give you. If you haven't got your hat on, it might be worth your while to put it on and go to the grocery, and bake one of these Pillsbury Cakes for tonight. Got your hat on yet?

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WORKING FOR THE CAUSE, Field led picket line in Washington in June 1941, exhorting F.D.R. to keep U.S.

out of World War II. (Hitler had not attacked Russia yet.) Here Field harangues pickets at end of "perpetual vigil."

REDS' BLUEBLOOD CONTINUED

fast cars, enough girl friends to fill them and a table every evening at Locke-Ober's restaurant in Boston. But Field's sister Mary recalls that on a family vacation cruise to Alaska, Freddy was buried so deeply in Karl Marx and G. B. Shaw's tracts on Fabian Socialism that the family could hardly get him to glance up at the scenery. When he was graduated from Harvard, still a C man, he was class treasurer, a member of Signet Society, the Delphic "Gas House" club and Hasty Pudding; an officer of Philips Brooks House, the religious center, and had been president of the *Crimson*. In the album he said he wanted to enter public life. "I was also desperate to get myself an education," he says.

With Joseph Barnes, who had succeeded him on the *Crimson*, he sailed to England. They lived for a year in the Bloomsbury flat of Barnes's mother, while her son studied Russian and Field submerged himself at the London School of Economics. He also exposed himself to Plato, Kant and the brilliant Marxist brain of Harold Laski, who had been driven away from Harvard shortly before the generation of Field and Barnes. "Laski aggravated me," Field says fervently. "It was his glibness, that terrifying memory, the way he could quote a whole page of a book without glancing at it. He was infuriating, the way he threw his intellect at you—I got so mad I did a lot of reading so I could argue back."

A good deal of what Laski threw at him stuck. When young Field came home in the summer of 1928 he was all set for a running jump into Democratic politics. But a few weeks later, in letters to the New York papers, he and a Harvard friend, John Herling, announced that they were disgusted with both major parties, were switching to Norman Thomas' Socialists and would welcome company.

That November, writing in the Socialist *New Leader*, 23-year-old Freddy Field protested that their letters had been ignored until a reporter discovered that the V in his name stood for Vanderbilt, which made them news. "How can anyone fail to be impressed," he stormed, "with the triviality, the superficiality of a social system which makes such monstrous nonsense over a middle initial?" From there he teed off against wealth and privilege generally, against U.S. foreign and domestic policy and, for good measure, against the maltreatment of peasants in Upper Silesia.

The article was callow, full of his own feeling of guilt and utterly sincere. Field was now in open revolt against the Vanderbilt-Field pattern of life. His mother took his revolution in stride. "She was a tolerant woman," Field says, "and she said she

liked me for what I was, not for what I joined. As for Father—well, he disapproved."

When an older friend suggested that it would do Frederick good to take a job and hold it for 10 years, he went to work for Edward C. Carter, then U.S. executive head of the influential, 10-nation Institute of Pacific Relations. It was one of the finest organizations a young man in training for a career in public life or international strife could have latched onto. Founded in 1925 as a study and conference group, the I.P.R. was a federation of autonomous national councils working on problems of the Pacific area, and supported in the U.S. by Carnegie and Rockefeller grants, corporate and private gifts.

Field also got married, in 1929, to Elizabeth Brown of Duluth, a serious Bryn Mawr girl he had met at a dance. Their honeymoon was an extended trip through Europe and Russia to an I.P.R. conference in Japan. He was secretary to a delegation that included James G. MacDonald, chairman of the Foreign Policy Association, and John D. Rockefeller III, MacDonald's secretary.

"We spent five days in Moscow," Field says, "but I didn't meet anybody important. I was really just in charge of the baggage." He neglected to visit the crypt of John Reed, 1915 *Crimson* editor, who is buried in the Kremlin as a revolutionary hero. Before they returned home the Fields gathered material for a book on Philippine emigration and traveled in the interior of China.

Of the three major alliances that Field made in this period, the one with the I.P.R. proved most durable. His marriage ended in divorce in 1935, and two years later Betty Field married Joseph Barnes, Field's classmate who had gone from the I.P.R.'s Russian section to the foreign staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Field's second marriage, to wealthy Edith Chamberlain Hunter of Santa Barbara, also wound up in divorce. He is now married to the former Anita Cohen Boyer, whose first husband, Dr. Raymond Boyer, went to prison for his part in the Russian spy plot in Canada.

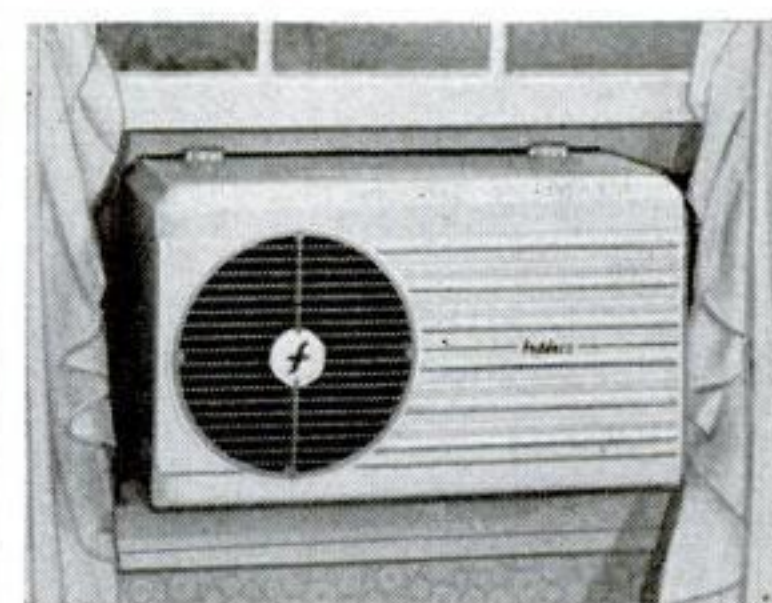
Field's romance with socialism had cooled even earlier. "I just drifted away," he explains, "because I learned they didn't really want to put me to work—they just wanted to use my name." He never resigned or turned in his membership card. Says Norman Thomas, regretfully, "He gave us hardly anything, beyond paying his dues. But if I hadn't been so busy then, I might have done more with him." Field stayed on the Institute of Pacific Relations staff until 1940. He did not get off the board of trustees until 1947 when other members demanded that he resign. Among other causes of embarrassment to them, he had identified himself in *New Masses* articles as a member of the board.

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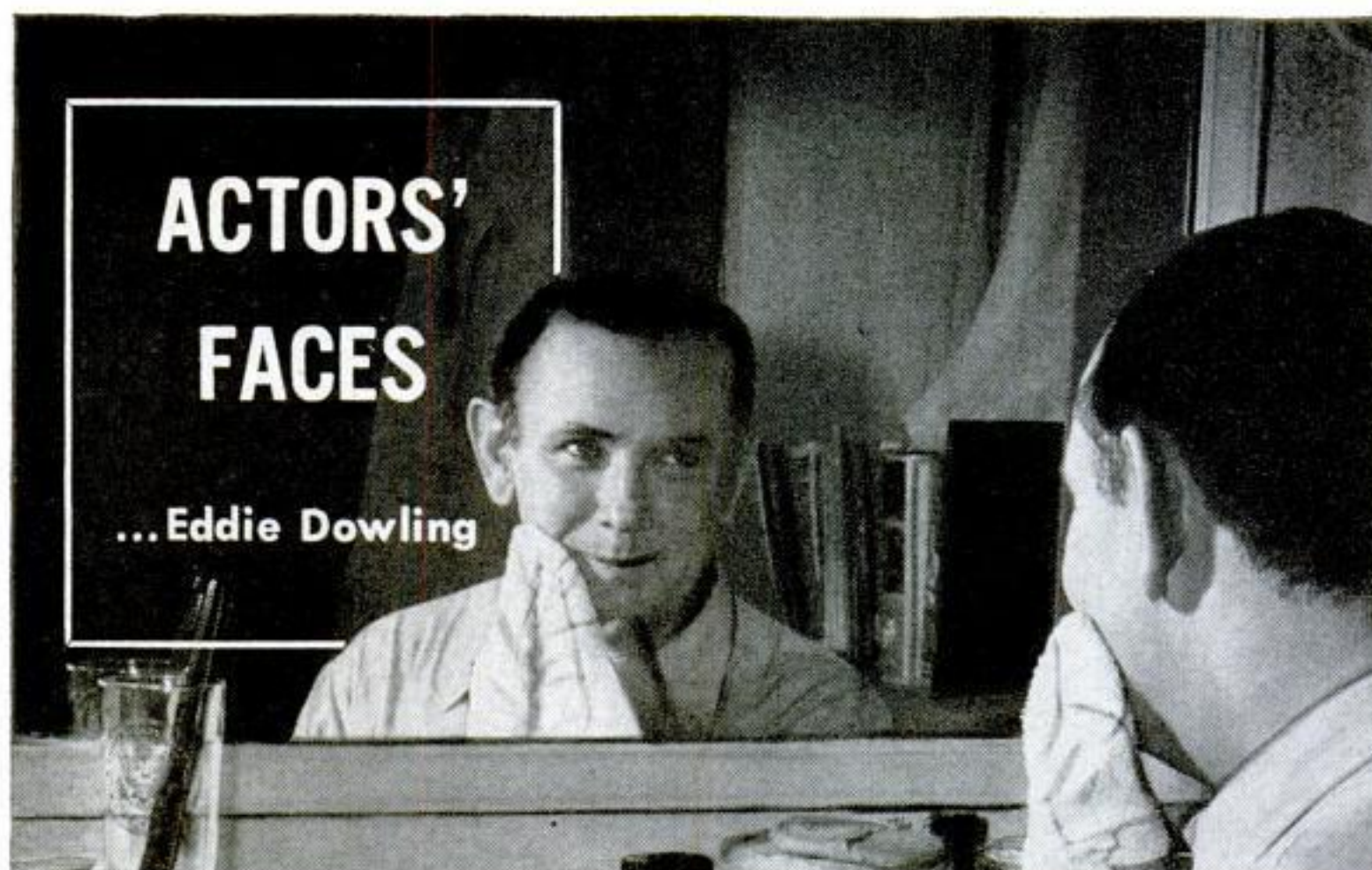
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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Actors' faces are extra-sensitive

But Eddie Dowling finds this remarkable new shaving cream helps keep his face youthfully soft and good-looking!

Actors, more than any other group of men, must look their young, healthy best at all times. But wearing and removing heavy stage make-up leaves actors' faces extra-sensitive. This means painful discomfort during shaving and can even lead to wrinkled, old-looking skin.

To help actors—and other men with sensitive skin—maintain a young and healthy appearance, The J. B. Williams Company has added an amazing new substance to Williams Shaving Cream. This new ingredient, Extract of Lanolin, helps protect the

face against excessive dryness and daily blade scrape.

Now—every time you shave with the New Williams Shaving Cream—you give your face the benefit of Extract of Lanolin, which helps preserve the youthful qualities of the skin. If your position calls for a well-groomed look from morning till night, or if your face is sensitive to the sharp cutting edge of your razor, you'll want to start using the New Williams Shaving Cream right away. Same tube—same carton—but now containing wonderful new "Extract of Lanolin!"

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PERFECT FOR GIVING OR GETTING

It was in the 1930s, while he was with the I.P.R., that Field drifted into communism. He professes to be unable to fix the time and place where he crossed the line. It probably was during the international Communist "popular front" which fought fascism from 1934 until the 1939 Hitler-Stalin pact. It is possible to fix his position, however, at various points in his course.

By the 1932 presidential campaign Field was no longer an active Socialist. In 1934 he spoke with Earl Browder at a New York banquet for the magazine *China Today*. It has been charged that in 1937 he was on the board of the magazine under the party pseudonym of Frederick Spencer. He was writing prolifically on Far Eastern affairs in this period, and says he gradually found that "only Communist publications and other outlets on the left" would take his articles. In 1937, to get an outlet of his own, he founded *Amerasia* with a group of friends. Eight years later the little magazine blew up with a big bang when FBI agents found a raft of secret State Department and military documents in its files.

Also in 1937, former Communist courier Whittaker Chambers has testified, he met Field in a New York hotel restaurant and asked him to go to Washington to ask Lawrence Duggan, a State Department official (and a Field classmate, who later died in a fall from his office window) to join Chambers' spy "apparatus." Field ran the errand, Chambers testified, and reported back to Chambers that Duggan was "already connected" with another Communist spy apparatus.

In May 1938 Field joined in a statement in the Communist *New Masses* defending the infamous Russian purges and the attendant Moscow trials. By now the extent of his drift was pretty clear.

His role as an Institute of Pacific Relations staff member during this period is still under investigation by the Senate Judiciary Committee. Senator Joe McCarthy and Louis Budenz, the reformed Red, charged at a Senate hearing that Field and Owen Lattimore had tried to load the I.P.R.'s publications staff with Communist writers in 1937. Over the years and before he diverted his largesse to leftist causes, Field gave the I.P.R. around \$100,000, but he says, "I fought hard to keep politics out of it. My job there was something I'm proud of; it was actually a job on which I could have supported my family on my own."

Peace, it's violent

PERHAPS because he felt he had proved that point, Field quit in 1940. His conversion now had reached the stage where he felt willing to come out in the open, to organize and lead what proved to be a smooth and efficient Communist front, the American Peace Mobilization. A descendant of the League Against War and Fascism, the A.P.M. took as its slogan "The Yanks Are Not Coming." In the spring of 1941 Field organized the A.P.M.'s "perpetual" picket line around the White House, with headquarters in Blair House across the street. It brought him his first experience with violence.

"Sometimes at night," he says, "a squad of Marines would move in on us, trying to intimidate us by pushing, shoving and jostling. At first I was petrified—I've never been beaten up physically, and I'd led a pretty protected life. By luck we took just the right technique; we used passive resistance. It's amazing how people will stop hitting you if you don't hit back."

At noon on Saturday, June 20, 1941, after 1,029 hours of picketing, Field disbanded his weary marchers. That midnight the Hitler-Stalin pact was abrogated by the Nazi attack on Russia. "Overnight, I'll admit it, we changed our line about the imperialist war," Field says candidly. "Looking back, we made two serious mistakes. We misunderstood the nature of the war; it was a people's war long before we realized it. And we had turned our propaganda too much on England and not enough on fascism."

After America entered the war, he tried to get a commission in Army intelligence as a Far East expert, but flunked his security test. It was a terrific blow to a not-too-confident ego such as his.

"Up to then," his sister Mary believes, "Fred considered himself as good an American as anyone. Being rejected by the Army was the finishing touch—it soured him more than anything else."

From that day to this Frederick Field has made his career with the Communist party. Whether he actually has joined it, taken out a card and paid dues is a question he has refused to answer; but a card in his pocket hardly would make him a better Communist than he is. Shortly after 9 o'clock every morning he leaves his Greenwich Village home at 16 W. 12th Street, next door to his brother's, and takes a bus to his office building at 23 W. 26th Street. Here he has gathered under one roof a homey nest of Communist groups, among them the Council on African Affairs and the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

From the blond wood desk in his office Field has directed such



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For cool, refreshing rest—for bright-eyed "good mornings"



NO MATTER HOW HOT THE NIGHT, YOUR PLAYTEX PILLOW STAYS SLEEP-INVITING, DAISY-FRESH!

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Also luxurious non-slip rayon satin covers or concealed zippers, slightly higher
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Leather band and Fed. Tax included in price.
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11 monthly installments of \$5
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12 monthly installments of \$5
☐ Man's model ☐ Lady's model
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payments of \$5 — Or I will return watch to you by
registered mail and in perfect condition.

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PRICED AS LOW AS IN SWITZERLAND

REDS' BLUEBLOOD CONTINUED

enterprises as the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy, i.e., a policy leaving China to the mercies of Mao. Here, too, Field does his writing, such as his 1949 article in the Communist monthly *Political Affairs* which concluded: "It is our task, as American Communists... to deal such further blows at Wall Street that the Chinese New Democracy may consolidate its victories and move firmly and powerfully on the road toward Socialism!" From the same office, until last spring, he operated as a registered agent for several state corporations of Communist China.

At lunchtime Field walks around the corner, usually to sit at the counter in a Childs restaurant on Broadway. He no longer eats very often at the Harvard Club 20 blocks uptown. At the end of the day he returns to his house, where he has given \$100-a-plate dinners for the cause in his big living room.

"Certainly, I like to live well," says Field, whose income from his \$2 million inheritance—which he has husbanded with care—runs around \$40,000 a year. He says it a little belligerently. "I like to go to nightclubs, too, but I'll probably stay out of them for a while, as long as my picture's in the papers so much."

He may be out of the nightclubs for some time if he has to serve his contempt of court sentence. Last year, when he was cited for contempt of Congress for refusing to answer questions at the Lattimore hearings, Field won acquittal. Had he answered, the court agreed, he really would have incriminated himself, and it would have taken little more to put him in the penitentiary. Whether the same defense—the Fifth Amendment—will work in the current case is an interesting question that he and his lawyers are now pondering.

For Frederick Field, who in many ways is still going on the momentum of a 23-year-old boy's revolt, the future has a lonely look about it. It can afford him little practical comfort that many anti-Communists agree with his position on the Smith Act—that it is a danger to all to suppress a political party at the risk of the First Amendment. It can afford him little ethical comfort to reflect that the Communists who jumped bail felt justified in defying the law, and in not taking him into their confidence, as he says they did not. And there is no comfort in the prospect that as the party is chipped away he will be left standing alone, with no place to go and nobody to talk to but himself. He must realize that because he is who he is he counts for little in the party, but probably does not realize that it is his own emotional conflicts that would make him unreliable. Nevertheless Field clings stubbornly to the belief he has taken as his own:

"I don't feel I have to defend Russian Communism in all its acts. I know much more about Chinese Communism, and I believe that the violence of the Chinese Civil War, a horrible, destructive event in history, comes from the forces of reaction. I don't think Communism in this country must take the form it takes in another—but I believe that in some form, we will have it here."



OUT OF THE PADDY WAGON comes Field before release on \$10,000 bail pending his appeal of the contempt charges. Publicity-shy man to whom he is handcuffed is former Army sergeant, John David Provoo, on trial for treason.

Bite's Out



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For whiskey quality
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When a whiskey is one of the country's largest selling brands, it's really riding high. And that's where you'll find Corby's, put there by millions who prefer Corby's superb quality and fine taste. Next time, say Corby's—the whiskey with the parrot on the bottle.



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ARTHUR GODFREY PAYS SARDONIC TRIBUTE TO "AIR-CONDITIONED STUDIO"



MARIONETTE SERENADES ED SULLIVAN, INVITES HIM TO BECOME PUPPET TOO



ON NATURE SHOW A BRIGHT-TINTED TANAGER BURSTS INTO A GLEEFUL CHIRP



BEER COMMERCIAL BEGINS WITH SLOGAN SPELLED OUT WITH PLAYING CARDS



BALLET DANCERS BRING GRACE AND COLORFUL COSTUMES TO THE TV SCREENS



HOMEMAKERS' SHOW GIVES CAKE BAKERS SOMETHING SWEET TO SHOOT AT



AS BALLERINA TRIES TO COOL OFF, CHOREOGRAPHER GEORGE BALANCHINE DIRECTS DRIPPING-WET TV CREWMEN

COLOR'S HERE, BY GODFREY!

Premiere of CBS system brings full tints to screens, sweat to the brows

The 11 years of experiments, publicity blasts and court battles which have trumpeted the coming of color TV reached fruition recently when the freckled face of Arthur Godfrey blossomed on the screen in full, ruddy tints. "An awful thing to see in color," growled Godfrey as he glowed and sweated under the hot studio lights. But Godfrey and his fellow performers on the first commercial color telecasts (*opposite page*) presented by CBS suffered more than their audience, which consisted of only 1,400 invited viewers and a comparative handful of TV enthusiasts who have built their own color converters. In the CBS studio, electric fans proved too noisy, and the temperature soared to 120°. Performers sweltered (*above*) and the

floor buckled (*below*). However, the show went off on schedule and, although some critics found the entertainment a bit ragged (one reported that food looked better in color than people), most agreed that color TV was fascinating. CBS hurriedly began producing its own color receiving sets, and other manufacturers hastened to turn out attachments which will enable owners of ordinary sets to receive CBS's color programs in color or black and white. By Jan. 1, CBS hopefully predicts 25,000 color receivers will be available. Meanwhile, RCA was perfecting its own system of color TV which, if approved by the FCC, would register in black and white on present sets, but would need a different kind of converter for color reception.



STUDIO TROUBLES arise as floor buckles under the hot TV lights. Heat also plagued commercials, melting the icing on a layer cake and making cherries run out of cherry pie.



HOMEMADE COLOR comes to TV set of Robert Peters, 14, (*left*) and Carl Weiner, 16, in South Orange, N.J. Boys built converter for \$31, say "even an adult can make one."

Don't let
Summer Sun
wreck
Hair and Scalp!



Sun, wind and water gang up on you—make hair dry, unruly . . . scalp parched, flaky. But not when you make a daily habit of the Vitalis "60-Second Workout."



FEEL the difference
in your scalp—

50 seconds' brisk massage with stimulating Vitalis and you **FEEL** the difference in your scalp—prevent dryness, rout embarrassing flaky dandruff.



SEE the difference
in your hair!

Then 10 seconds to comb and you **SEE** the difference in your hair—far handsomer, healthier-looking, neatly groomed. Ask your barber. Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug counter today.

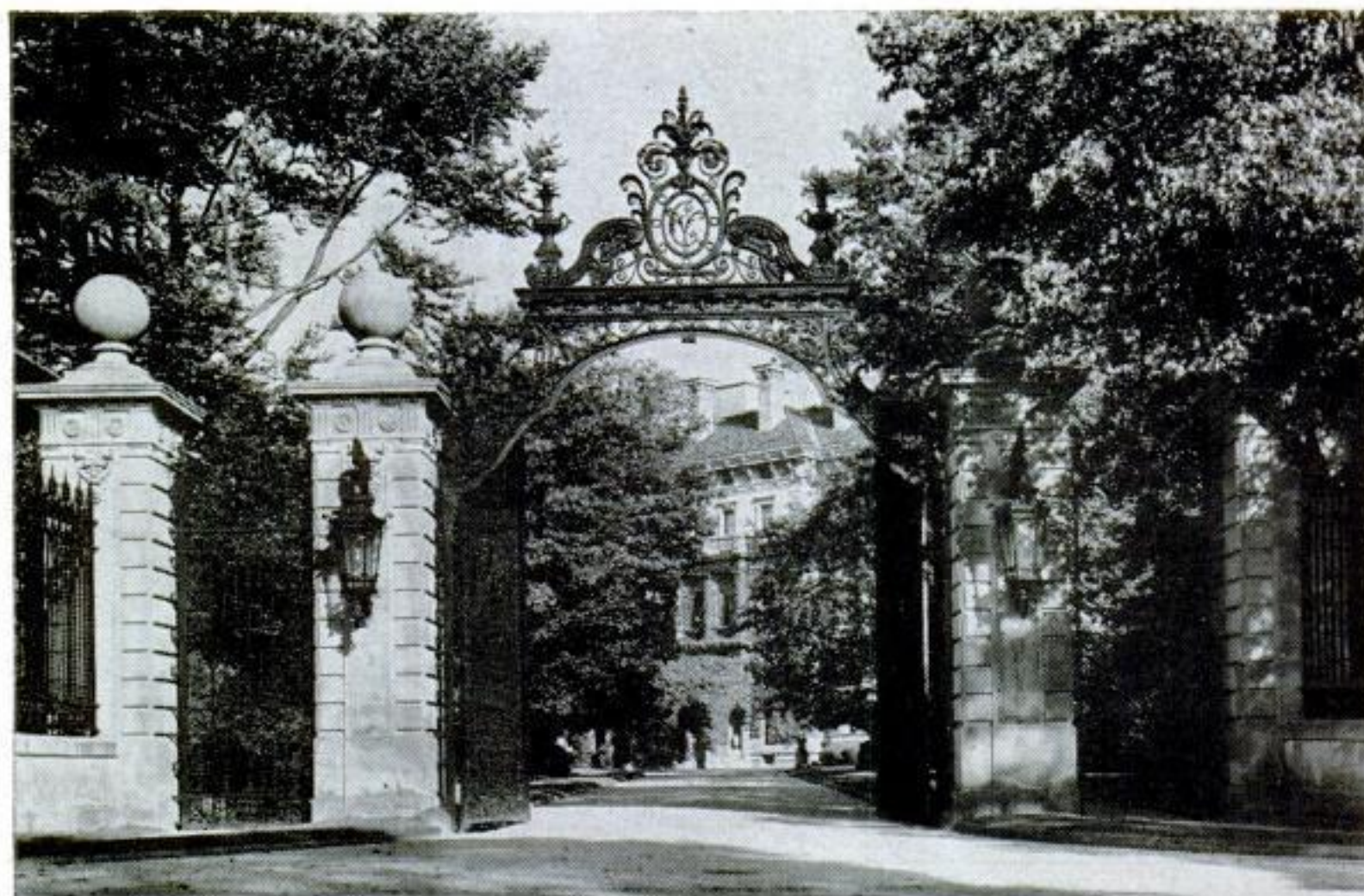
Use
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ALSO VITALIS HAIR CREAM

for Cream Tonic Fans . . . lighter-bodied than ordinary cream oils. No heavy film, no sticky comb, no messy hands.



MAGNIFICENT GATE, topped by scrollwork almost 30 feet from the ground framing initials C. V., opens onto driveway of The Breakers. Gate sections together weigh seven tons.

THE BREAKERS

Newport's elegant old Vanderbilt mansion is one of the great houses of America



FIRST OWNER, Cornelius Vanderbilt, died 1899.

On a point of land jutting out into the Atlantic in Newport, R.I. stands one of America's great houses—The Breakers. Built by Cornelius Vanderbilt, grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt who founded the family fortune, it is an elegant remnant of Newport's most famous era. More than that, it is testimony to the zeal with which U.S. industrialists of the 1890s, in building homes for themselves, adapted the designs of famous chateaux and palaces of Europe. Only recently opened to the public, The Breakers is shown here in color photographs for the first time.

Another house stood on the Newport site when Vanderbilt purchased the property for a summer place in 1885. But that house burned to the ground in 1892, and Vanderbilt immediately commissioned Architect Richard Morris Hunt to build another. Hunt, famous as an adapter of historical European landmarks to American tastes, had already designed a chateau called Biltmore and patterned after the one at Blois in France for Vanderbilt's brother George near Asheville, N.C. (*LIFE*, Jan. 2, 1950). He had also built several other large dwellings in Newport. This time Hunt took for inspiration the Italian and French palaces of the 16th Century and proceeded to outdo all his previous efforts, creating an elaborate mansion with a

real Renaissance atmosphere. Construction took two years, work being done almost entirely by hand and involving large-scale importing of marble, alabaster, rare stone, tapestries and paneling from Europe and Africa.

With a monumental central hall 45 feet high about which are grouped the main rooms, The Breakers has a total of more than 70 rooms of which 33 are for servants. The most ornate and luxurious, which are shown here, are on the ground floor. Also on the first floor is a small reception room whose delicately ornamented paneling was brought over from a house in Paris where it had been originally installed by workmen employed by Queen Marie Antoinette. The entire house is both wired for electricity and piped for gas, and the larger lighting fixtures like the chandeliers (*opposite*) accommodate both. The bedrooms upstairs, designed by Newport's Ogden Codman, are far simpler than the entertaining rooms on the main floor. Most of them, nevertheless, are elegantly paneled in ivory-colored wood and figured fabric. All the principal bathrooms are fitted with outlets for hot and cold running salt water in addition to hot and cold fresh water stored in the house's own attic tanks.

Unoccupied since 1944, The Breakers is now leased by the Preservation Society of Newport County, a group of local residents whose purpose is to maintain and exhibit the outstanding houses and public buildings of Newport's three centuries (*p. 52*). This summer for the fourth year visitors to The Breakers are being conducted on tours across the elaborately carpeted floors, through the immense, hushed halls and into the sumptuous rooms of one of the most extraordinary dwelling places ever built in the U.S.



FROM THE SEA The Breakers rises abruptly behind oceanfront wall on Ochre Point, where many of Newport's largest mansions are located. Despite its im-

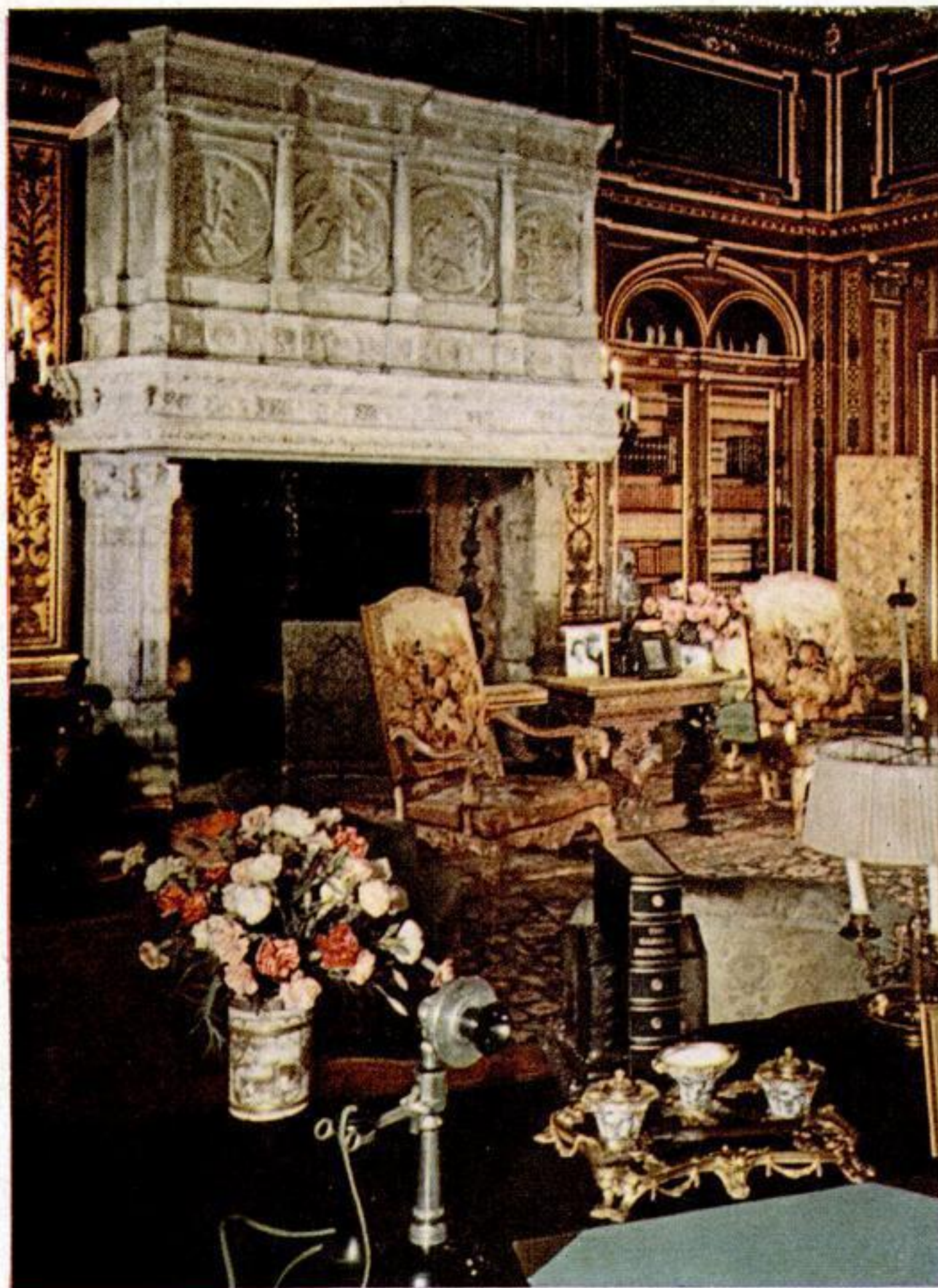
posing bulk The Breakers rests on property of only 11 acres. Stables and greenhouses are situated on another piece of property some distance from the house.



DINING ROOM, two stories high and 58 feet long, is dominated by two massive crystal chandeliers. It is shown with table set as it might have been for a small

formal dinner. The 12 huge alabaster columns are topped by gilded bronze capitals. The massive oak table, when extended to its full length, will seat 34 people.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



LIBRARY, paneled in walnut stamped with gold and gold-embossed rectangles of Spanish leather (*top*), has a fireplace from Château d'Arnay-le-Duc in France.



BILLIARD ROOM has walls faced with gray-green marble and yellow alabaster arches. Weighing chair (*foreground*) gives occupant's weight in English stones.



GRAND SALON or music room was used for recitals and dances. The entire room down to the gilding and including all its furniture was specially designed by



a French architect, constructed by French cabinet-making firm and then shipped in huge packing cases to the U.S. A crew of French workmen came over with it to

supervise its installation in the house. Coffered ceiling contains a classic decorative painting with allegorical figures representing Music, Harmony, Song and Melody.

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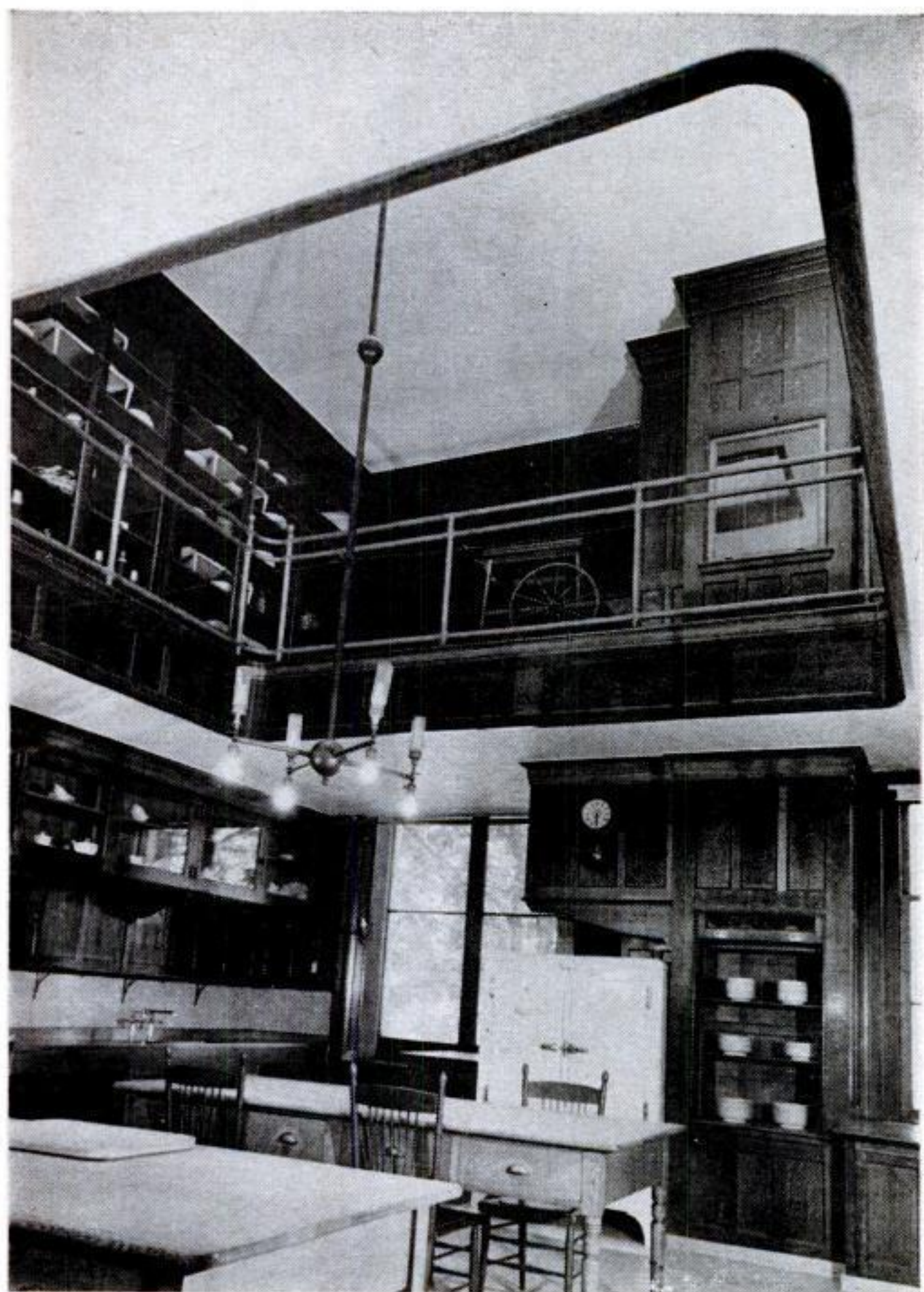
Sign of a Good Host

© NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., 1951

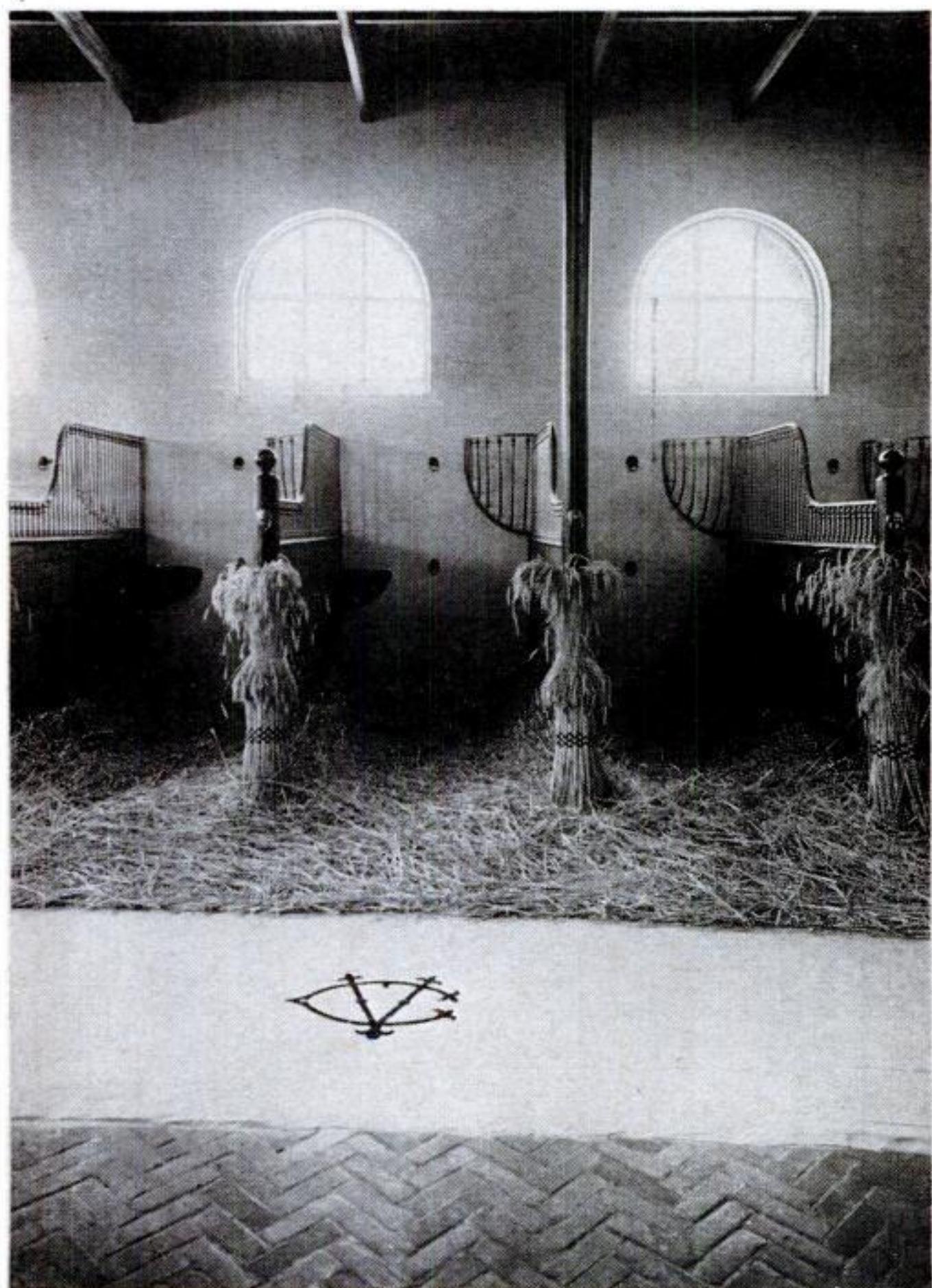
It takes but a taste to see how OLD TAYLOR honors the traditions of old Kentucky. Its richness, its smoothness, its flavor—all stem from the fact that OLD TAYLOR is the master achievement of master distillers. It's the *only* bottled-in-bond bourbon that bears the famous signature of E. H. Taylor Jr. & Sons. Serve OLD TAYLOR with pride. It's a hallmark of excellence that every guest recognizes. *The Old Taylor Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky.*

Jockey hitching posts that invited guests to tarry are another old Kentucky tradition—another sign of a good host.

OLD TAYLOR *Signed, Sealed and Delicious*
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY



PANTRY has a balcony for storing extra china and glassware which are lowered to main floor by dumb-waiter (right). Kitchen is the size of small house.



STABLES, three blocks from house, are shown with stalls "set fair" for showing. Straw surrounds posts; initials C. V. are stenciled with sand in foreground.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



You can be among the smartest-dressed young women of the year wearing the striking uniform worn by Women in the Air Force. During June and July alone, several thousand high school graduates like yourself, between the ages of 18 and 34, have been carefully selected as Wafs in the U. S. Air Force. And, all over the world, at Air Force Bases and in offices, you may find young American women filling posts vital to the strength and success of the U. S. Air Force. Find out how you too can be one who wears the dress of Air Force blue. Either call or visit your nearest U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station, or write today to WAF Headquarters, United States Air Force, Washington 25, D. C., for full information.

Women with college background may apply for direct commission or Officer Candidate School. Write TODAY for details.

U. S. AIR FORCE

A Mark of Distinction



Olympic Gold Medal
awarded to world's
outstanding amateur
athletes

Nesbitt too has achieved distinction because of its delightful taste and uniform quality. Ask for Nesbitt's and enjoy its delicious orange flavor. Nesbitt's is sold wherever quality soft drinks are carried. Buy six bottles today.

Free NESBITT'S ILLUSTRATED RECIPE BOOKLET

Over 25 delicious original orange recipes. Send 3 Nesbitt's bottle caps for postpaid copy.



Nesbitt's, 2946 E. 11th Street
Los Angeles 23, California

a soft drink
made from *real* oranges



THE BREAKERS CONTINUED

NEWPORT IS AN OLD TOWN

Despite all its 100-year-old glitter as an exclusive resort Newport has a more distinguished and far longer history. For a time in the 18th Century it rivaled both Boston and New York as a seaport, and its streets contain scores of buildings over 150 years old. The Newport Preservation Society, which exhibits some of these buildings, can now present visitors with an architectural panorama of early American history.



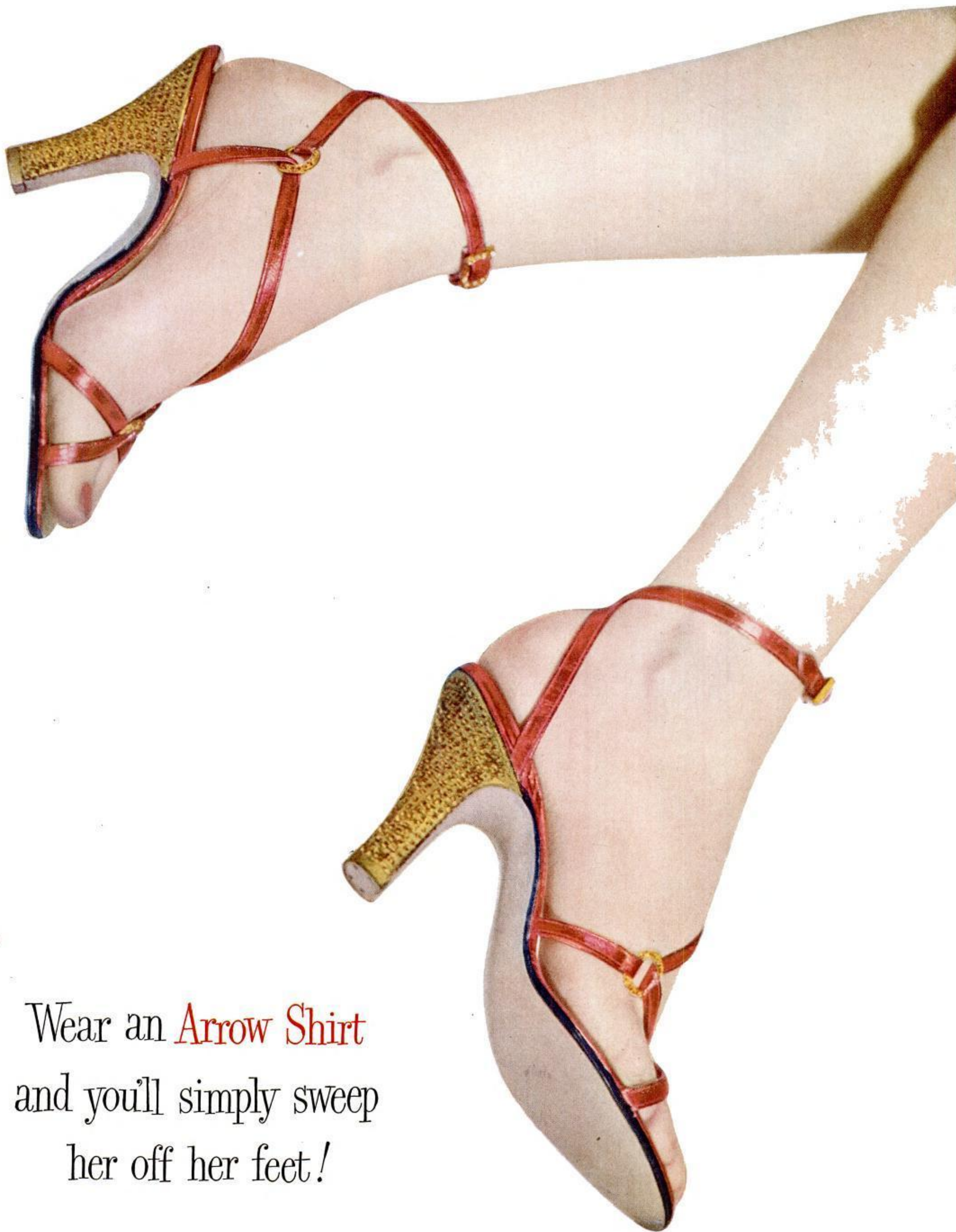
PITT'S HEAD TAVERN was residence for 40 years until converted into a tavern in 1765. British used it as recruiting headquarters during Revolution.



TOURO SYNAGOGUE, built in 1763, is oldest synagogue building in U.S. It has underground passage, early worshipers fearing they might be persecuted.



OLD STATEHOUSE, built in 1739, once served as seat of Rhode Island legislature. From its balcony, Declaration of Independence was read to populace.



'The hottest
that ever hit



combination the screen!

— LOUELLA O. PARSONS

HOWARD HUGHES *presents*

ROBERT MITCHUM • JANE RUSSELL

in

HIS KIND OF WOMAN!

with **VINCENT PRICE • TIM HOLT • CHARLES MCGRAW**



A JOHN FARROW PRODUCTION

Produced by ROBERT SPARKS • Directed by JOHN FARROW • Written by FRANK FENTON and JACK LEONARD





Something
a lady
appreciates!



Another
TEXACO DEALER service

THE TEXAS COMPANY



WILLIE CHARMS HIS FAIR FLAME LOLA (ANN CROWLEY) BY IMITATING HER DOG TO PERFECTION

'SEVENTEEN'

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S CLASSIC MAKES AN APPEALING BROADWAY MUSICAL

Willie Baxter had grievous troubles. He was pestered by his repulsive baby sister, bullied by his mother into performing degrading errands, heartlessly rebuffed by his father when all he was asking for was \$50 to buy himself a full-dress suit. He was head over heels in love with a St. Louis woman, the fluffily blond, baby-talking Lola Pratt, and he had to stand by and watch her being courted by a slack-jawed, thigh-slapping, soccer-playing Yale man. But Willie was 17 and lived in Indianapolis, Ind.

and in time he resourcefully overcame all those troubles.

Willie and his world of high-blown, innocent adolescence have been American folklore since Booth Tarkington wrote his novel *Seventeen* in 1915. Their latest reincarnation is in a Broadway musical. With its lively songs, dances and good cheer, and a fine debut in the leading role by Kenneth Nelson (who seven months ago was a five-and-dime salesman), it is providing one of New York's best opportunities for a delightful summer evening.



WILLIE'S SQUALLING BRAT OF A SISTER AMAZES PARENTS BY IMITATING WILLIE IMITATING DOG

PEPSODENT

gets your teeth

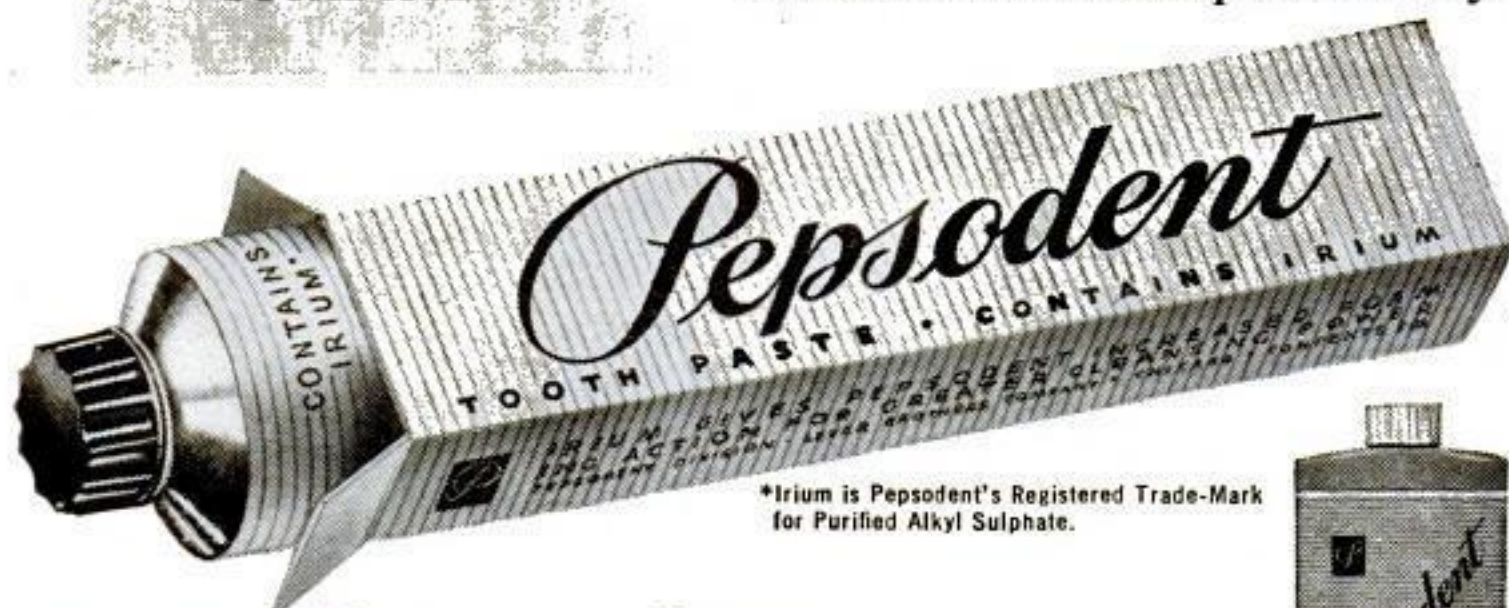
BRIGHTER BY FAR!



**YES,
BRIGHTER THAN
THE AVERAGE
OF ALL OTHER
LEADING
TOOTH PASTES
COMBINED!**

MAKE THIS 1-MINUTE TEST, TODAY!

Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? Now brush with film-removing PEPSODENT for 1 minute. Repeat the tongue test. Notice how much cleaner your teeth feel? Your mirror will show you how much brighter they look! And you reduce decay the sure way when you remove film. Only PEPSODENT with IRIUM* has this film-removing formula. *Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth—less susceptible to decay!*



*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulphate.

**For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist twice a year.**



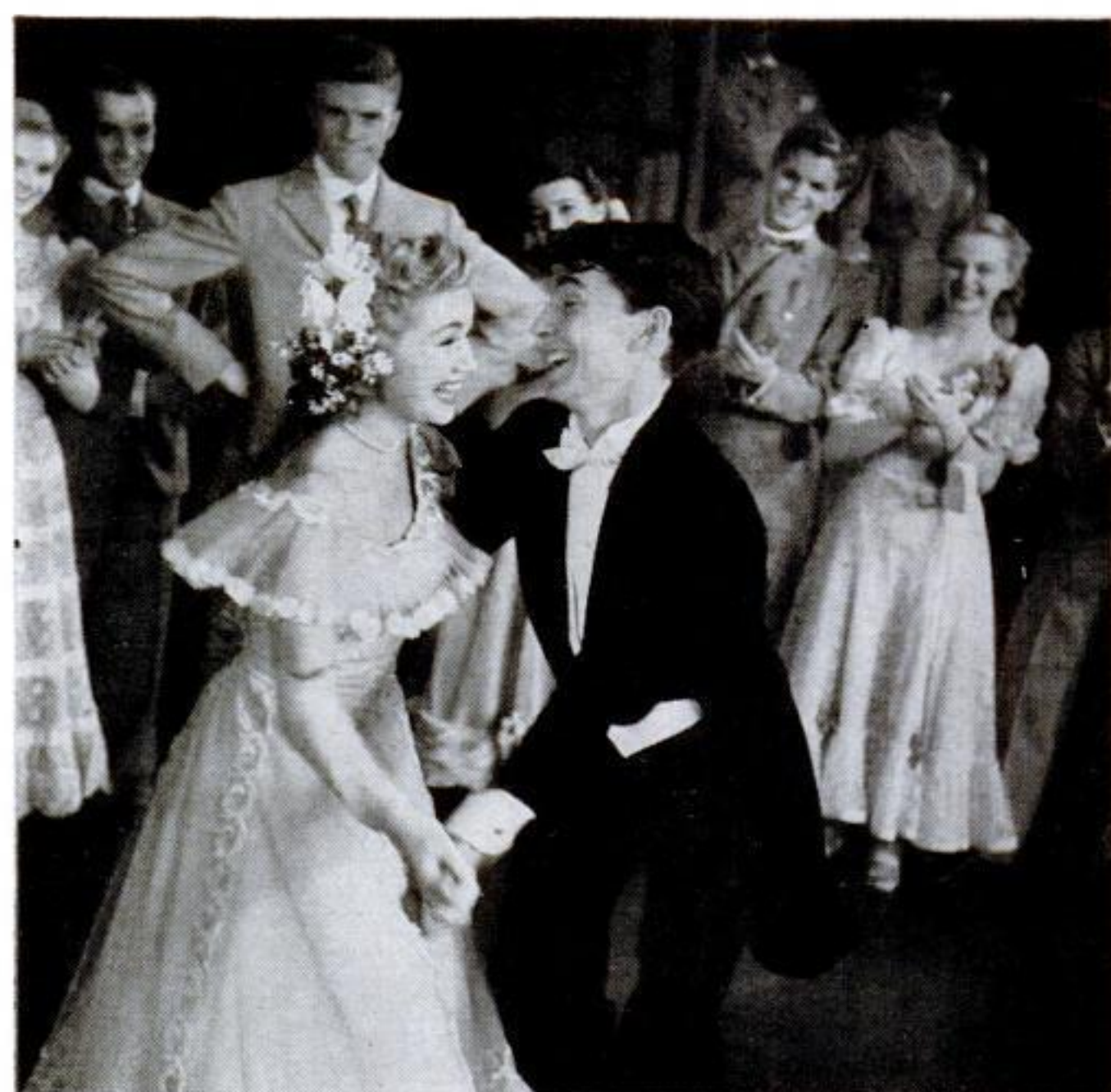
"SEVENTEEN" CONTINUED



DARKEST MOMENT comes for Willie when he has to carry dirty pots and lead dirty dog past immaculate Lola. He promptly conceals himself under a pot.



NEW DAY DAWNS when Willie, lying heartbroken on bed, is informed by sister Jane that he will be able to wear his father's dress suit to Lola's party.



BRIGHTEST MOMENT in Willie's 17 years comes as he proudly wheels Lola around the dance floor. Later, in return, he receives his first kiss of love.



If a serve should slip right through you—If a stranger says he knew you—If your children black and blue you

Happy thought! say—

HIRES TO YOU!

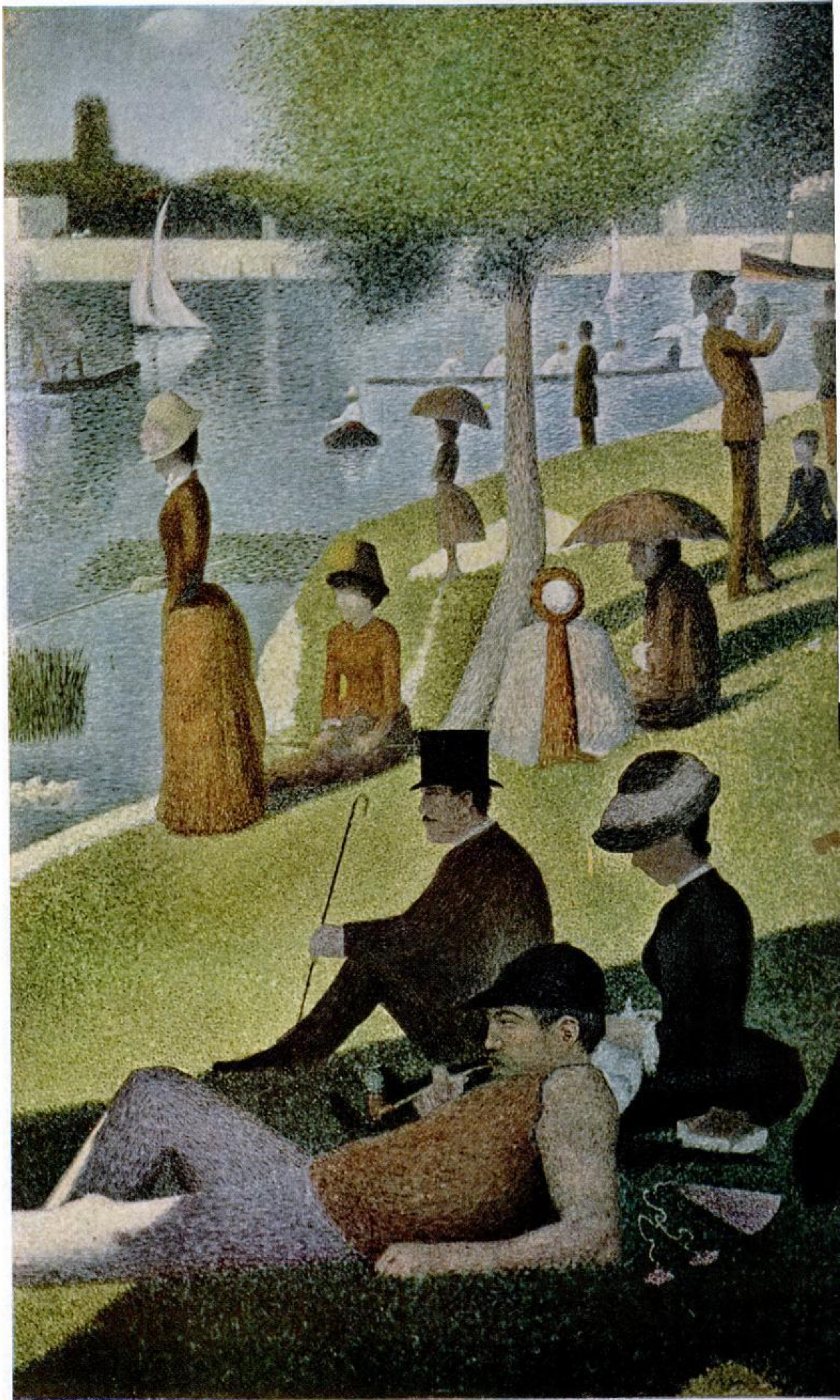
Have a Hires . . . that rich taste of real root juices makes any moment enjoyable. The wonderful woodsy tang, always remembered from the day of your first Hires — tells you again it is still the same top-quality drink.

When you tilt that ice-cold Hires . . . well, you just know Hires is always made of pure, natural ingredients. You can get Hires just about everywhere. Where you shop or play . . . at fountains and stands . . . at vending machines. Ask for it by name. Enjoy the drink. And bring more home.



A
SUNDAY
AT THE
*Grande
Jatte*

Seurat painted
this sunlit idyl
with tiny dots



A few miles down the River Seine, a pleasant boat ride from Paris, lies the island park of the Grande Jatte. There on a Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1884 a young man bent over a paintbox, his eyes on the bright colors arranged like a spectrum on his palette. Around him leisurely couples were enjoying a stroll or relaxing on the grass with parasols and pipes. A bugler tooted cautiously on his horn, children scampered after butterflies and a monkey stepped

gingerly through the shadows beside its mistress. The painter stared intently at the figures on the sun-dappled lawn or squinted his eyes at the shimmering light over the water. Then, carefully, he placed a series of colorful dots on the surface of his picture.

The young painter was Georges Seurat, a tall and circumspect son of a bailiff, who at the age of 24 had already developed a revolutionary style of painting. As a student Seurat had pored



over scientific treatises on color, had gradually evolved the theory that separate dots of color will fuse in the spectator's eye, and complementary colors placed side by side will appear much brighter than when seen separately. To carry out his theory, Seurat went to the island every day for months to make color studies of the scene. Then he hastened to his studio where he transformed his sketches into thousands of colored dots on a huge canvas 10 feet long. After

a year and a half the entire canvas was covered and the painting was sent to the spring exhibition of the impressionists. There suddenly the little-known artist of the Grande Jatte leapt into notoriety. Crowds jeered at the "waxwork" figures or scrutinized on their hands and knees the "colored fleas." Critics accused Seurat of "pulling the legs of honest folk," and even the impressionists were embarrassed at the style, which was labeled, mockingly, "pointillism."

Seurat, unfazed by these attacks, promptly fell to work on new pointillist paintings, convinced he had found the perfect union of art and science. But at the age of 31 he died suddenly of a throat infection, leaving behind a studio filled with monumental paintings and hundreds of vivid sketches. In 1924 his master work, the *Grande Jatte*, was finally purchased and presented to the Art Institute of Chicago. Experts today value it at more than \$200,000.



DOTS AND DASHES of many colors make up trees, parasol and Sunday strollers in this detail from the *Grande Jatte*. In painting the lady's parasol, Seurat

first brushed in its basic orange-red color, then added specks of yellow to convey the effect of the sunlit surface and dots of blue to intensify tones of the shadow.



PAINTER SEURAT looked, acted like a conservative businessman.

SEURAT LED A DOUBLE LIFE

When Seurat died, after a brief 10 years of painting, he left behind in his studio five large canvases, about 250 smaller pictures which included river and beach scenes of groups of people like those shown in the photograph below, and 420 meticulously designed little drawings which were preliminary studies for huge paintings he had planned to do in the future. After his death a pert, plump Montmartre model named Madeleine Knobloch came forward and claimed a just share of his possessions (which were finally awarded to her), not only in her own right as his mistress and common-law wife but as the mother of their son who was born about a year before Seurat died. Because Seurat was always so quiet in appearance, sober and fanatically industrious, almost no one suspected the double life he had been leading. The only painting record he left of Madeleine was the canvas *Jeune femme se poudrant* (p. 64) in which he shows her powdering before an old-fashioned dressing table. In an unusual burst of sentiment he had originally painted his own portrait in the little mirror on the wall beside her, but carefully replaced it with the flowerpot now shown there when one of his close friends suggested that he might thus leave himself open to petty gossip.

Seurat always dressed neatly in well-pressed black suits and wore a black top hat which inspired his fellow-artist Degas to call him "the notary." Though he occasionally accompanied his painting and writing friends to such popular Montmartre cafes as La Nouvelle Athènes and La Taverne Anglaise, he seldom joined them in their discussions but always sat back quietly, almost timidly, never venturing an opinion of his own unless the conversation turned to art. Late in the evenings he usually returned to his studio and Madeleine after dining with his mother, and he would then set to work by gaslight on his huge canvases, often painting until dawn. Because he always mentally planned his pictures in advance, he was able to work under artificial light, knowing ahead of time exactly where each spot of color belonged, and finishing each section before he moved on to the next one.



PHOTO OF THE SEINE was made in the 1890s, when photography was first coming into its own. It shows view along famous river Seurat loved to paint.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

New Shasta Cream Shampoo

Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color

Blonde
hair gleams
with bright gold

Brunette
hair dances
with dark fire

Red
hair takes on a
burnished glory

Gray, White
hair shines
with silver

Not a tint! Not a dye! But a super cleansing shampoo that makes even dull-looking hair sing with brighter color

A DAZZLING LIFT! New lanolin-enriched Shasta Cream Shampoo glorifies your natural hair color. It does not add artificial color to your hair, but gives your own true color a dazzling lift.

"SUPER" CLEANS HAIR! New Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that "super" cleans your hair. This super cleansing action is the secret of the shining, sparkling color after your Shasta shampoo. For Shasta leaves each strand so radiantly clean the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

SHASTA IS SAFE! Yet for all its color-sparkling magic, Shasta is safe. Lathers out color-dulling grime. Leaves in pre-

cious natural oils your hair needs to be soft, healthy, glamorous.

MAKE THIS CONVINCING TEST TODAY BEFORE SHAMPOOING, snip off a lock of hair. Put this lock aside while you shampoo the rest of your hair with new Shasta.

AFTER SHAMPOOING, when hair is dry, compare the unwashed lock with your soft and radiant Shasta-washed hair. If not convinced that new Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.

Big economy jar 4 full ounces **89¢**
Regular size . . . **57¢**



NEW COLOR-SPARKING

Shasta "SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY
DOES NOT ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

THE INTERNATIONAL WHISKY

Sir John Schenley

World's Choicest Blend



The finest
tasting
whisky
in the
world

Few, if any, of the world's great whiskies can equal the quality of Sir John Schenley . . . none can match its delightful taste! Here indeed is the *finest-tasting* whisky in the world—rare and full-bodied. You will enjoy in Sir John Schenley the lightest whisky you've ever tasted. Ask for it at finer stores, clubs and bars.

BLENDING WHISKY 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1951, SCHENLEY DIST., INC., N.Y.C.

SEURAT CONTINUED



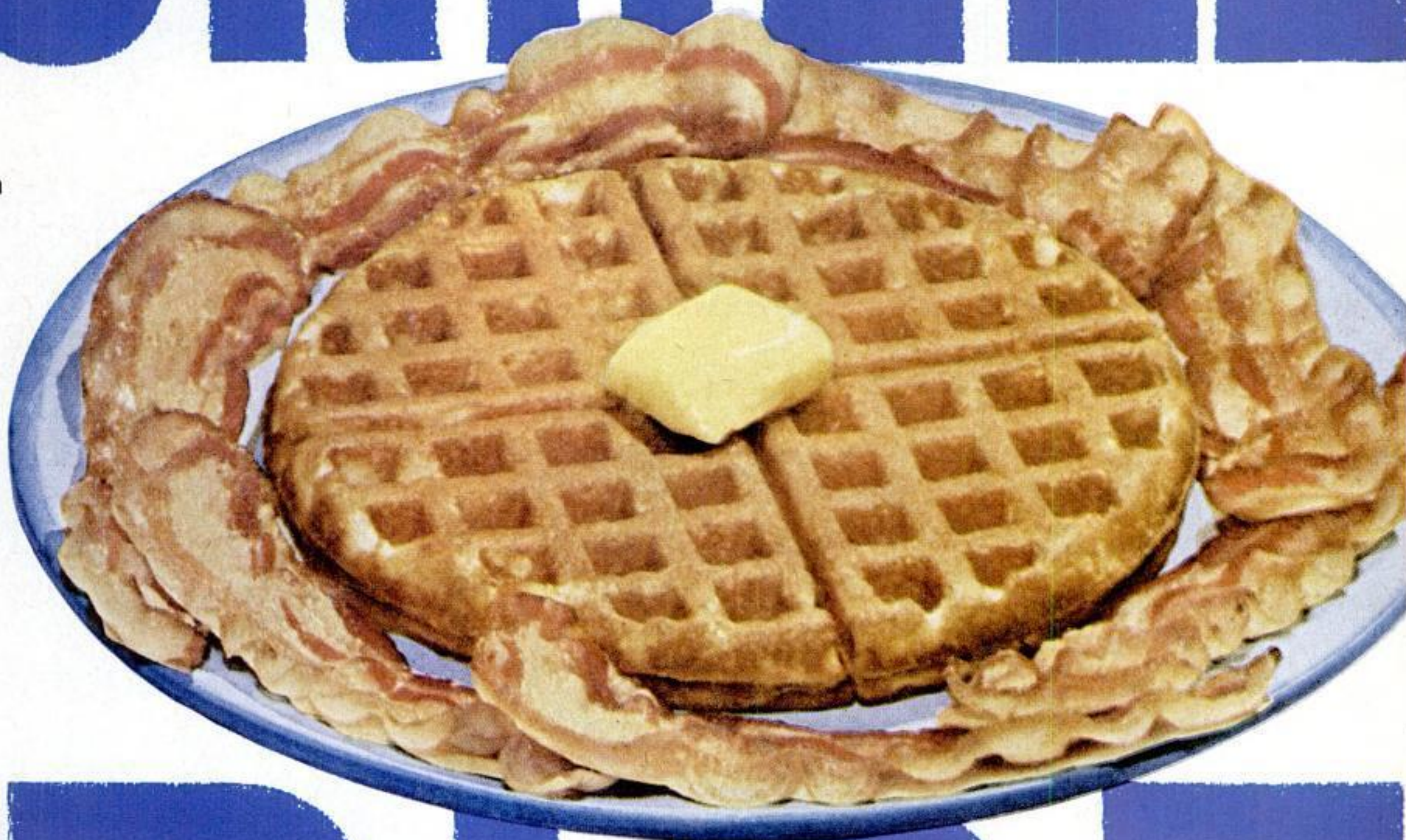
SEURAT'S MISTRESS, Madeleine Knobloch, posed for the only portrait the artist ever painted. It hangs in London's Tate Gallery and is worth more than \$75,000. Madeleine's son by Seurat lived only few days after his father died.



SEURAT'S SELF-PORTRAIT sketch shows the artist on a ladder he used to reach high sections of his big canvases. Though Seurat had all the money he needed from his parents, his studio was bare of everything but few necessities.

MORRELL

Bacon for breakfast...truly an American dish. And when it's Morrell Pride Bacon, you're serving the finest! Choice center slices, slow-smoked for flavor, fragrance and food-value. A product we are proud to offer for your table.



PRIDE



Heat-sealed, air-tight packages retain the flavor and aroma of delicious, protein-rich Morrell Pride Bacon.

Always tasty and flavor-full, Morrell Pride Bacon is also available in layer packages.



MEATS



JOHN MORRELL & CO. SINCE 1827
Ottumwa, Iowa • Sioux Falls, S. D. • Topeka, Kansas

Pork Beef Lamb Ham Bacon Sausage Canned Meats

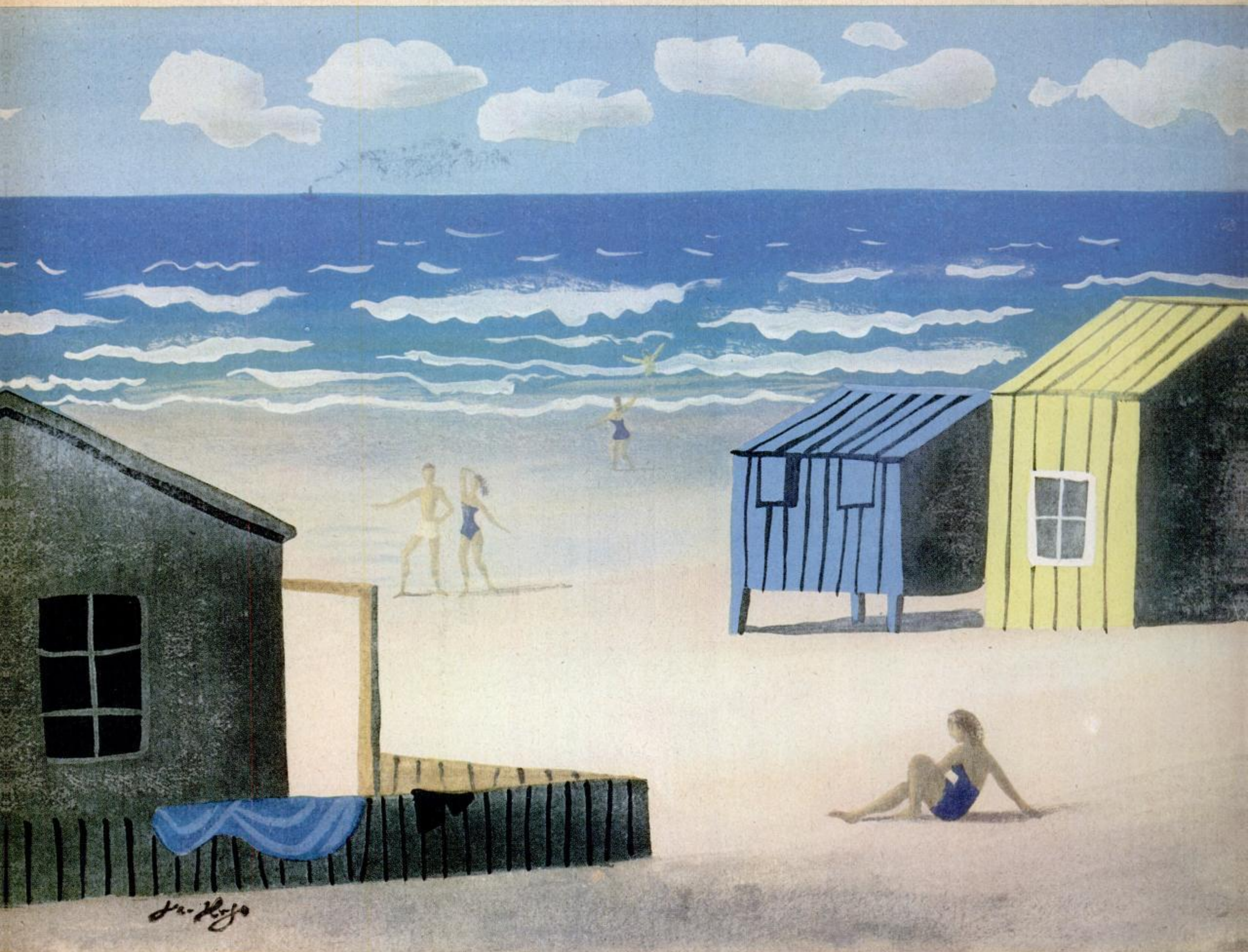
May your happiness
last as long
as your diamond

Like the waves on the sea, the lights in your engagement diamond are never still.

*Flowing to and fro, they speak to you of love and hope...and stir
in triumph for the joys you share. Through all your married days,*

*this glorious gem will shine, the symbol of your trust, the guardian of
your memories. Your diamond, though it be modest in cost,*

should be chosen with care, for nothing else on earth can take its place.



Honeymoon on the Shore — painted for the De Beers Collection by Jean Hugo

a Diamond is forever



1/4 carat (25 points) \$85 to \$170
1/2 carat (50 points) \$225 to \$405
1 carat (100 points) \$600 to \$1165
2 carats (200 points) \$1250 to \$3245

The prices shown were secured for your guidance through a nationwide check in April, 1951. Jewelers were asked for the prices of their top-grade engagement ring diamonds, unmounted, in the weights indicated. The result is a range of prices, varying according to the qualities offered by different jewelers. Exceptionally fine diamonds are higher priced. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Add Federal tax.

When choosing your engagement stone . . . remember color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. It is important to seek the counsel of a trusted jeweler. He will help you find the size and quality and style of stone that is in keeping with your preferences, and what you wish to spend.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



AT HER BEST IN THE BACKSTROKE, MARY SENDS THE WATER FLYING AS SHE DOES A PRACTICE SPRINT. SHE WON THE INDOOR 200-YARD TITLE IN 2:32.1

THE DILIGENT MERMAID

All work and no play makes Mary Freeman a swimming champion

In Washington, D.C. a 17-year-old caramel blonde with a pert pug nose (*see cover*) is well on her way to getting what she wants most—a world swimming record and an Olympic championship. She is Mary Freeman, discovered three years ago paddling in the pool at Walter Reed Army Hospital where her chemist father had joined the staff. Mary could barely swim the length of the pool and was there only because, new to Washington, she had no friends. The hospital's aquatic director and amateur coach, Jimmy Campbell, "liked the way she moved in the water" and took her under his wing. Since that day, specializing in the backstroke and medley, she has set three National Junior A.A.U. records, won the National Senior Indoor 200-yard backstroke and 300-yard medley crowns and accumulated 61 medals.

These accomplishments have cost Mary every pleasure a pretty, healthy coed lives for. She almost never has night dates. "Late hours slow me up," she says. Dancing, tennis and basketball are forbidden—they would harden her long, relaxed swimming muscles. During her two daily practice sessions (totaling four hours) she labors to the point of exhaustion under the eye and tongue of Coach Campbell. Mary endures endless sprints, endless drills, endless corrections (*p. 68*) but suffers happily, knowing that it's the price of a championship. Her big test comes in the National A.A.U. outdoor meet the end of this month, but the question of an Olympic berth won't be settled until qualifying trials next summer. Mary, however, has no doubts about that. "Winning's in my blood," she says. "I'm afraid I am very ambitious."



SIXTY-FIRST MEDAL is pinned on board by Mary after record victory in district medley competition last week. In 1951 National Indoor meet she was the top performer with highest point score.

Ever try JUJYFRUITS?

Millions have
and they say "Jujyfruits *m-m-m*."

Tasty—tender
flavorful—delicious.
On counters everywhere.



Heide
QUALITY CANDIES

MADE BY HENRY HEIDE, INCORPORATED, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MEN!
DIM
that
"FACE SHINE"
with
MENNEN
Talcum **FOR MEN!**






- ★ Use Mennen Talcum after every shave and later in day to hide whiskers!
- ★ Neutral tint kills face shine . . . doesn't show!
- ★ Hammerized for extra smoothness!
- ★ Used by more men than any other men's talcum powder in the world!


GIANT SIZE FOR ECONOMY . . . 55¢
LARGE SIZE . . . 29¢

THE NAME
FOR GAME



Marlin
Fine Guns Since 1870
THE MARLIN FIREARMS COMPANY
makers of amazing new magnetized
MARLIN RAZOR BLADES

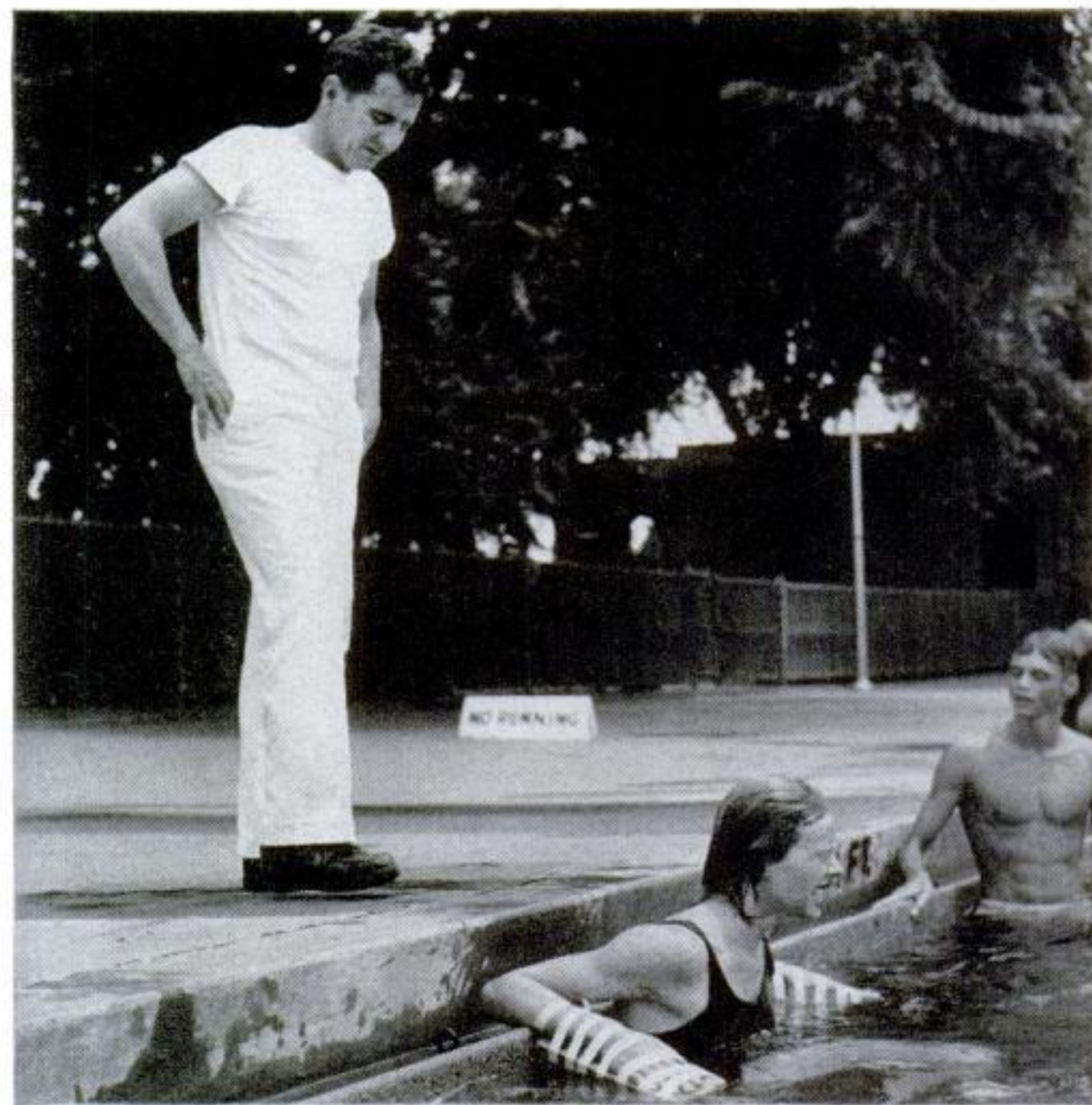
Smooth as
Ocean-Rocked
Whiskies
of Old



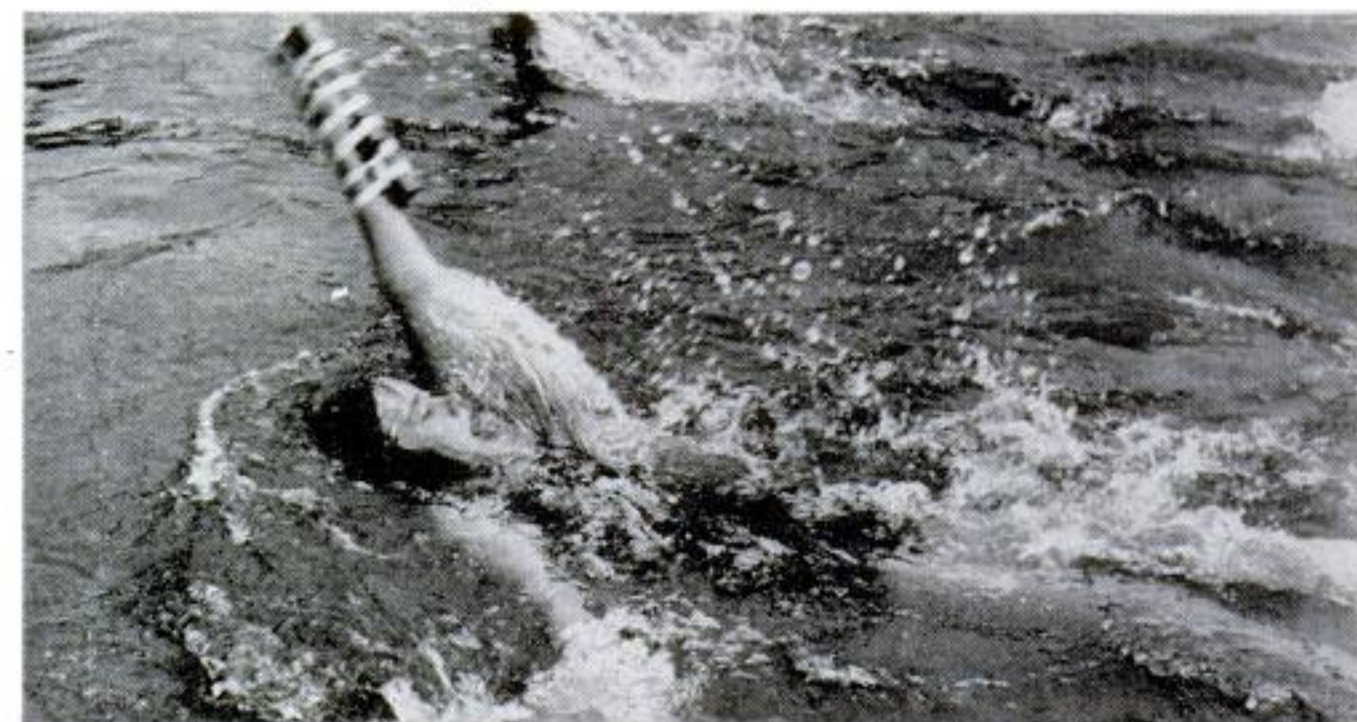
Blended Whiskey—80.6 Proof—70% Grain Neutral Spirits
Mr. Boston Distiller Inc., Boston

Diligent Mermaid CONTINUED

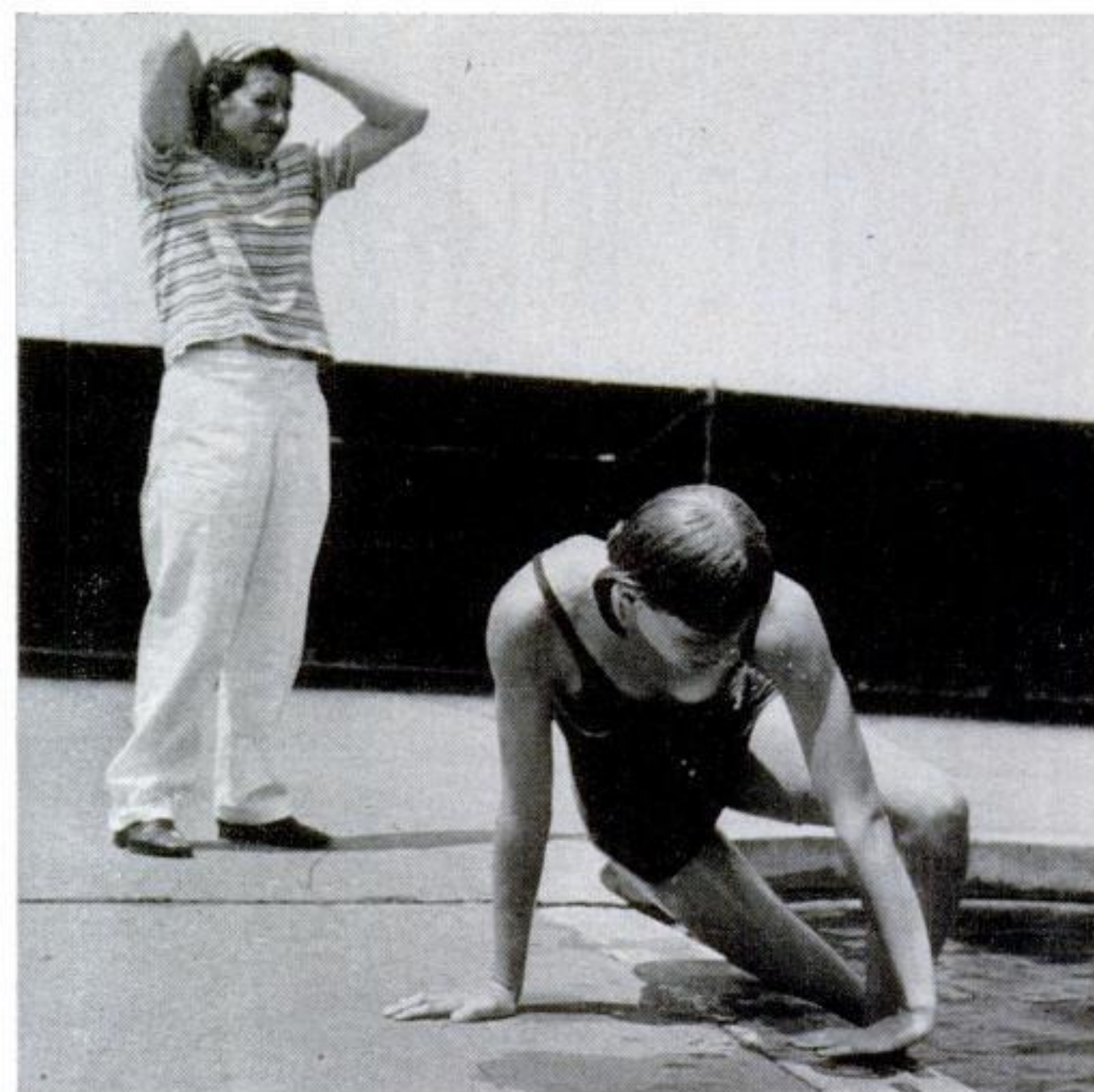
COACH GIVES MARY A HARD TIME



KNOCKED NOGGIN brings tears. Mary, swimming hard at finish of sprint, rammed end of pool. Cracked coach (left), "Maybe it'll knock in some sense."



WRIST SPLINTS teach Mary to keep wrists straight. She has fine recuperative powers and won national titles despite a constricting head cold and cough.



EXHAUSTED, Mary climbs from pool before temporarily disgusted coach after gliding finish. This habit cost her place on Pan American Olympic team.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 70](#)



Charming Peggy Dow adores Rayve Creme Shampoo

Lovely young
Hollywood star,
PEGGY DOW
who co-stars in
Universal-International's
"BRIGHT VICTORY"

*"No other shampoo makes my hair
so shining clean...so easy to curl!"*

"Sparkling highlights...silky softness...and wonderful curlability—no wonder I adore Rayve Shampoo! No other shampoo makes my hair so shining-clean, soft—so easy to curl!" exclaims enchanting blonde Peggy Dow, young Hollywood star.

Now — make the discovery young Hollywood stars have made! Rayve's unique balanced formula combines *deep-cleansing lather* with rich *curl-conditioning oils*! Creamy-rich Rayve leaves your hair gloriously clean, soft, yet springy—eager to curl! As you brush your

Rayve-clean hair—sparkling new waves ripple into place... soft gleaming curls you never dreamed you had!

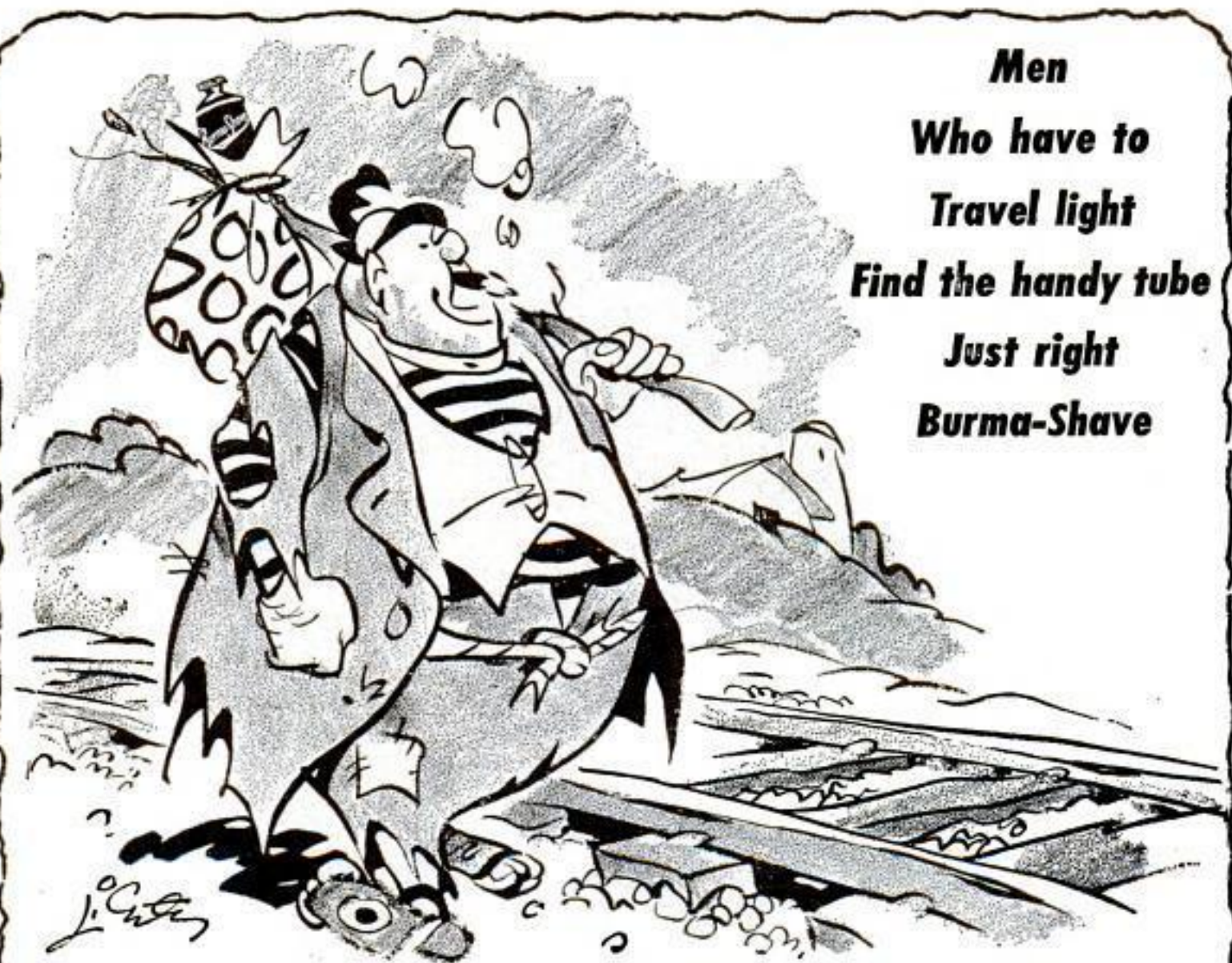
"Make this limp wave test!" say smart young Hollywood stars! Try it *yourself*... shampoo with Rayve at the very tag-end of your permanent, when your wave's at its very lowest ebb! The wonderful way Rayve revives that tired wave will be all the proof you need! Get a tube or jar of Rayve Creme Shampoo today... and see how it makes even a *limp* wave just want to curl!



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! If your Rayve-clean hair isn't shinier—softer—curlier, send Rayve carton or cap liner, with name and address, to Rayve, Box 2, 505 Park Ave., New York 22. Full purchase price will be refunded immediately!

Men

Who have to
Travel light
Find the handy tube
Just right
Burma-Shave



All kidding aside, brushless Burma-Shave eases the razor through stubborn stubble so swiftly and gently the face hardly realizes what's happening—and a remarkable skin-conditioning ingredient leaves the face feeling wonderful. Try Burma-Shave and be glad!



NEW MAGIC LIQUID gets him shining clean in mere minutes! And without tub, suds or muss! It's Sergeant's new, liquid SKIP-BATH. Here's all you do: 1. Sprinkle SKIP-BATH on your dog, or on cloth and apply. 2. Rub in well. 3. Wipe dry. Your dog is clean, sweet and flea-free, too. Get Sergeant's SKIP-BATH at drug or pet store—today. Only 79 cents. Another famous Sergeant's® Dog Care Product.

Diligent Mermaid CONTINUED

SHE HAS A HAPPY HOME LIFE



RUDE REVEILLE comes to Mary Freeman's kid brother, 14, as she gleefully pummels him with pillow. Her day begins at 8 a.m.



PAJAMAS and comics are breakfast fixtures. Father, Lieut. Colonel Monroe Freeman (left), gave Mary first swimming lesson.



GOING TO POOL at 10:15, Mary shuts her bathing suit bag. Her mother (left) approves of swimming program as aid to body building.



LONELY DINNER of steak comes at 4:30. By 6:30 she will be back again in the pool. After swimming until 9:00 she goes right to bed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

NOW GIN HAS COME OF AGE

Would you want this . . .



when you can have this?



Aviation
Has Come of Age

FOR THE FIRST TIME in 300 years, a gin has been created which is so unique that it takes its place among the *finest* liquors of all time. If you have thought that all gins are alike, ENJOY your summer drinks with Seagram's Gin . . . *the original American Golden Gin!*

Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin gives you these 4 modern features:

1. It's made with patience . . . in a careful, leisurely way.
2. When it is finally ready for bottling, it is the color of mellow candle-light—*the original American Golden Gin.*
3. It's so smooth and pleasant . . . enjoy it straight.
4. It blends so well, it makes a heartier, sturdier drink that's beyond compare.

Costs More — and Worth it!



AS MODERN AS TOMORROW

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

SUPER DRESSINGS... AT SUPER SAVINGS!



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Salad Headliners

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OR SERVE ALL 3

Party Potato Salad: Dice 5 potatoes while warm and add 1 cup Ann Page Salad Dressing or Mayonnaise, 1½ teaspoons salt, dash Ann Page Pepper, ¼ cup Ann Page Sweet Garden Relish, 2 hard-cooked eggs, ½ cup chopped cucumber, ½ cup cooked or raw peas, 1 small chopped onion, and 1 cup chopped celery. Toss lightly. Chill thoroughly. Arrange in red and green cabbage leaves or lettuce. Garnish with peas and pimiento. 5 servings. **Only 15¢ a serving†**

Sea Spray Salad: Combine 2 cups (1 lb.) cooked flaked fish,* 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento, 1 chopped green pepper, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt, dash Ann Page Pepper, ¼ cup Ann Page Salad Dressing or Mayonnaise. Arrange on salad greens; surround with tomato wedges. Garnish. 5 servings. **Only 24¢ a serving†**

Sunset Cottage Salad: Combine 8 ozs. (1 cup) cottage cheese with 1½ cups fresh or canned pineapple wedges, ½ cup Ann Page Salad Dressing or Mayonnaise. Arrange on lettuce with 1 cup grated raw carrot. 5 servings. **Only 13¢ a serving†**

*Cod, haddock, flounder, ocean perch, scrod, yellow pike or yellow perch may be used. Cost is based on price of yellow pike. Other fish will cost slightly less.

†Costs based on prices in A&P Super Markets at press time.

FOR EXCITING SUMMER MENUS make *salads* the center of attraction. They're cool, colorful . . . and so satisfying when dressed in "Sunday best" with flavor-perfect Ann Page dressings.

Fix salads for main dishes or side dishes . . . fix 'em in dozens of ways . . . but be sure to fix 'em with Ann Page! Choose Ann Page Salad Dressing with its distinctive mildly tart flavor . . . it's

rich with salad oil and egg yolks. Or choose Ann Page Mayonnaise for its delicate, fresh-as-a-daisy goodness of fine salad oil smooth-whipped with egg yolks, just-right seasonings and the perfect accent of pure lemon juice.

You can count on these and *all* Ann Page Foods for top quality at thrifty prices. They're made in A&P's own modern Ann Page food kitchens and sold in A&P stores, thus eliminating unnecessary in-between expenses. The savings made in this way are shared with you!



Among the
33 Fine Foods
in the famous
Ann Page Family
are such favorites as:

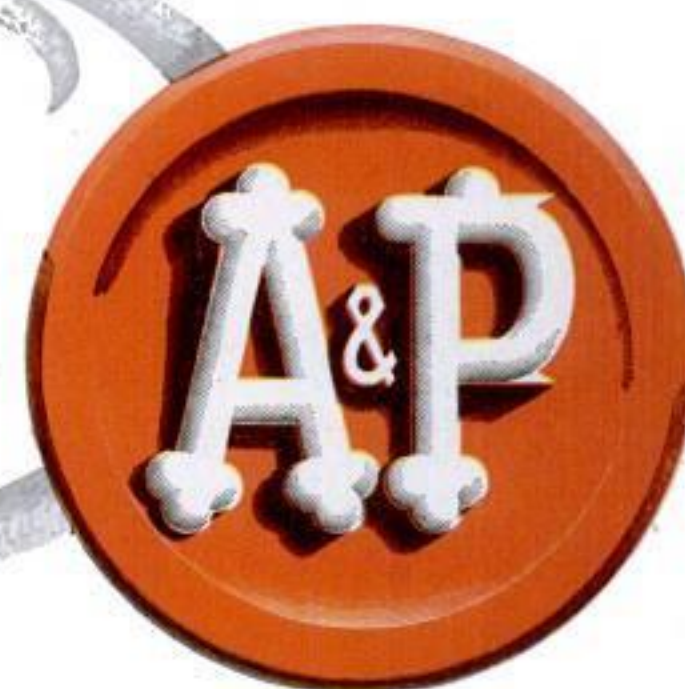
Preserves, Jams, Jellies,
Prepared Beans, Macaroni Products,
Peanut Butter, Sparkle Gelatin
and Pudding Desserts, Prepared
Spaghetti, Tomato Soup,
Ketchup, Syrup, Spices,
Extracts, etc.



ANN
PAGE

PROVES

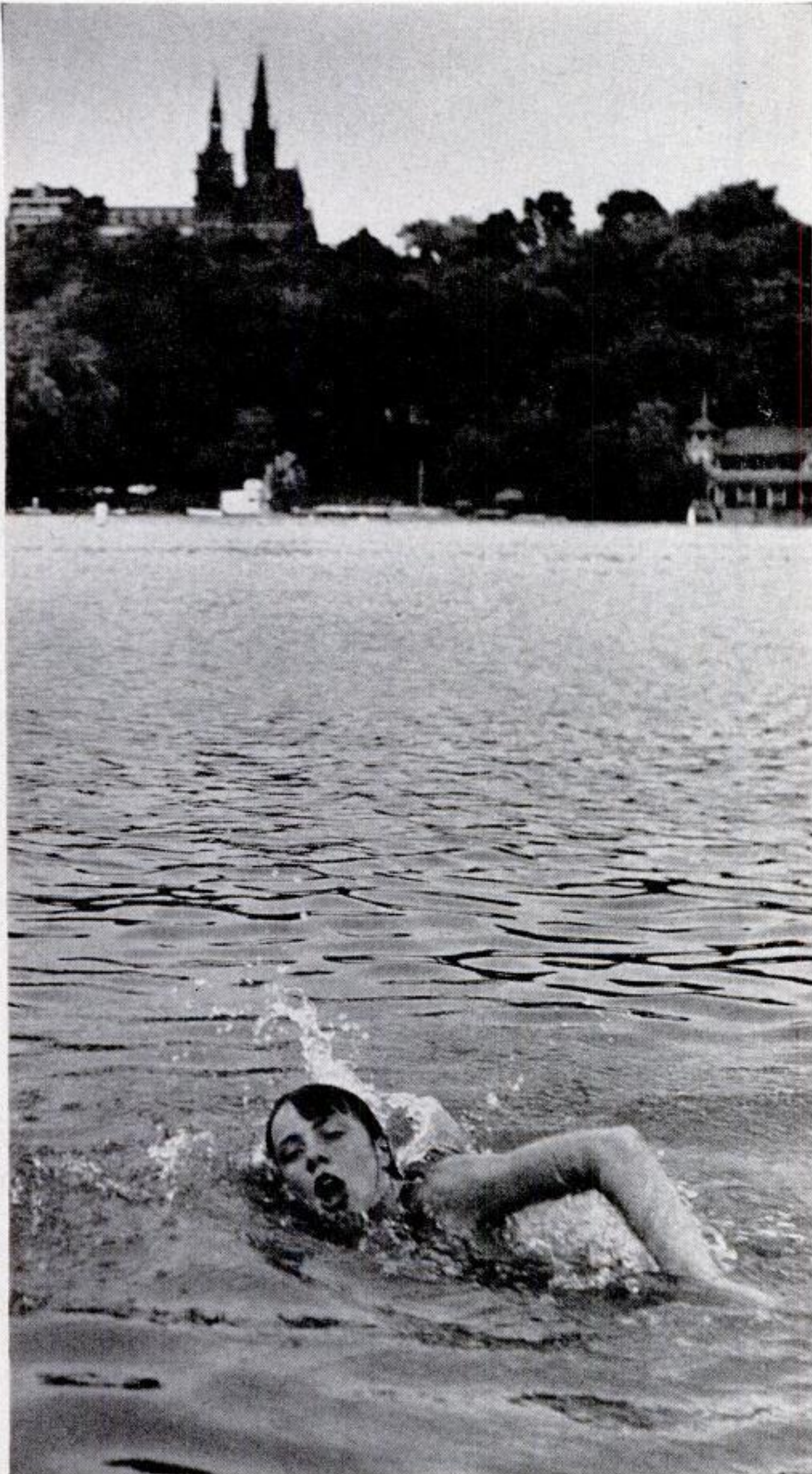
*Fine Foods
Needn't Be
Expensive*



Diligent Mermaid CONTINUED



FELLOW SWIMMERS with whom she practices daily are almost her only friends since she has no time to "go to movies and dances and all those things."



POTOMAC PRACTICE against current is a device used occasionally to develop Mary's endurance. Her training is so rugged that races are always a relief.



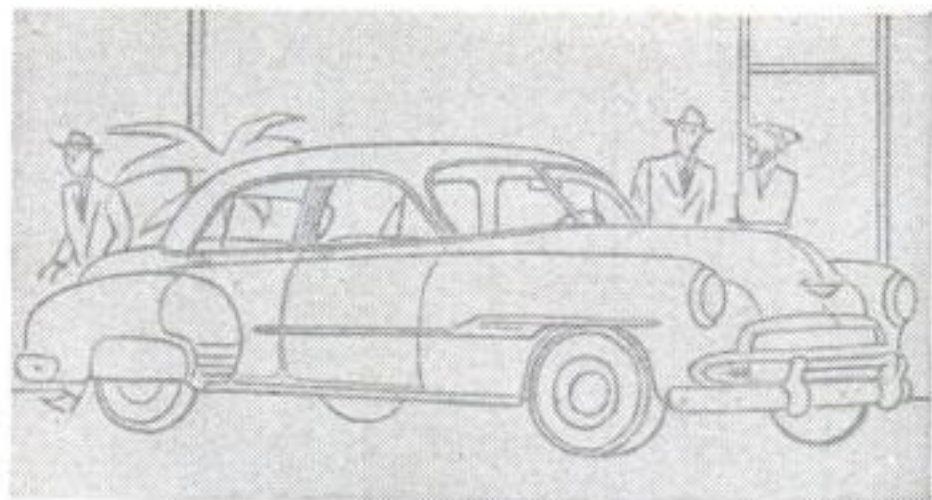
*My hat's a pink dream...
Though the cost was extreme,
I splurged...for it's such a creation
But on undies I save
And I constantly rave
'Bout Spun-lo, the love of the Nation*



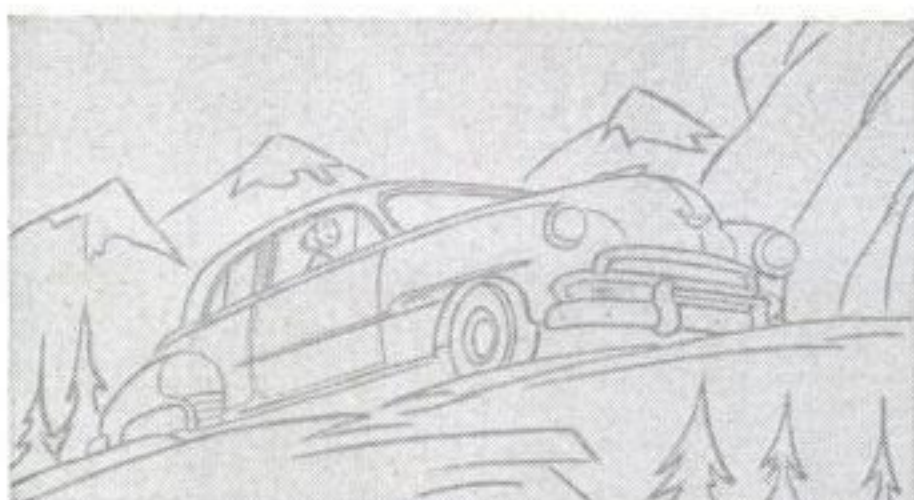
Spun-lo Undies
★ fit sleek and smooth
★ launder like a stocking
★ cost just a handful of change
★ come in styles galore

INDUSTRIAL RAYON CORPORATION Cleveland, Ohio
Producers of continuous process rayon yarns
and ®Tyron cord for tires.





Look at the Size!

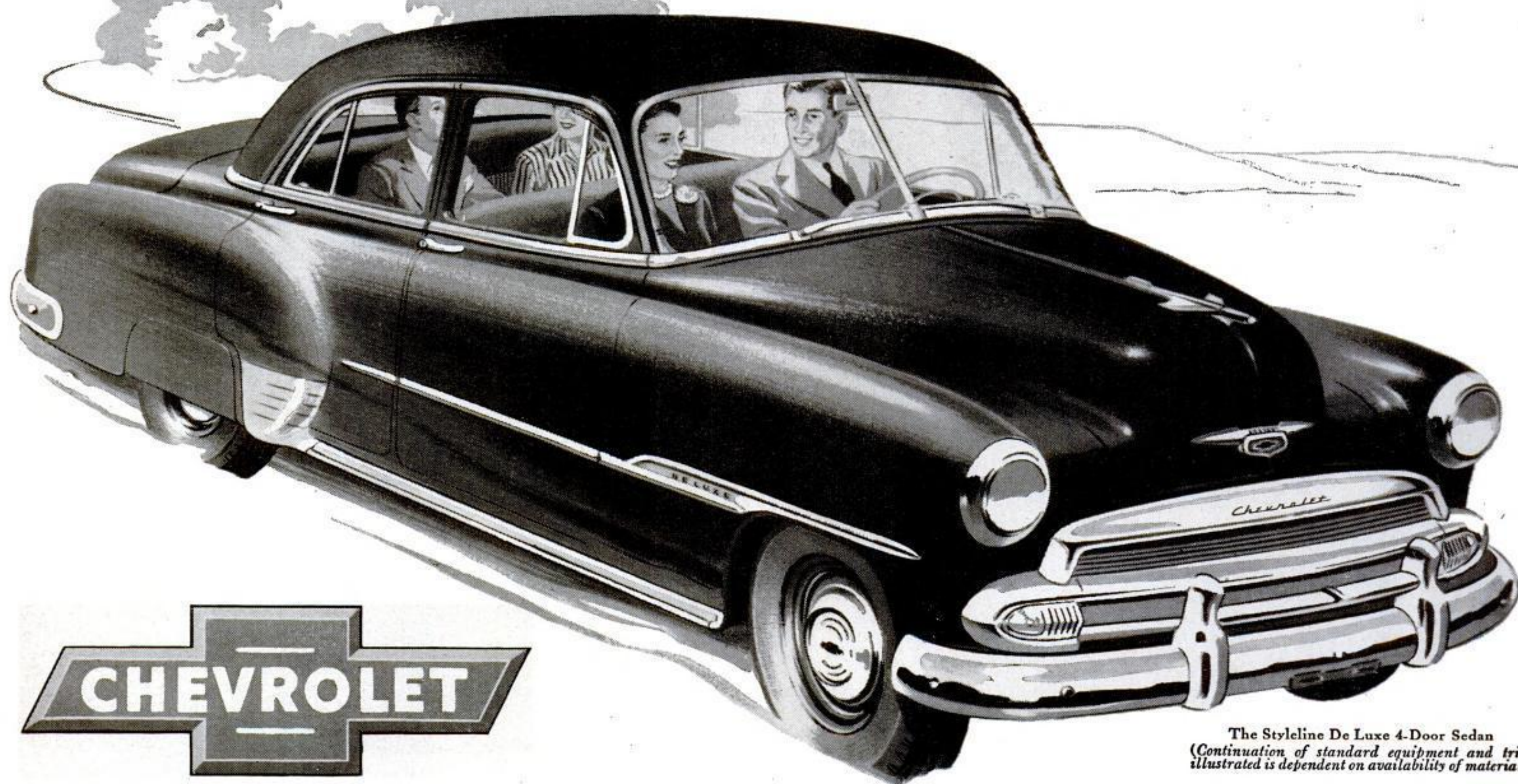


Test the Performance!



*Try **POWERglide!***

**You'll discover top quality in every detail
at today's lowest prices!**



The Styleline De Luxe 4-Door Sedan
(Continuation of standard equipment and trim
illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)

All over America,
men and women are telling each other
that the new Chevrolet for 1951
gives top quality at today's lowest prices.

We believe
you will reach this same conclusion
when you see, drive and ride
America's largest and finest low-priced car.

You'll know it's the standard of styling
the moment you inspect
its longer, lower, wider big-car look . . .
its modern-mode interior . . .
its beautiful America-Preferred Fisher Body.

You'll realize it offers
the peak of luxurious low-cost performance
once you test
its extra-efficient Valve-in-Head engine . . .
its time-proved *no-shift* driving*
or *standard* driving . . .
its extra-powerful Jumbo-Drum Brakes—
largest in its field.

And you'll be certain
that no car in its field
handles as easily
or rides as comfortably
as this one car
which combines Center-Point Steering,

the Knee-Action Ride
and many other advantages
of higher-priced cars.

Yes, you'll discover top quality
in every detail
of this new Chevrolet
at today's lowest prices—
value so outstanding
that it will pay you to see it
and place your order now!

Chevrolet Division of General Motors,
Detroit 2, Michigan

*Combination of Powerglide Automatic Transmission and
105-h.p. Engine optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

CORTISONE FROM GIANT YAM



THE SYNTEX SCIENTISTS who synthesized cortisone were gathered from Hungary, Mexico and the U.S. They are (standing, left to right) Dr. Gilbert Stork of Harvard, a Syntex consultant, Dr. Juan Berlin, Dr. Octavio Mancera, Dr. Jesús Romo and Alexander Nussbaum. Seated (left to right) are Dr. Juan

Pataki, Enrique Batres, Dr. George Rosenkranz, vice president in charge of research, Dr. Carl Djerassi, associate director of organic research, Rosa Yaschin and Mercedes Velasco. Dr. Rosenkranz holds a vial containing about two ounces of cortisone, the amount which could be derived from the 66-pound yam on table.

SCIENTISTS WITH AVERAGE AGE OF 27 FIND BIG SUPPLY IN MEXICAN ROOT

Last March the chemical house of Merck & Co. Inc., in a series of newspaper advertisements, set out to explain the critical shortage of one of its most vital products—cortisone. Ever since the announcement of cortisone's remarkable effect on rheumatoid arthritis (LIFE, June 6, 1949) the drug has been so scarce that it is probably a black market item in some quarters. (Though the number of arthritics in the U.S. is estimated at well over a million, there is only enough cortisone to treat a small fraction of them.) Why is the supply so limited? Said Merck, "The present starting material . . . is cattle bile. Before cortisone can be made in sufficient quantities, a new, more plentiful starting material will have to be found. . . ." Two weeks ago a little-known Mexican company, Syntex, S.A., announced it had discovered just

such a material and had synthesized cortisone from it. The material, a complex organic substance, was derived from the giant inedible yam which grows abundantly in the jungles of Mexico. By a series of 22 chemical operations it is converted to cortisone. This synthesis was accomplished after two years of feverish research by an energetic group of Syntex scientists (*above*) whose average age is only 27. Syntex estimates that within a year it can equal the U.S. production of cortisone, and that by 1954 it will be able to fill any U.S. or foreign demand. Meanwhile, Merck, too, has discovered a vegetable source for cortisone and may even have developed its own process. But no matter who gets into production first the result can be only relief for the millions who need the drug but are now deprived of it.

You are invited to join these 20 famous men in one of the world's most distinguished clubs

LUCIUS BEEBE
GEORGE BIDDLE
LOUIS BROMFIELD
LOUIS CALHERN
FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND
ELY CULBERTSON
THE DUKE DI VERDURA
DENIS CONAN DOYLE
MAJ. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

DENNIS KING
PAUL LUKAS
LAURITZ MELCHIOR
THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
WILFRED PELLETIER
EZIO PINZA
NORMAN ROCKWELL
ALBERT SPALDING
JAMES THURBER

• These members of the world-famous After-Shave Club know the importance of paying attention to their appearance. They put a dash of after-shave lotion on their faces every morning. It's stimulating and refreshing—helps keep a young, healthy appearance.

Why don't you, too, make a point of taking a young man's care of the details that keep up your appearance! You will find that when you look your best, you feel your best . . . do your best. Join the After-Shave Club . . . use Aqua Velva tomorrow morning.

Top Quality work clothing



Look for these Advantages

- SANFORIZED FABRICS...wash and iron perfectly
- GRADUATED PATTERNS...to assure correct and comfortable fit
- FIT AND LOOK like dress pants and dress shirts

At your favorite store, or write for name of your nearest dealer
OBERMAN & COMPANY, Main Office: Jefferson City, Mo.
New York Office: Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

KAST IRON®



WORK PANTS • SHIRTS
MATCHED SETS
"Wear like the name"

Never Any
"COIL-FEEL"
in... **MATTRESSES**
or **FURNITURE**
Built with
PERM-A-LATOR
TRADE MARK
WIRE INSULATORS



THIS TAG IS YOUR *Assurance*
PADDING CAN'T LUMP INTO SPRINGS

Insist on stronger, longer lasting Perm-A-Lator Wire Insulators when you buy mattresses or upholstered furniture. You avoid "coil-feel," lumping or sagging . . . get added years of service!
Write for Free Booklet!

FLEX-O-LATORS, Inc., Carthage, Mo.
Factories in New Castle, Pa. and Carthage, Mo.

LIFE FIRST IN CIRCULATION
FIRST IN READERS
FIRST IN ADVERTISING

DIVING GEAR
as seen in 20th Century-Fox's
"THE FROGMEN"
COLD-WATER RUBBER SUITS, SPEAR GUNS, MASKS,
AND THE **AQUA-LUNG** (\$99.95 up)
U. S. DIVERS CO. (Dept. L)
1045 Buxton Ave., West Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Cortisone CONTINUED



GATHERING YAMS in the jungle, a Mexican laborer hacks one loose with a machete. Yams weigh 50 to 100 pounds, are reseeded to conserve the supply.



YAMS ARE DRIED after they have been ground up by spreading pulp over a sunlit courtyard. Material is then shipped to Syntex plant in Mexico City.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79



Your engine
makes this much
acid every day

...And it's Acid Action
—not friction that causes
90% of engine wear!

NEW alkaline Shell X-100 Motor Oil neutralizes Acid Action

It's not *friction* but *acid action* that causes 90% of engine wear! To neutralize the harmful effect of the pint or more of acid formed in average daily driving, Shell Research has produced an *alkaline* motor oil—Shell X-100. Fortified with alkaline "X" safety factors, it neutralizes the acid action, prolonging the life of your engine.

The new Shell X-100 is a Premium Motor Oil. It is a Heavy Duty Motor Oil. In addition, it possesses cleansing factors which help prevent deposits that would foul your engine.

Shell X-100 is the finest motor oil money can buy. Let your Shell dealer give your engine the protection of this new alkaline Shell X-100 Motor Oil today.



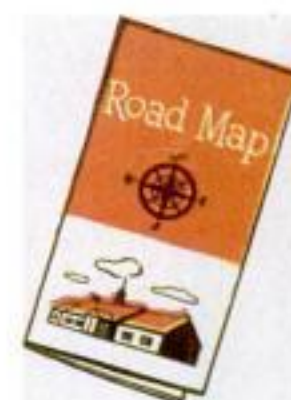
It's Incomparable!



HOWARD JOHNSON'S

Ice Cream Shops and Restaurants

"Landmark For Hungry Americans"

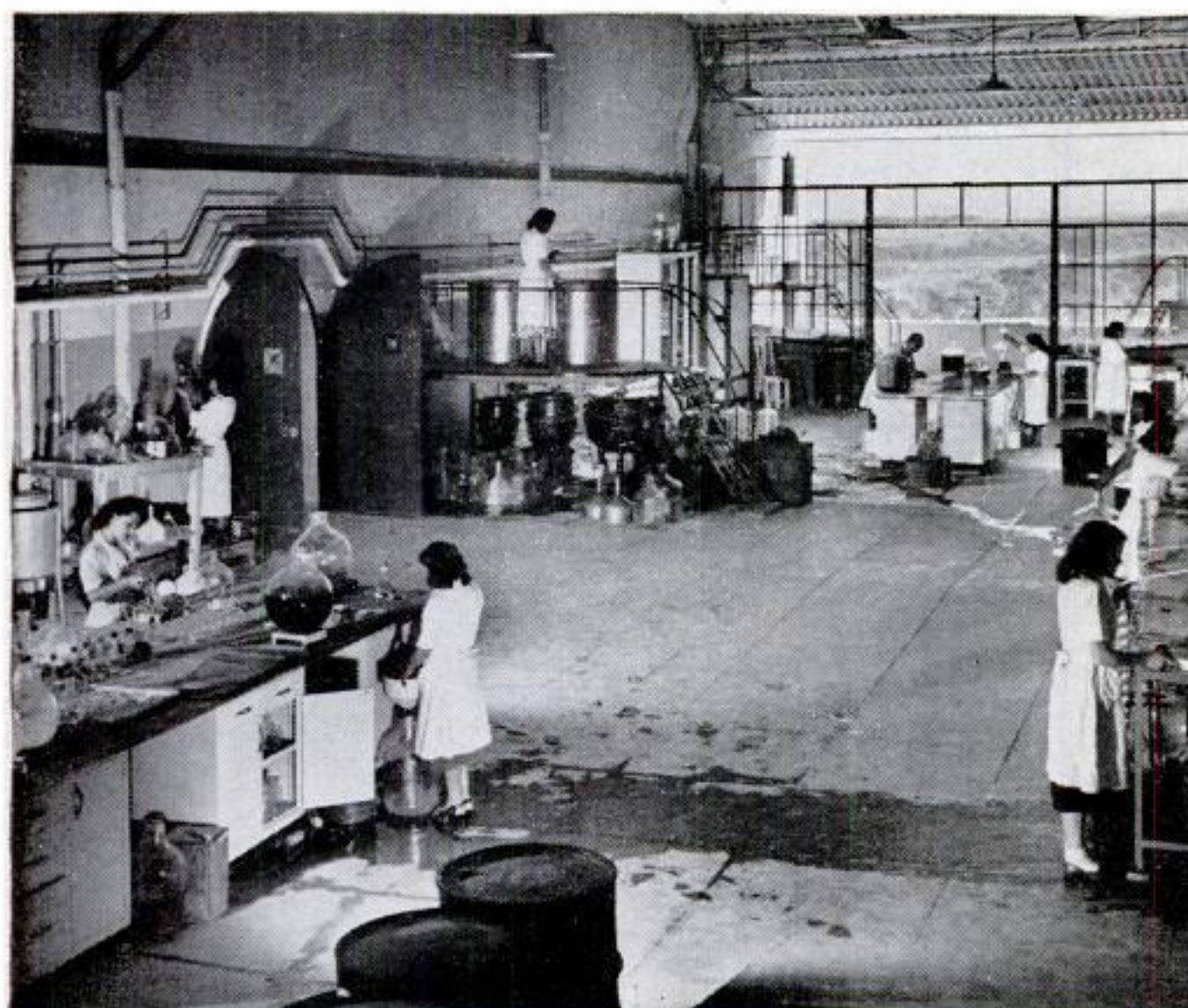


Planning a trip? Write for free descriptive road map showing route numbers and locations of all Howard Johnson's on your way. Howard Johnson's, Wollaston, Mass.

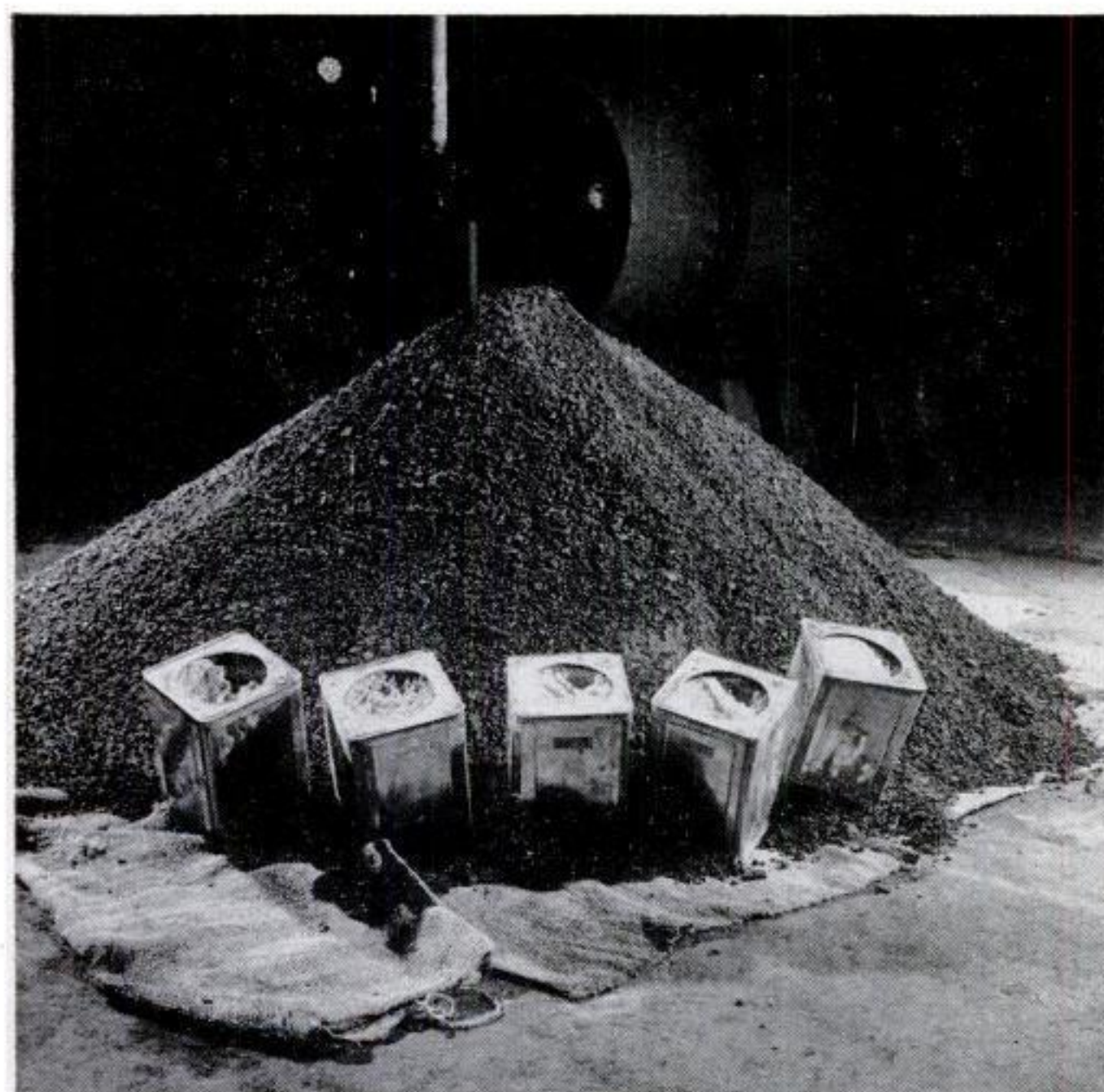
Cortisone CONTINUED



SYNTEX PLANT in Mexico City, built upon the ruins of a Spanish castle, was formerly a power mill. Last year the company did a \$7 million business.



INSIDE PLANT Mexican girls supervise production. Syntex has synthesized many hormones from the yams, some for the first time on a large scale.



PILE OF DRIED ROOT (6,600 pounds) is compared with the 100 pounds of diosgenin (in cans) derived from it. This will yield 200 grams of cortisone.

**"IT WAS MUSIC
TO MY EARS"**

*- thanks to the
New Way to HEAR! "*

A TINY JEWELLED PIN IS ALL THAT SHOWS!



SonoCharm cover pins are inexpensive. You can flatter each costume with a different gay design placed wherever it does the most for you.

WHEN THIS LOVELY young bride walked up the aisle and out of the church, it was the beginning of a new life for her in more ways than one. For she had been so hard of hearing that she had withdrawn from normal social contacts — she might never have married if she hadn't discovered how wonderful it is to hear again. A tiny, jeweled pin is all that shows, and there is *no outside microphone cord* to give away her secret. Write for free fashion booklet described in coupon below.

Sonotone hearing aids are included in the list of accepted devices published by the American Medical Association.



Young or old, Sonotone has the widest range of instruments to bring you the best in better hearing.

© 1951, Sonotone Corp.

**FREE
FASHION
BOOKLET**



Crammed with exciting fashion ideas. A helpful booklet by a famous style authority, this new approach to hearing problems is beautifully illustrated in color, and filled with fresh style tips. Of interest only to those who are hard of hearing.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

SONOTONE
THE NAME YOU CAN TRUST

Sonotone, Dept. 506, Elmsford, New York

- ☐ For Women: Please send free booklet "FASHION—Your Passport to Poise."
- ☐ For Men: Please send free booklet "Better Hearing Styled for Men."

Name.....

Address.....Apt.....

City.....State.....

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CHICAGO RAGAMUFFINS of type early Y.M.C.A. took under its care are shown in 1857 photograph with Dwight L. Moody (with beard) and J. L. Stillson (in tall hat). Moody was early leader of the Chicago Y.M.C.A. (pp. 84-87), Stillson a companion evangelist. Photograph gives urchins' street names only: "Red Eye," "Darby the Cobler," "Smikes," "Butcher Kilroy," "Billy Bucktooth," "Greenhorn," "Madden the Butcher," "Indian," "Jacky Candles," "Black Stove Pipe," "Sniderick," "Old Man," "Billy Blucannon" and "Rag-breeches Cadet."

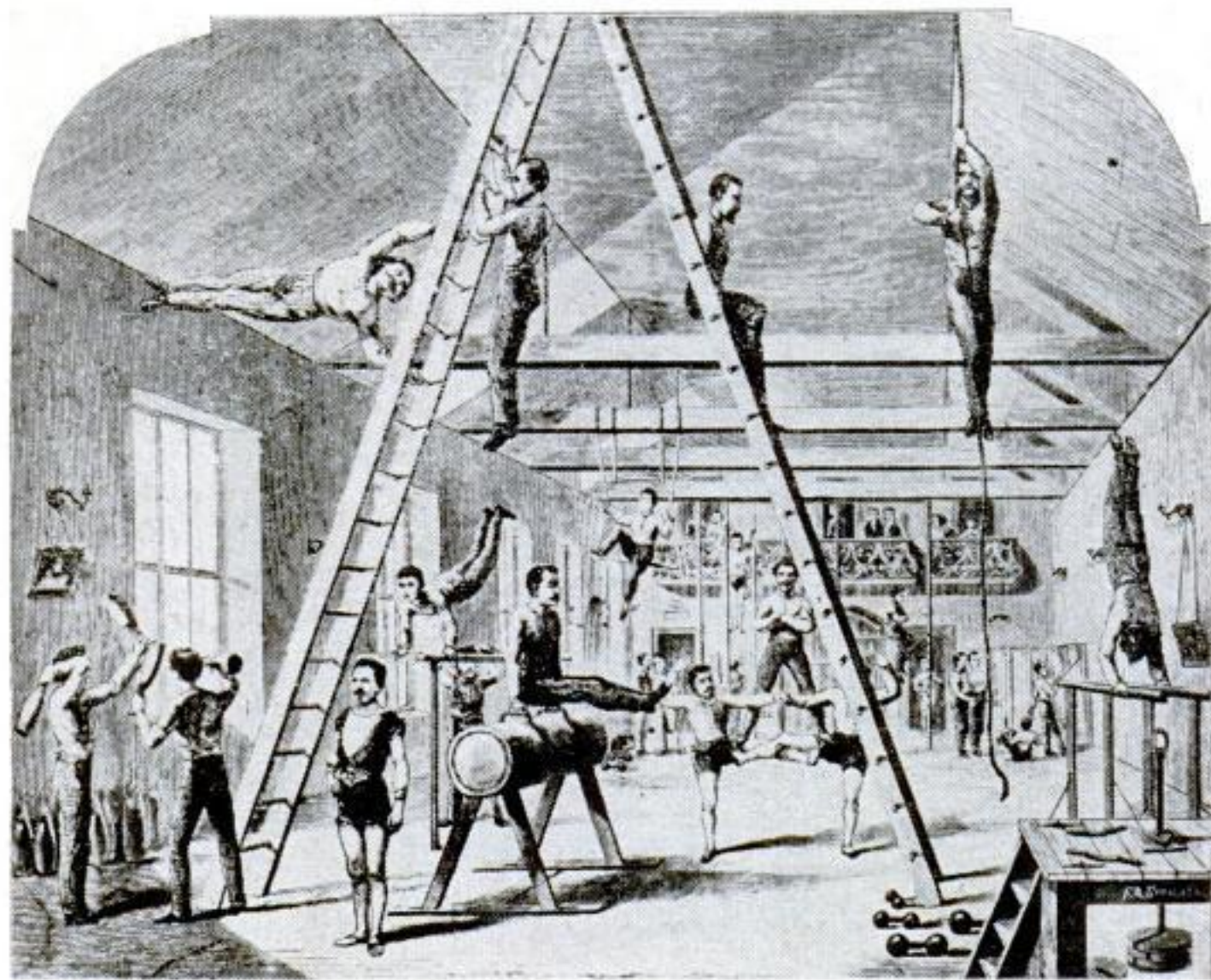
A Century with the 'Y'

**IT EXERCISES, LODGES, TEACHES
AND AMUSES 3 MILLION MEMBERS**

Like most mottoes, the words "Spirit, Mind, Body" emblazoned on the traditional triangle of the Young Men's Christian Association are indefinite enough to mean almost anything and inclusive enough to cover almost everything. This is appropriate enough, for the Y.M.C.A. is an incredibly large and diverse organization. It has branches in 77 countries and 3,692,500 members and participants in the U.S. alone. They belong to 1,651 separate branches serving 2,983 U.S. towns and cities and take part in a constantly expanding recreational and spiritual program. From its earliest years the Y has been like a gawky adolescent—growing prodigiously, sometimes wondering how it got where it is and where it is going, but always displaying an almost uncontrollable energy. Founded originally in London in 1844 and expanded to the U.S. and Canada in 1851, the Y grew out of the dislocations of the industrial revolution, eventually becoming a "home away from home" for thousands of young men in the big, unfriendly manufacturing cities. For the first few years it concentrated on religion, sponsoring revival meetings and Bible classes and sending evangelical preachers out on the streets and into the factories to spread the Gospel. Later on it took more notice of "body" and acquired a whole galaxy of strong-armed, muscle-flexing physical education experts.

In recent years more attention has been given to the mind, with adult education courses, club activities and the squealing of symphonies competing with the bouncing of basketballs and the silent rituals of the weight lifters. The North American Y's centennial convention in Cleveland last month was as exuberant and sprawling as the Y itself. But if the whole affair seemed inconclusive it did not matter. What most delegates would take home with them, said one leader, was "a feeling of vitality, of being in a movement that is fundamentally religious, worldwide, serving all age ranges, a movement which is just beginning its greatest achievements."

← **OKLAHOMA CHOIRBOYS** are products of Y youth programs. Here Michael Kennan, Nelson Stump, Michael Purser, Bobby Rogers, Tommy Sanders and Bill Reedy give earnest rendition of *The Lord's Prayer* at convention. The Boys Choir was part of a "Festival of Music," participated in by 500 musicians.



GYMNASIUM in Boston Y in 1875 stressed acrobatics. Instructors wore tights. But in 1877 Boston's Robert J. Roberts introduced safe exercises anyone could do.

From an upstairs room to kids, armies, women



Y FOUNDER Williams was knighted by Queen Victoria.

The 11 young men who met with George Williams in an upstairs room in London in 1844 to found a society for "the improvement of the spiritual condition" of dry-goods workers like themselves may not have had any grandiose thoughts about the future of the Y.M.C.A. But almost every decade since then has seen some tremendous extension of Y activities. In 1851 associations were started in Montreal and Boston. Y gymnasiums were introduced in 1869; swimming pools in 1885. The Y-sponsored U.S. Christian Commission inaugurated work with the armies of the Civil War, and similar work was carried on in the Spanish-American War, World War I and (as part of the USO) in World War II. A Boys' Department appeared in 1869; 20 years later came the first Hi-Y, or Y.M.C.A. club for high school students. And by 1859 some branches were providing the most unexpected service of all—regular membership for women.



WORLD WAR I CANTEEN in New York was part of Y.M.C.A.'s service to servicemen. Overseas the Y took over job of operating post exchanges for Army,



RAILROAD Y in New York, donated by Cornelius Vanderbilt (p. 46), had a lunch counter where men were allowed to wear hats. Cost of complete dinner: 25¢.



"**YOKEFELLOWS**," or lay evangelists, rode in "gospel wagon" in Fort Worth, Texas. They toured streets at night, brought men from saloons to prayer meetings.



a relationship generally misunderstood by soldiers who complained they had to pay for items other welfare organizations (like Knights of Columbus, Salvation

Army) distributed free. The Y also gave out more free materials and services than all other agencies combined. Army investigation in 1919 cleared Y of charges.



BASKETBALL began at Y.M.C.A.'s Springfield (Mass.) College in 1891. Here first team poses with its coach, Dr. James Naismith (in coat), game's inventor.



EARLY CAMPERS set out on a trip. First organized Y.M.C.A. camp was started in 1885. Today Y operates 641 camps for 230,000 boys, girls, men and women.





CHAPEL SERVICE precedes weekly meetings of professional staff at Chicago's Lawson Y. The service is conducted by Lawson executive secretary, John L. Nelson.

Y is big-time operation in a place like Chicago

A good idea of the bewildering diversity of Y.M.C.A. activities in a big city can be obtained by taking a look at the Chicago Y, whose 56,000 members and 25 departments (or branches) make it the largest Y.M.C.A. city association in the world. Watching over its \$11 million annual budget and its \$24 million worth of buildings and equipment is a complicated matter, and the Y is careful to have hard-headed businessmen (*below*) managing it. As a result, nothing is wasted but Y members get a huge amount for their money. Last year members (and non-members on temporary passes) took 682,857 swims in Chicago Y pools and 749,832 workouts in Y gyms. Total attendance at group activities,

many of them under the direction of a corps of 6,710 volunteers, was 3.3 million. This summer the Chicago Y is operating 13 camps in Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin. Besides providing ordinary services like dances (*opposite*) and gymnasiums (one of its early gyms had the first known showers in Chicago), the Chicago Y is ready to give its members a high school education or to teach them how to drive a car, make ladies' hats, evaluate real estate, dance the rhumba, play the stock market, speak publicly or prepare for marriage. Most of these extraordinary services come under the Y's adult education program which, like other Chicago Y accomplishments, is the largest in the U.S.



TOP Y LEADERS, mostly bankers, lawyers and businessmen, meet with Chicago General Secretary

Frank Hathaway (*left*) in George Williams Room, replica of London room where Y was founded in 1844.

IT HAS BIG HOTELS, TINY BRANCH ROOMS



Y.M.C.A. HOTEL, the third largest in Chicago, makes good profit, supports many other Y projects.



HEADQUARTERS of both Chicago and Illinois Y is this building (with flag) on South LaSalle Street.



STORE Y.M.C.A., Logan Square Department, directs activities from here, will erect a building later.



TYPICAL Y is Southtown Department. Opened 25 years ago, it has full, lively program (*next page*).



TUMBLING takes place in corner of the gym, often at the same time as other sports. Here Karl Haaser jumps over five cohorts and heads into a somersault.



WEIGHTLIFTING, a popular sport at Southtown, is practiced by Charlie Morris, who hoists a 210-pound bar bell as Bob Byerwalter works on the parallel bars.



SOUTHTOWN STAFF includes executive secretary, professional staff, part-time workers, stenographers, cafeteria employees, janitors, maids and locker men.

Neighborhood branch serves the community

Chicago's largest Y.M.C.A. department (6,430 members), the Southtown Y presents an almost unending array of athletic, recreational and educational activities. From the early morning stirrings in its profitable cafeteria to the last turning off of lights by its 230 rooming members there is enough going on to keep even a big staff (*above*) constantly busy. Visitors are likely to come away with a fuzzily optimistic feeling that Southtown and the Y in general can do just about anything.

The Y can indeed do almost anything, and the possibility that it sometimes does not is enough to send good Y leaders off into paroxysms of soul-searching. How can the Y adapt itself to recent population shifts that create the need for new branches? How can it keep on expanding and at the same time retain for its enthusiastic but sometimes cynical younger members the fundamentally religious character which George Williams wanted for it? What is it to do about segregation of Negroes, a matter on which not all Y branches can produce a blameless record? Problems such as these can seldom be disposed of at the top national level. They must be faced and solved at departments like Southtown.



GLAMOUR CLINIC, recent innovation, enrolls 25 girls who are being shown how to apply lipstick by Pat LeNoble, bank clerk who works at Y in spare time.



"PALS FOREVER, SON," says Danny O'Malley (*right*) at a meeting of the Indian Guides, a relatively new Y.M.C.A. father-and-son activity. This is high

point of an evening of games and discussion of Indian lore. After his father has made this pronouncement Danny Jr. (*left*) solemnly replies, "Pals forever, dad."



What happens when **LIFE** hits Hartford?

State Capital of Connecticut, Hartford is one of New England's largest and oldest cities. Founded in 1635 as a trading post by a handful of settlers, Hartford today is an insurance and precision machinery center with over 400,000 people living in its metropolitan area.

It is not surprising that LIFE has a particular significance to these people—for more of them read LIFE than any other magazine. Over a 13-week period, 85 out of every 100 Hartford citizens read LIFE.*

The result—as the pictures and captions on these pages show—is that LIFE affects their lives in many ways . . . from the way they think and act to the way they plan their civic and commercial affairs.

Throughout America, the results of LIFE's influence follow the same pattern. With half the nation reading LIFE, it has become part of the commerce and culture, the entertainment and enlightenment of Americans everywhere.

*From *A Study of the Accumulative Audience of LIFE* by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. This study reveals how LIFE's audience grows from 23,950,000 in a single issue to a total of 62,600,000 different people, in thirteen issues.

CIVIC AND COMMUNITY LEADERS FEEL LIFE'S EFFECT...



Lt. Governor Edward N. Allen: "Americans now take more interest in national and world affairs, thanks to LIFE's ability to make events meaningful and vivid."



City Manager Carleton F. Sharpe (above, left, with Fire Chief Henry G. Thomas): "We use LIFE's articles on civil defense as a guide in planning our Hartford program."



Publisher J. A. Reitemeyer of The Hartford Courant: "LIFE never fails to express its views on the most vital issues. It has a profound influence on America's life."



At Trinity College, President G. Keith Funston, newly-appointed President of N. Y. Stock Exchange: "LIFE contributes greatly to America's cultural development."

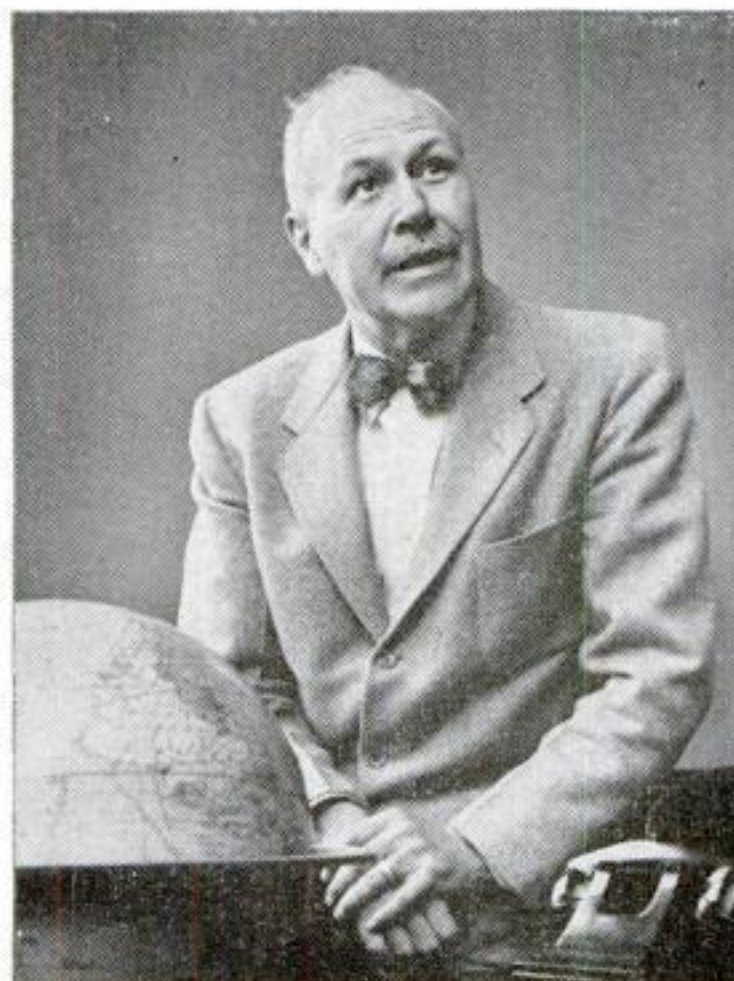
MANY DIFFERENT PEOPLE AND PLACES FEEL LIFE'S POWER...



Hartford Hospital's Dr. Daniel H. Deyoe: "LIFE's informative articles like 'Life Begins' are most effective in broadening the public's knowledge of medical science."



Travelers Insurance President Jesse W. Randall: "LIFE is a must in my home. It is also a powerful advertising force." 70% of business executives are LIFE readers.*



Conn. Commissioner of Education Finis E. Engleman: "LIFE educates, brings students a graphic picture of world events." 70% of high school graduates read LIFE.*



United Aircraft President H. M. Horner: "LIFE's recent article on air logistics was a clear analysis of a complex problem, solution of which is vital to our defense."



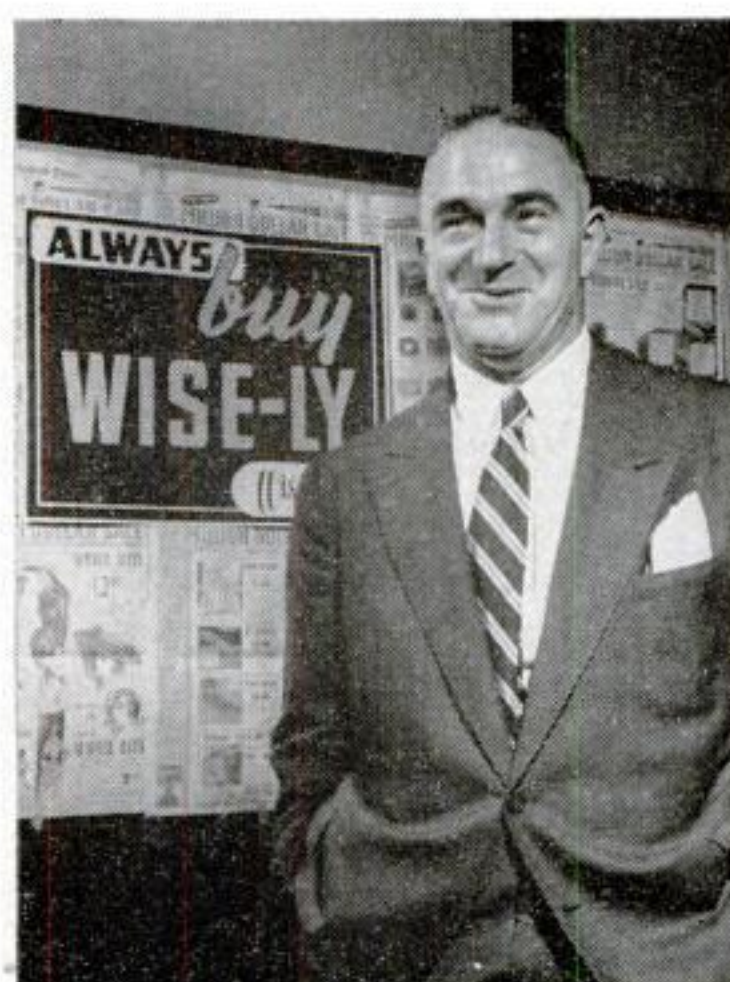
Three-time LIFE Cover Girl Lillian M. Rekas felt LIFE's personal impact: "My whole life was changed as a result of my having appeared so often in the pages of LIFE magazine. LIFE brought me a modeling job and five offers of movie contracts. It started me on my career in the fashion world." Over 13,000,000 young adults, aged 20 to 29 read LIFE.*



Public Library's Grace Manship with Magnus K. Kristoffersen, Librarian, says: "I file all of LIFE's art pictures. LIFE has made people here more art conscious."



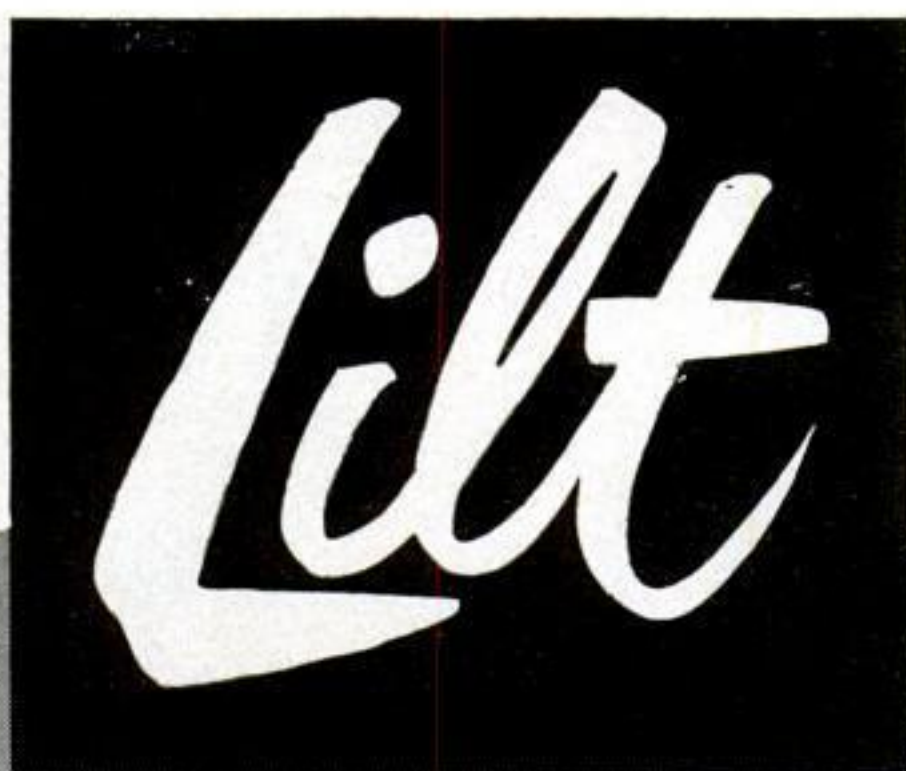
Colt Firearms President B. Franklin Conner: "LIFE's Connecticut River Valley story was praised for many months in this area." 73% of New Englanders read LIFE.*



Wise, Smith & Co., President Ralph M. Chipurnoi: "Using LIFE as our retailing bible, during the past fourteen months, we have doubled our Brand Name business."



G. Fox & Co., Hartford's largest department store, regularly identifies LIFE-advertised goods through fashion shows and displays. 31,550,000 females read LIFE.*



Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only \$1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! **Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!**

Dress by Bruno



Your Lilt wave will look lovelier, feel softer, and be easier-to-manage than any other Home Permanent wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest **Naturally Curly Hair!**

Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!

Never before a wave so easy to manage!

Never before such a natural-looking wave that would last and last!

Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

Only Procter & Gamble's world-famous laboratories have been able to develop such a superior Home Permanent. Lilt's superior ingredients make it far superior to all other Home Permanents. These superior ingredients are not only safer for hair—

they also give a wave that looks, feels, behaves far more like the loveliest Naturally Curly Hair!

Money-back guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!

Complete Kit, with plastic curlers \$2.25*
*plus Fed. tax



Refill, complete except for curlers \$1.25*



Home Permanent

Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave



HIS EYES CLOUDED BY NIGHTMARE MEMORIES AND HIS SMALL FACE DRAWN BY HUNGER, KANG KOO RI LOOKS UP AS SOLDIERS OFFER HIM HIS FIRST MEAL

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WOULDN'T SMILE

The problem was to bring Kang Koo Ri to life again—and even a grin was perhaps too much to ask

Text and Pictures by MICHAEL ROUGIER

A FEW days before the Chinese offensive this spring, Kang Koo Ri had just passed his fifth birthday. He lived with his mother, father and Kang Ouk, his 9-year-old brother, in a small house a few miles north of Uijongbu, which is 15 miles north of Seoul. Not far away there was a small village, and sometimes Kang went there with his mother to buy rice and to draw water from the village well. The Korean summers were long and he was too young to go to the school in Uijongbu in the winter, so most of the first years of his life were centered around the small yard outside his father's house. Like most Korean children, his amusements were simple and his toys few. His prize possession was a wooden ball which had been carved out of the

root of a tree and then polished to a fine lacquer finish by his father.

But when the offensive came, the tragedy that had already found many other Korean households finally came to Kang's family. The devil-chasing figures and signs hung over the door of the house could not keep it away. U.N. forces north of Seoul faced the Communists at the far end of the valley in which Uijongbu is situated. In the middle of this no man's land was the village near Kang's house. Artillery and probing patrols from both sides destroyed the village, and the people living there and in the valley were left with only the charred ruins of their homes.

Some of the Koreans left Kang's village but others stayed on, clinging



SILENT AND APART, Kang clutches a stick and teeters, forlornly off balance, as he watches the soldiers and their mascots in the earthen courtyard of Seoul collection station (*above*). Later in Taegu (*below*) he received new clothes but he still kept away from all the other children.



KOREAN ORPHAN CONTINUED

to whatever possessions were left. They huddled against the walls that remained standing or moved away from the village to the countryside or to other houses which, like Kang's, stood isolated and still intact. Then early in May refugees from farther north started passing by, usually a sign that another Communist offensive was coming along behind them. Patrols from the 7th Cavalry Regiment of the 1st Cavalry Division were sent into the Uijongbu area with orders to clear out all civilians. The 1st Platoon of Easy Company began a check of each hut and house and through an interpreter told every family they found to take what they could and go south through the U.N. lines. The medics did what they could for the wounded and sick (there were many of them); others were already dead from starvation or the incessant artillery.

When a squad came to the house where Kang and his family lived, the GIs noticed a strong odor of decay. As one of them said, "I told the lieutenant we might as well move on because it was the smell of death all right." The interpreter, with his handkerchief pressed against his nose, went to the door and called for the occupants to come outside. There was no sound from within except for the whining buzz of flies. However one soldier entered and, as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom inside, he saw a small naked figure crouched against the wall in the far corner, the body motionless but the eyes wide open. As the soldiers came forward, Kang turned to the wall and made a feeble effort to raise his hand to his head. The interpreter asked if he was alone but there was no answer. Then the men noticed the body of a woman lying on a straw mat in another corner, her face covered with maggots and flies. Kang's mother had evidently been dead for several days; her body had started to decompose.

Too weak to walk, Kang was carried outside, while the interpreter searched for the boy's belongings. He could find nothing except some clothes infested with vermin and a small, highly polished wooden ball, which he left behind. There was no sign of Kang's older brother or his father. As Kang was carried away, he raised an arm in the direction of the house. Tears coursed down his cheeks and his body shook in spasms. The GIs thought that he was trying to say something but no sound came. All the way back he cried steadily, tears streaming from his eyes but no sound at all coming from his throat.

Disinfectant and C-ration candy

BACK at the regimental command post, Kang was handed over to Chaplain W. B. Alsworth, who washed him with strong disinfectant and later gave him some C-ration candy. The chaplain says that Kang was "a lot of very small bones held together by Lord knows what."

The problem of what to do with him was happily solved by 1st Cavalry's "Operation Mascot." In the last few months scores of orphaned children found wandering aimlessly about had been picked up by the GIs and taken back to camp where they became mascots or houseboys. As the numbers increased and a lull in the fighting appeared to be coming to an end, arrangements were made by the regimental chaplains to send them off to orphanages in Taegu.

Kang was too recent an arrival to qualify as a mascot. But what he needed most was immediate medical care and a new home. Chaplain Alsworth drove him to the medical collection station in Seoul, where the mascots were to be given inoculations and "processed." Healthy now, boisterous and proudly wearing blue jeans and cowboy outfits that the GIs had given them, the mascots were all playing in the courtyard when Kang arrived. He was set down in their midst, covered from neck to toes by an outside jacket wrapped almost twice around his body, a liberal dose of white DDT powder crowning his head. Bewildered and speechless, he turned his back on the other children and walked away, his eyes wet with tears. There he stood, with one hand twisting the thumb of the other hand, his legs sagging slightly and his eyes on the ground.

If Kang had but known it, most of the children who were playing about in the yard had equal rights as brothers in misfortune. A few months before, they were no better off than he and many had lost as much through the war. Ten-year-old Kim Kwi Nam, for instance, lived with his family

in the outskirts of Seoul a few months before; then the North Koreans and Chinese took the city and a short while later his mother was dead of starvation. As the enemy was driven out of Seoul for the second time, he saw his father shot down in front of his house because he was unable to produce any rice for some retreating North Korean soldiers. From then on Kim roamed the streets of Seoul, begging. He had become a hardened scavenger before he was picked up and looked after by American MPs after the U.S. forces had retaken the capital.

Kim Hyun Chung was another. His voice was husky and deep and, although he was small for his age, his body was incredibly tough. He and his mother, father and sister had lived near the Kangs, north of Uijongbu. One day Kim's family sent him out to beg for rice—they were all close to starvation. He returned many hours later to find his whole family dead and their house in ruins. Kim ran to his aunt's house nearby, but she told him that he must go south because everyone who stayed would be killed by the artillery sooner or later. So he started toward Seoul, along the road, until he saw some American tankers, who let him ride into Seoul with them. There he was left to look after himself. He joined a band of street children. After a few days of scavenging for food he became so homesick he decided to go back the 15 miles to Uijongbu. After eight miles of walking, he felt sick and lay down beside the road. A day later some GIs found him asleep and took him back to their billets.

Tears and a lost water bucket

LEE KUM SOON arrived at the collection station in a flood of tears and kept crying most of the way to Taegu. She had lived with her mother and father in Seoul until they joined the stream of refugees moving to the south. The road was clogged with them, and Lee got separated from her parents when she went back a few hundred yards to pick up a battered old water bucket that she had left behind. It took Lee a whole day to catch up, but toward evening she found them—lying in a ditch beside the road, dead. Lee believed that they were bombed by an airplane, but her word for bomb could also mean a bullet or shell, and because they all bring death there was not much difference in her mind. After many days of wandering between Seoul and Suwon, Lee was finally picked up by GIs of the 1st Cavalry Division located at Yongdungpo. Asked what she could remember of this period, she said that there were many Filipino soldiers there and that they were very rough and used to beat up the ROK troops. Lee's English vocabulary also reflected the roughness of life in the field: her collection of swear words was notable even among the other mascots. Most of them seemed to have forgotten the worst of the past; yet, like Lee, they might suddenly break into tears for no apparent reason, or, like Kim, their voices were husky and bodies undersized, although their spirits seemed to be recovering.

Kang's spirit, however, was still like a rather small light that might have gone out with the slightest puff at any moment. During the time that he was processed and given inoculations, and later some food, the expression on his face changed scarcely at all. He winced at the needle, then sat on the floor, apathetically watching the other children but never answering when they spoke to him. When food was set in front of him he shook his head. Chaplains and interpreters hovered over him, talking and urging until finally in a thin, hesitant voice he explained that all this food would make him sick because he hadn't eaten for a long time. Then a chaplain offered him the candy bar that comes in C-rations. Kang refused again, explaining that he had been given two of them before he arrived and that they were too sweet and made him feel sick. After a while he ate a little fruit and drank some soup and asked to be taken to the toilet.

In the hectic rush of processing the children and preparing them for their new life at the orphanage, there wasn't much more that could be done for young Kang that day. After dinner everyone was loaded into a truck prior to the 200-mile train trip south to Taegu. As they left, Kang was sitting on the chaplain's lap in the front seat.

A few GIs had stayed to shout *sayonara* (Japanese for



THE OTHER CHILDREN at the orphanage go on picnics and are fascinated by ducks in a paddy (above), but Kang is usually too tired to go along. In Korean fashion, children remove their shoes (below) before entering orphanage playroom. Their favorite song is *Jesus Loves Me*.



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HEY FELLAS - LOOK WHAT MY DAD JUST GOT ME!

Pop's good judgment will come in for as much praise (well, almost) as that new Unit Crane when Junior takes over the neighborhood construction gang. This authorized model can lift more weight than any comparable toy. Cab swings in full circle, cranks control 20-inch boom. Ready to operate with cargo hook and clam shell. Retail price — 13.95; 11 Western States — 14.75.

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TODAY GET **GETS-IT** LIQUID CORN REMOVER
COMFORTS CORNS AROUND THE WORLD

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COVERS SCUFF MARKS!
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Ask any G.I. about **KIWI** (KEE-WEE) SHOE POLISH

PULVEX Flea Powder
Kills Ticks, too—keeps 'em off for days!



SAYING GOODBY was hard on soldiers and mascots. Lee Kum Soon howled, "When you come back?"

KOREAN ORPHAN CONTINUED

goodby) as the truck pulled out of the collection depot. Lee immediately burst into tears and yelled for "Papa-san." Kwi sat down in a corner, resting his head on his knees. The others looked glum and bewildered. The GIs had given them the best life that they had known, and they all felt that no matter where they were going life would not be so good.

Outside the gate stood a group of Seoul's ragged and dirty street children, sullen, wondering and envious, watching the departure. They seldom spoke, but their eyes seemed to devour the cowboy suits, the pistols and other toys the GIs had given their favorites. Silently the other children watched the truck until it disappeared and then, clutching their shoeshine kits and small bundles, they crossed the road, climbed the ruins of a building, up through a brick arch to the top of the rubble and out of sight.

The train to Taegu took 24 hours. Most of the children slept on blankets provided by medics. Lee still cried in one corner, while at the other end of the car Kang lay beside the chaplain. Many times he asked to be taken back to his brother. When he was told that he was going to a place where there were many kind people and plenty to eat he asked why his brother could not come too. The chaplain could not answer, for Kang's brother is either dead or one of a band of wandering children.

In Taegu the Bo Yook Won orphanage is located on a hill overlooking the town. Around a sunny playyard there are four Korean-style buildings that can accommodate 100 children in normal times; now there are 161 boys and girls from one to 20 years old, most of them war orphans. The director is Kim Tuk Bong, a kind, understanding man who became an orphan himself after his father had been killed by the Japanese. The orphanage is subsidized by the South Korean government. But its main support is derived from American Army chaplains who donate money, food and clothing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97



COWBOY CLOTHES, complete with sets of holsters and cap pistols, were ordered by the soldiers from the PX in Tokyo or shipped out from the States.

RUTH ROMAN, CO-STARRING IN WARNER BROS. "STRANGERS ON A TRAIN"



RUTH ROMAN, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl, one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Ruth Roman uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest...with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Ruth Roman says... "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo"...you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

In a recent issue of "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ruth Roman, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

You, too, will notice a glorious difference in your hair from the magic of Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse...dusty with

dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair... is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen now glows with renewed sun-bright highlights. All this, even in the hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

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FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STARS use LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO for GLAMOROUS HAIR

SLEEPY BEAUTY AND THE GRAPE JUICE

1 Once upon a time, a King and Queen had a beautiful little daughter, who was their pride and joy.

But a Wicked Fairy, jealous of her beauty, put an evil spell on her.

"I shall make her a *Sleepy Beauty*," she swore. And from that time the poor Princess was always half asleep in the morning . . . too listless to eat breakfast, too tired to play . . .

But one day a handsome young Prince, traveling through the land, heard the story of Sleepy Beauty.

2 The Prince knew what to do. He called for his crystal pitcher and Welch's new Frozen Concentrated Grape Juice!

"Make haste to the scullery," he ordered his servant. "My luscious purple potion shall undo that fiendish spell . . ."

When the Prince reached the Princess' tower bearing the frosty pitcher of Welch's, there was Sleepy Beauty on a couch, eyes tight shut.

3 The Prince bent over and whispered this incantation:

"Welch's gives you all three — Quick Energy, Minerals, Vitamin C."

And the Princess slowly opened her eyes, reached for the pitcher and said, "Ah-h, *this* is what I've been waiting for . . .!"



4 But suddenly the Wicked Fairy flew in the window with a shriek. "Once she wakes up to Welch's, I'm done for!" she cried, and tried to dash the glass from Sleepy Beauty's hand.

But the Princess took a long, luscious drink of Welch's, and her eyes sparkled, and she skipped about.

Then she quickly aimed the pitcher straight as an arrow for the Wicked Fairy's head, AND . . .

Hurray for the Welch's...

CLUNK went the Wicked Fairy!



WELCH'S *frozen concentrated*
GRAPE JUICE

The Health Drink Children GO for!

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P.S. This is no fairy tale! Welch's new Frozen Concentrated Grape Juice is packed with health. It's a grand change from other breakfast juices. Enriched with VITAMIN C, it supplies more than a child's daily minimum requirement in each 8 oz. glass. Plus body-building MINERALS. IRON for good red blood. QUICK FOOD ENERGY to help start the day right. Now in your grocer's frozen-food cabinet — try it! Get Welch's, too, in the familiar bottle.



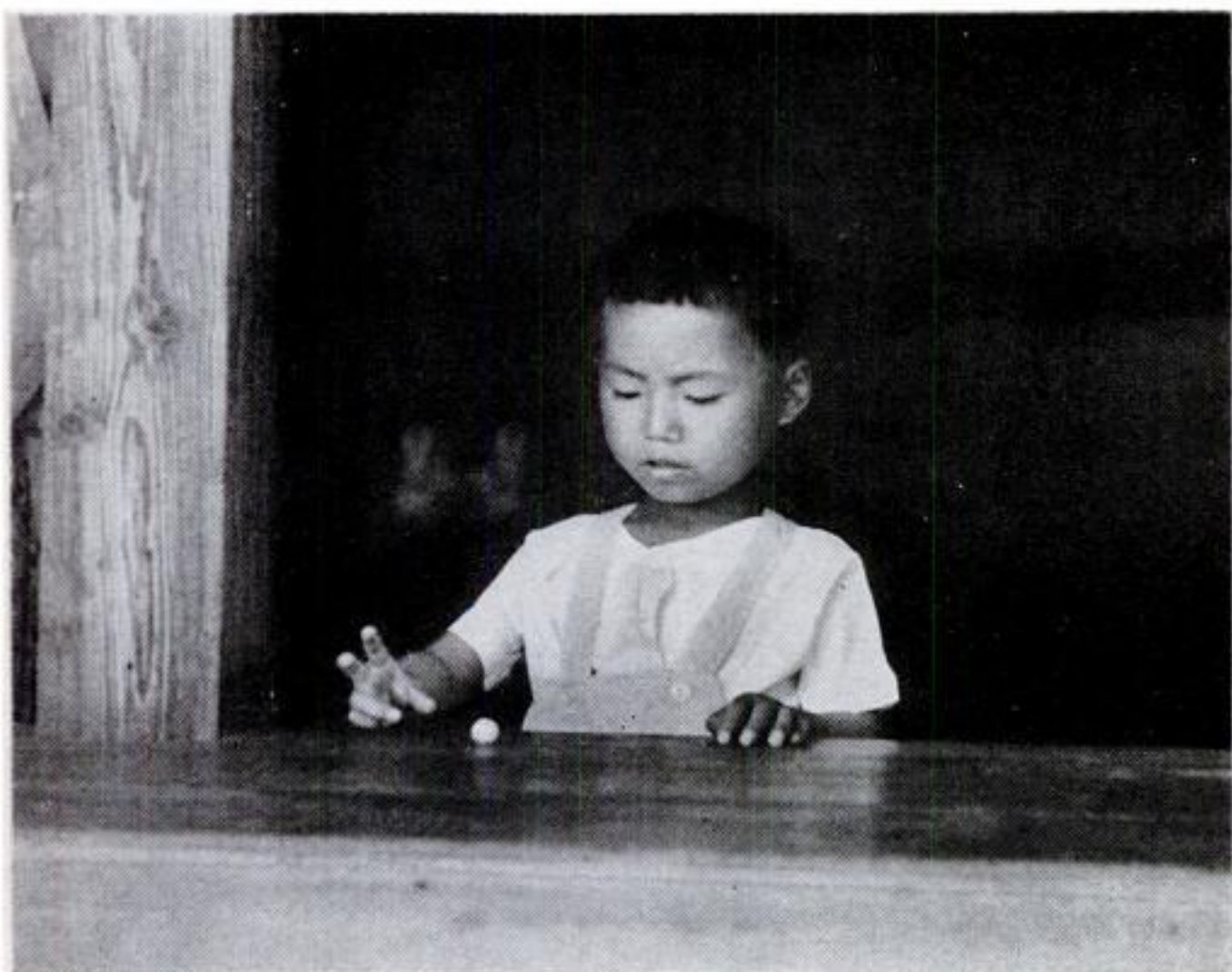
RUBBER BALL is one of only two toys Kang Koo Ri will touch. He often pokes at it with his finger.

KOREAN ORPHAN CONTINUED

Of the 12 children who arrived from Seoul, Kang was the most in need of care. He was taken to an Army hospital where examinations and X-rays revealed that he was suffering from malnutrition, a severe case of ancylostomiasis (hookworm) and TB in the left lung. Doctors say that it will be a few years before he is healthy again and in the meantime he needs rest and attention. Now he spends most of his days sitting on a bed which overlooks the playground but twice a day is taken outside among the other orphanage children. There he only stands, with the same lost expression on his face, watching but never taking part. He seldom speaks.

Through an interpreter I asked him what he used to do before the GIs came along and picked him up. But he cannot remember any fragment of his early life. All that he does remember is that for many days before the soldiers found him he sat beside his mother and brother in their home, all of them too weak to get out and forage for food. The memory that is strongest is of the flies and maggots which crawled over his mother's lips and nose. He knew that his mother was sick, but he didn't know that for many of the days when she lay there on the floor she was dead. He still doesn't know she is dead, nor does he know what happened to his father, who walked out one day to look for rice and never returned. I asked him how he knew that the soldiers were Americans and he said because they wore *tetsukabuto* (steel helmets). To other questions he simply replied, "I have forgotten," and went on looking at, or holding in his hands, his two toys. One is a rubber ball, larger and softer than the polished wooden ball he left behind, and the other is a small glass marble. These are the only possessions he has in the world.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



GLASS MARBLE is Kang's second toy. For hours at a time he rolls it from one hand to the other on the sill of his window overlooking the playground.

LIFE

CONTEST FOR YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS

The deadline in the LIFE Contest for Young Photographers, announced in the May 21 issue, is less than two months away. Entries must be postmarked not later than Sept. 15. Any prospective contestant who has not asked for an entry blank, complete rules and instructions should do so immediately by sending the coupon below or mailing a postcard bearing name and address to LIFE Contest for Young Photographers, P.O. Box 10, New York 46, N.Y. An entrant must be 30 years of age or under through Dec. 31, 1951, be a resident of the U.S., its territories or possessions or a member of the U.S. Armed Forces on active duty and have had at least one of his or her photographs published. Although photographs may be on any subject, all must be black and white, printed on paper either 8" x 10" or 11" x 14". There are two prize divisions—one for individual pictures and one for picture stories. Contestants are encouraged to enter both divisions. Because it is LIFE's purpose to determine who are the best photographers—not which are the best pictures—the contestant's photographs in a given division will be judged as a unit. Winners of first, second and third prizes in each division will have some or all of their pictures published in LIFE.

\$15,000 IN PRIZES

PICTURE STORY DIVISION

1 st PRIZE	\$3,000
2 nd PRIZE	1,500
3 rd PRIZE	1,000
4 th PRIZE	600
5 th PRIZE	400

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

5 PRIZES OF \$100 EACH

SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

15 PRIZES OF \$50 EACH

THIRD HONORABLE MENTION

25 PRIZES OF \$25 EACH

INDIVIDUAL PICTURE DIVISION

1 st PRIZE	\$2,000
2 nd PRIZE	1,250
3 rd PRIZE	750
4 th PRIZE	450
5 th PRIZE	300

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

5 PRIZES OF \$100 EACH

SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

15 PRIZES OF \$50 EACH

THIRD HONORABLE MENTION

25 PRIZES OF \$25 EACH

TO

LIFE

CONTEST FOR YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS

P. O. BOX 10

NEW YORK 46, NEW YORK

Sirs:

I understand that to enter LIFE's Contest I must be 30 years of age or under through Dec. 31, 1951, be a resident of the U.S., its territories or possessions or a member of the U.S. Armed Forces on active duty. I have had at least one of my photographs published and will submit evidence of this with my completed entry. Please send me an entry blank and complete rules.

Name.....

Address.....

KOREAN ORPHAN CONTINUED

Shortly after Kang arrived at his orphanage Hwan Shin Sung, one of the older girls, who has a full-time supervisory job, became his constant companion. She sat with him for long hours, talking and singing songs and trying to make him smile, for he had never smiled once since the soldiers found him. The feeling grew among everyone at the orphanage that getting Kang to smile was the most important job they had—it was as if his return to health and life were dependent upon it.

On my last day there Ilwan Shin Sung was sitting with Kang in the

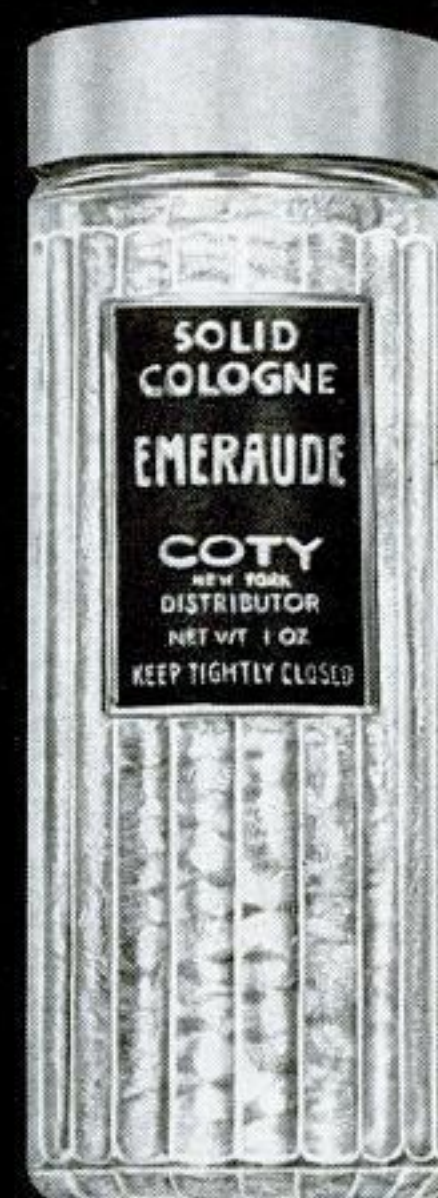
orphanage office. He seemed to be feeling better. She had gotten him to throw his rubber ball a few times and now she asked him what in all the world he would like to do most of all—something that he thought was very special. Kang thought a while and then he said that he would like to play with the machinery of the “jeepu” and he asked if he could go for a ride in it. Hwan answered, “All right, you shall, but first smile because now you are happy.” And very suddenly Kang did smile for the first time (*below*), and everyone in the room was happy for him.



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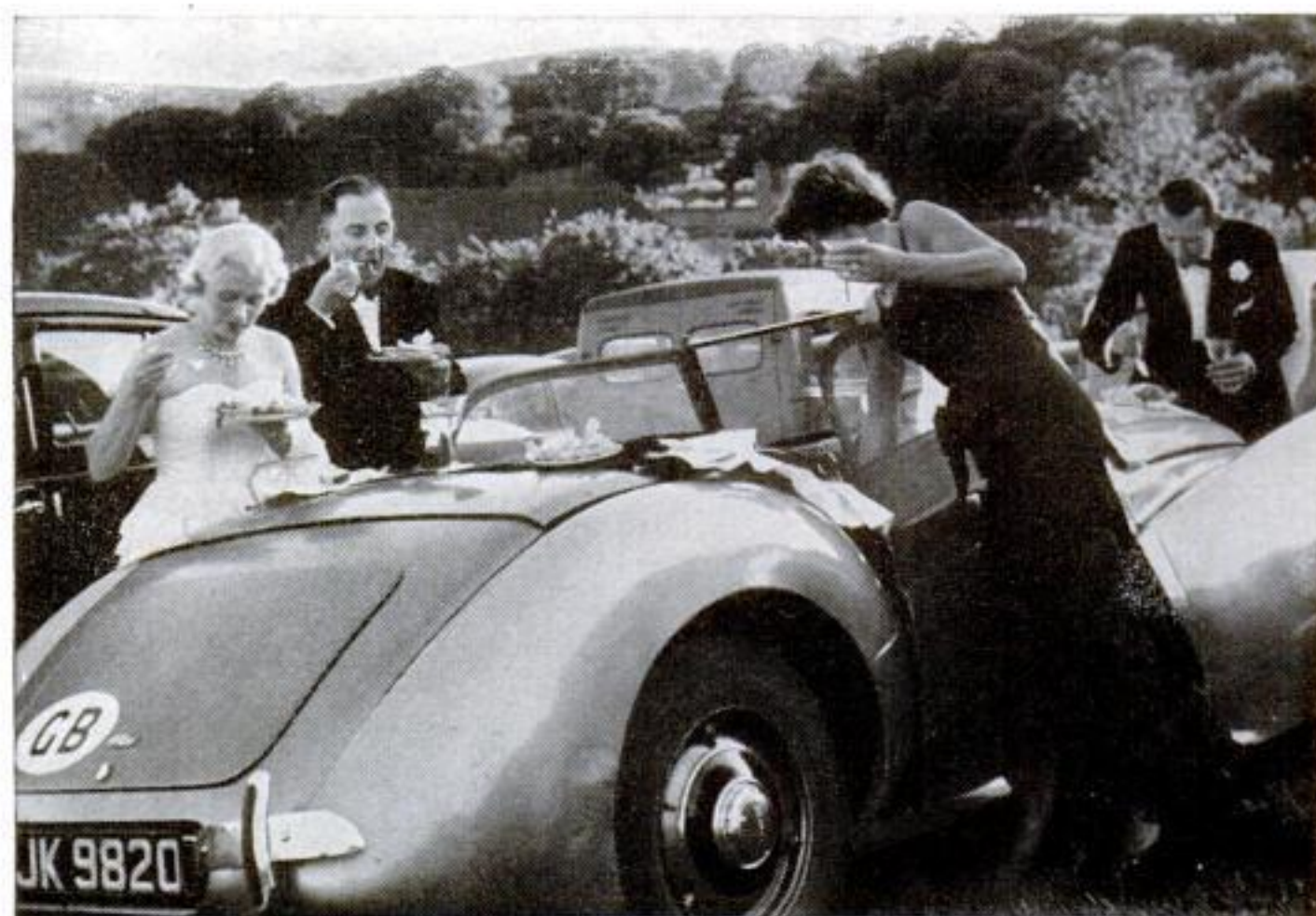
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EMERAUDE • "PARIS"

FASHIONS BY LILLY DACHÉ

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PRODUCER EBERT DEMONSTRATES HOW ACTION MUST FIT MUSIC



TWO COUPLES ENJOY FOOD AFIELD DURING AN INTERMISSION

The Glyndebourne Festival

BRITISH FLOCK TO A RURAL OPERA

Each summer it takes a little getting used to, but Londoners now know what it means when men and women wearing evening clothes hurry in midafternoon through Victoria Station. The incongruously attired travelers are passengers for the "Mozart Express," bound for the little Sussex town of Glynde where some of the best opera in all the world is produced. This peculiar procession this year was repeated almost daily for five summer weeks, thanks to a roly-poly, well-heeled music lover named John Christie. The rural opera came about when Christie, encouraged by his wife, Singer Audrey Mildmay, in 1934 organized his own opera company and installed it in his ancestral home, Glyndebourne. A perfectionist, he demanded standards unmatched and unmatchable in large-scale opera. He recruited Reinhardt-trained Producer Carl Ebert (*left*) and Conductor Fritz Busch. His first season was so excellent that he lost £10,000 in two weeks. The Glyndebourne Festival has been selling out, and losing money, ever since. For his staff and audiences Christie has provided a special theater, a dining hall and access to much of his home and grounds. He himself works at menial jobs (*p. 104*) to make the festival a success, and he expects his guests to share his dedication. Last month, when the Glyndebourne Festival opened its all-Mozart season with the first professional performance of *Idomeneo* ever heard in England, the guests, like the music, were up to Christie's standards. Unlike most opera audiences, they were on time for the opening curtain and, further, stayed till the final note.



DINNER CLOTHES, a virtual must at Glyndebourne, are donned by two opera lovers on roadside.



FIRST-NIGHTERS arrive in formal attire but in broad daylight following a 56-mile trip from London.

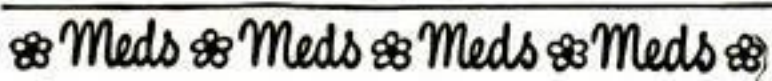


HUNGRY HORSES pastured on Christie's estate attract guests touring grounds before performance.

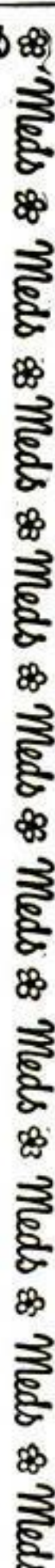


THE FESTIVAL'S PATRON, John Christie, relaxes with his pet pug from the Mozartian exertions which take up most of his time during the Glyndebourne

Opera season. Christie's fondness for pug dogs carries over into family matters. His only son, an Eton scholar named George, was named after Christie's first pug.



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You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, burning or tenderness on the bottom of your feet, when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Thin, soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning, protective. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing callouses. Try them!

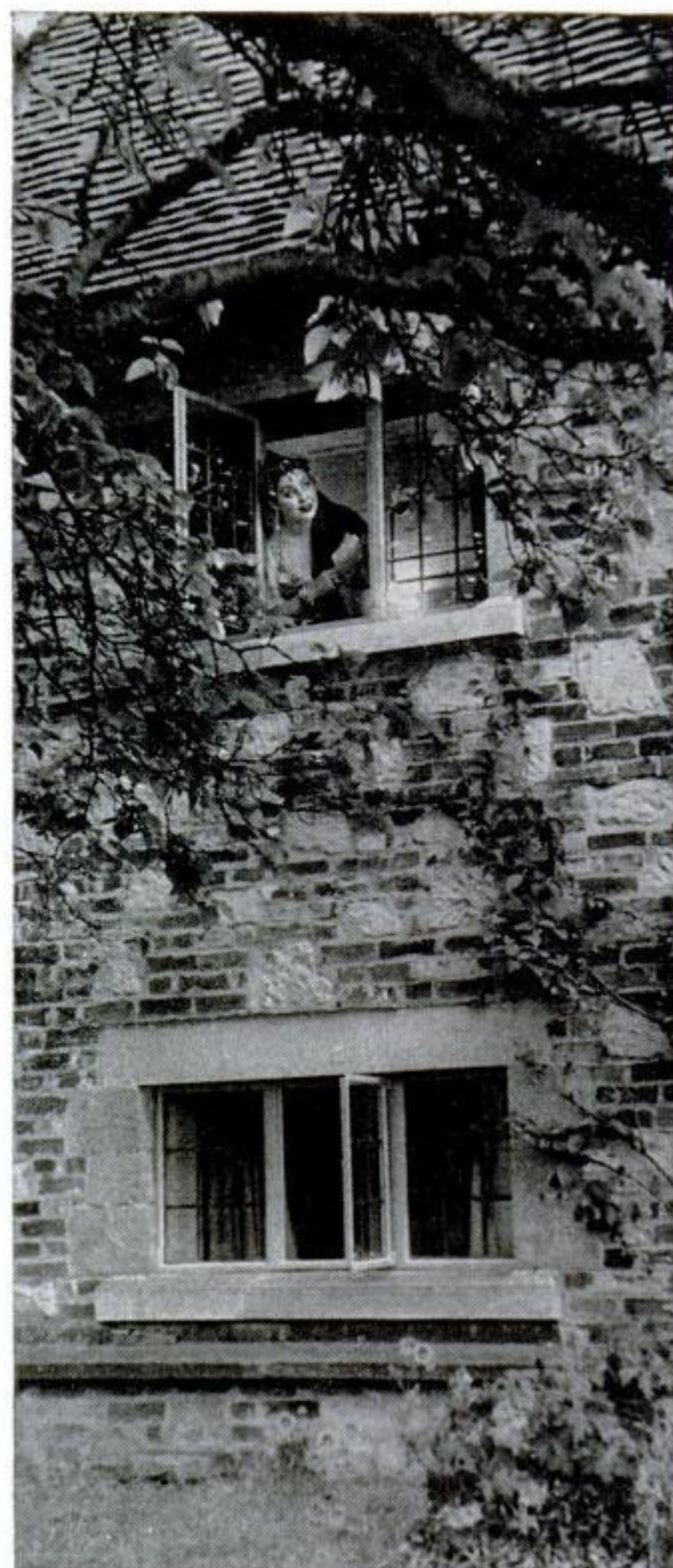


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LIPS?**

For vacationists, sun bathers, motorists, sportsmen, and all who work or play outdoors...
Buy a personal 'Chap Stick' for every member of the family.



CONTINUED



BETWEEN ACTS leading Soprano Sena Jurinac, imported from Yugoslavia, looks out on the courtyard of the theater from her dressing room window.





PEP TALK is given by Christie before the performance to all concerned, singers, musicians, stagehands and electricians, assembled before him in the 600-seat opera house.



CLIMACTIC EPISODE of *Idomeneo* comes as Dramatic Tenor Richard Lewis (center), in title role of a Cretan king, confesses wickedness to priests and starving citizens.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

**READ HOW
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DRINK when and what you want... the glass of beer or wine, the cocktails.

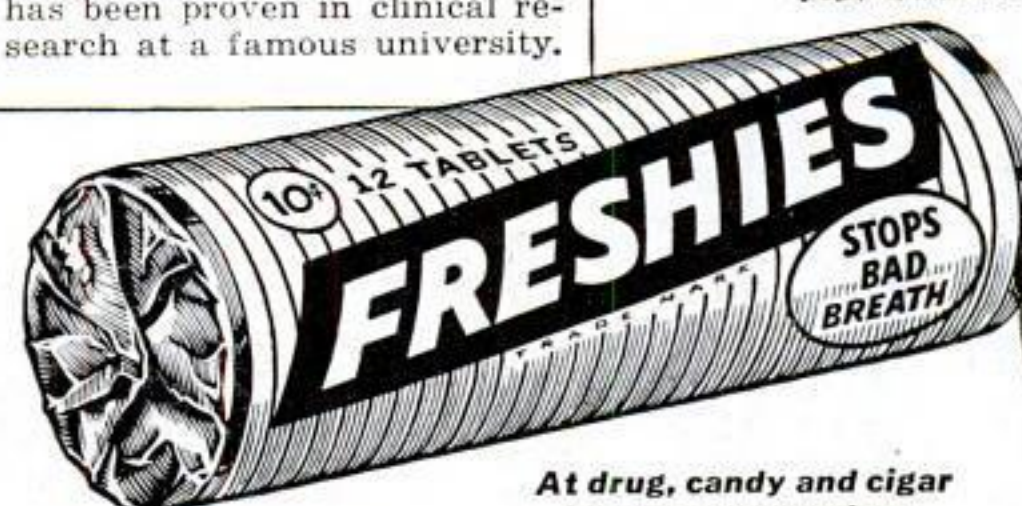
JUST TAKE FRESHIES AND BREATHE EASY!

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in new metal injector...

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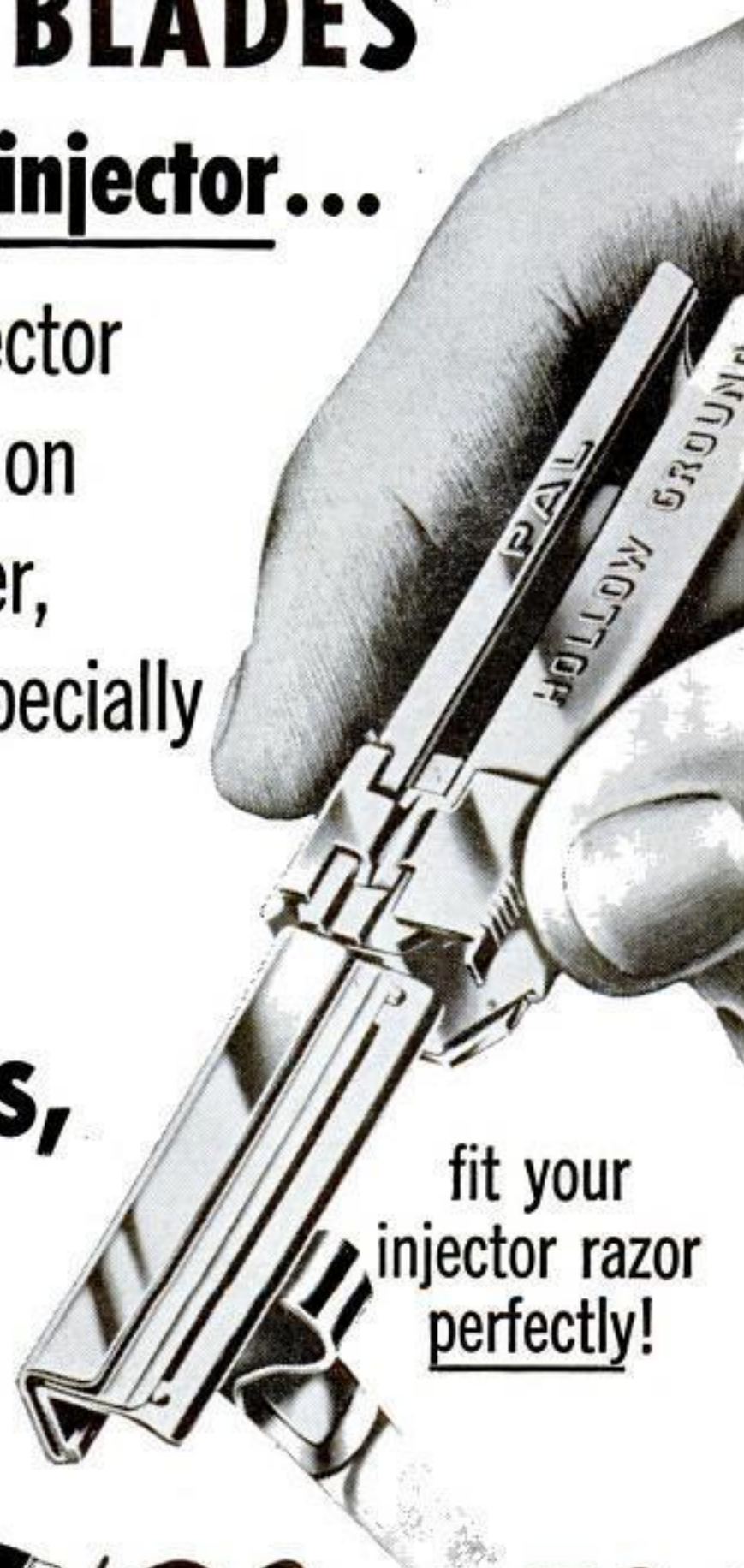
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regular packing, 4 blades for 10¢

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AS GRACIOUS GREETER, Christie embraces Soprano Jurinac on their first meeting of the day as she arrives at Great Hall for *Idomeneo* rehearsals.



AS BUSY BUS BOY, Christie pitches in after each meal to help stack the dishes in the canteen where the singers and the staff eat during rehearsals.



AS PROUD PATRON, Christie is host at backstage champagne party after the opening performance of *Figaro*. Cast members here toast their sponsor.



Taste what Imported Botanicals add to these gin drinks

These men are growers of goodness. They raise, pamper and reap the prized IMPORTED BOTANICALS that make Hiram Walker's Gin so much *tastier*. *Cassia* from Indo-China. *Juniper* from Italy. Delicate herbs, roots and berries from many lands—the finest the world grows.

Yet—only the best of these rate a place in Hiram Walker's Gin. Fine as they are,

these choice botanicals are finer in some years than they are in others. They have their best, their "vintage years"—when Mother Nature makes them especially good. Only *then* do we buy them.

A Martini or Collins is bound to be better from the ground up when you're sure they start off *right* . . . at home or at the bar . . . with *Hiram Walker's Gin*.



HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN

go proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

ARTISTIC MRS. RALPH HAMMERAS SAYS:

"You shop *Comfortably* at Stanley Hostess Parties"

MRS. HAMMERAS, charming wife of a movie studio director of photography, and herself prominent in artistic circles in her city, is an enthusiastic STANLEY Party hostess. She has held many of these parties and says she intends to hold many more. "You can't match the comfort and convenience of shopping at your own STANLEY Party," Mrs. Hammeras declares. "Just imagine! No fighting through traffic! No elbowing through crowds! Instead, you enjoy a sociable hour or so with your guests right in your own living room. And, while you're having this fun, your friendly STANLEY Dealer demonstrates for your selection STANLEY'S many QUALITY PLUS Products! Products to improve personal grooming! Products to save time and work in practically every housekeeping task."

It's Fun to Hold Your Own Stanley Hostess Party



Your friendly Dealer, as one of your guests, sees that every one has fun, gets welcome gifts.



You just invite in your STANLEY Dealer with a group of your friends and neighbors.



Your Dealer presents you, in return for your cooperation, a splendid Hostess Dividend Gift.



While your Dealer demonstrates STANLEY QUALITY PLUS Products, you all shop for those you need.



Mrs. Ralph Hammeras, in her beautiful, Spanish-type home, 1560 North Avenue 46, in the Eaglerock section of Los Angeles, Calif.



Originators of the famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS, INC., WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
Stanley Home Products of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario

Why not learn for yourself right away why a STANLEY Hostess Party is so popular with guests and so rewarding for the Hostess? In the United States and Canada, more than 10,000 of these fun-filled shopping Parties take place each day. For information about how to arrange for your own STANLEY Hostess Party . . . or for any information about STANLEY . . . simply do this:—Phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Branch Office, or communicate direct with STANLEY'S Home Office in Westfield, Massachusetts.



STANLEY LEADS

with more than 150 QUALITY PLUS Products to save women time, work, money:—(1) Polishes and household cleaning preparations (2) Dusters, mops, brushes, etc. (3) Products to improve personal grooming.
Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1951

SEQUEL

FEARLESS FAGAN GOES HOLLYWOOD

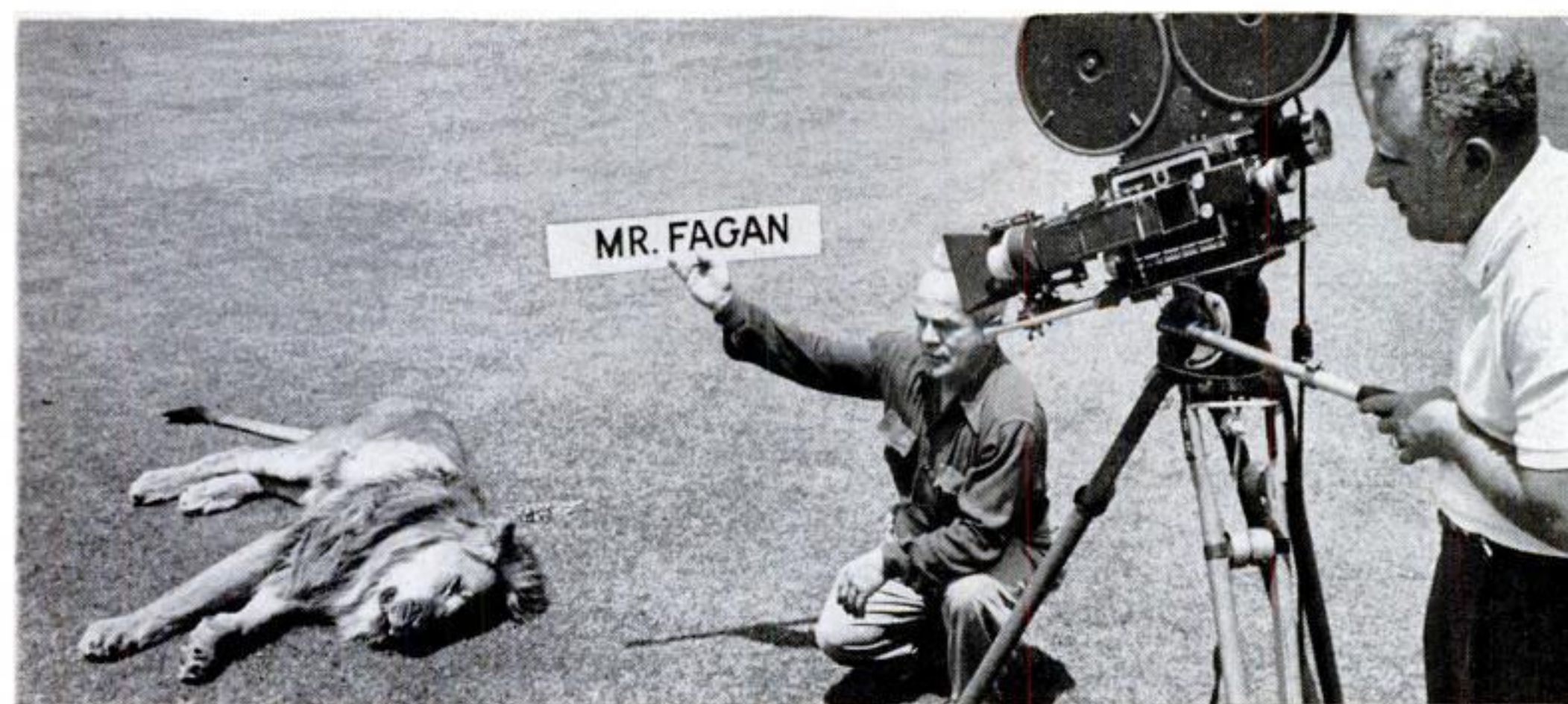
Readers of LIFE's Feb. 12 issue may remember the house-hunting tribulations of Fearless Fagan, a pet lion whose master, Floyd Humeston, had been drafted. One reader not only remembered the story but thought it would make a movie. Since he happened to be an M-G-M producer named Sidney Franklin Jr., nothing was easier than to whip up a script and get it put on the production schedule. The only thing lacking was Fagan himself. Tracking him down, the studio learned he was undergoing some new tribulations. Expelled from his temporary shelter at the Monterey Humane Society because he couldn't pay for cage and board, he had wound up at a circus in Ohio where a keeper was trying to alienate his affections from his old master. Private Humeston wangled a furlough to get his pet back to California. There Fagan is being introduced to those alternations of luxurious ease and hard work (*below*) which make up a movie star's life.



"LIFE" STORY SHOWED FAGAN AND MASTER IN TRAILER

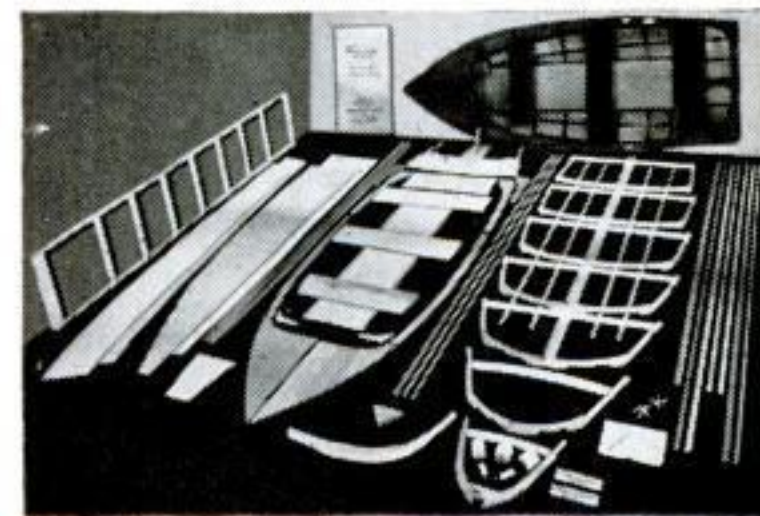


FROM A CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN CONVERTIBLE FAGAN TRADES GLANCES WITH FELLOW M-G-M STAR ESTHER WILLIAMS



HE STRETCHES OUT LANGUOROUSLY ON BACK LOT FOR HIS SCREEN TEST. THE DIRECTOR'S JUDGMENT: "TERRIFIC!"

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Chris-Craft
for as little as **\$42 full price!**



14-ft. De Luxe Runabout Kit

BUY a new Chris-Craft Boat Kit! Assemble it yourself! Thousands are doing it! SAVE ½ or more! Kits include Philippine Mahogany parts, Fir marine-plywood panels; brass screws; illustrated instructions for *easy* assembly with household tools. Sensational values! Mail coupon for FREE folder TODAY! Kit prices quoted f.o.b. factory, subject to change without notice.

Pram Sail Kit also available—\$65



\$42—Lightweight 8-ft. Pram Kit Boat



\$118—12-ft. Runabout Kit Boat, also car-top use



\$111—Rugged 14-ft. Fishing Skiff Kit Boat



\$162—Fast 14-ft. De Luxe Runabout Kit Boat —also available in standard model, only \$149



\$595—18-ft. Outboard Express Cruiser Kit Boat



\$614—Big 21-ft. Sportsman Kit Boat



\$747—Beautiful 21-ft. Express Cruiser Kit Boat

Chris-Craft Corporation, Algonac, Mich.
WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS

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CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION
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Please send FREE Boat Kit Folder to:

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Address _____

City _____ State _____



from LIFE, September 3, 1945, by Myron Davis

WHAT'S IN A PICTURE . . .

There will always be a boy and his dog. Railroad tracks will hum and glisten in the sun and telegraph poles march backwards to their rendezvous over the horizon. The flints and rocks of the roadbed will always be hard, on the weary way home to supper.

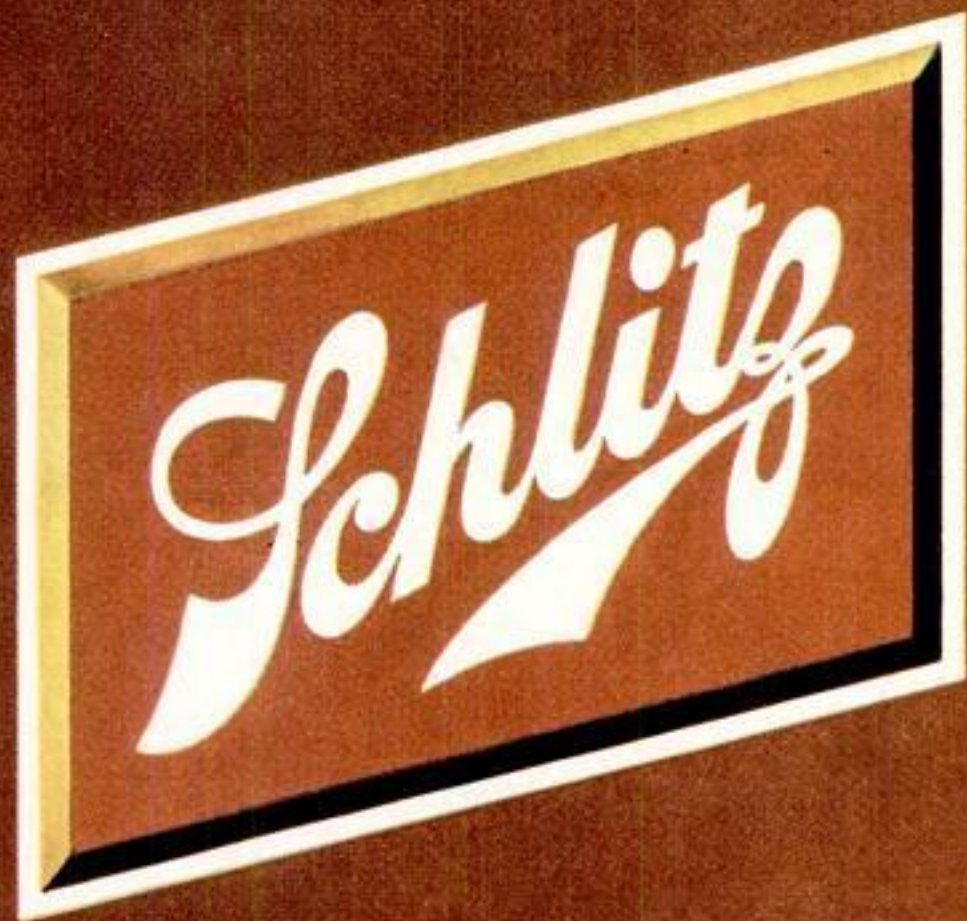
Summer and boyhood gently pervade this picture. Eyes find refreshment in its simplicity. Every outdoor boy from Tom Sawyer to Penrod, from

yesterday until tomorrow, has walked along that railroad line. Every dog's tongue has thirstily panted in the heat.

For grownups who haven't forgotten the summer of youth and its simple pleasures, this photograph recaptures a precious moment, when the only thing that mattered in the world was to keep one's balance and the adoration of a dog.

. . . to see life . . . to see the world . . . to eyewitness great events

LIFE



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous



"Best round I've had all day!"

There's no more rewarding beer than Schlitz, and that's not merely a professional opinion.

It's the verdict of the people we make Schlitz for—people, like you, who buy the beer that tastes best to them.

More people like the taste of Schlitz than any other beer. So it's not surprising that today Schlitz is . . .

The Largest-selling Beer in America

See "Schlitz Film Firsts" for recent movies, first time on television, Fridays.

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**Keep Coke in the coldest spot in your refrigerator
and serve ice-cold . . . right in the bottle.**

**Here's hospitality
everybody understands.
Your circle of friends
will welcome it.**

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